

MAD SPECIAL

NUMBER
NINE

OUR PRICE:

60c

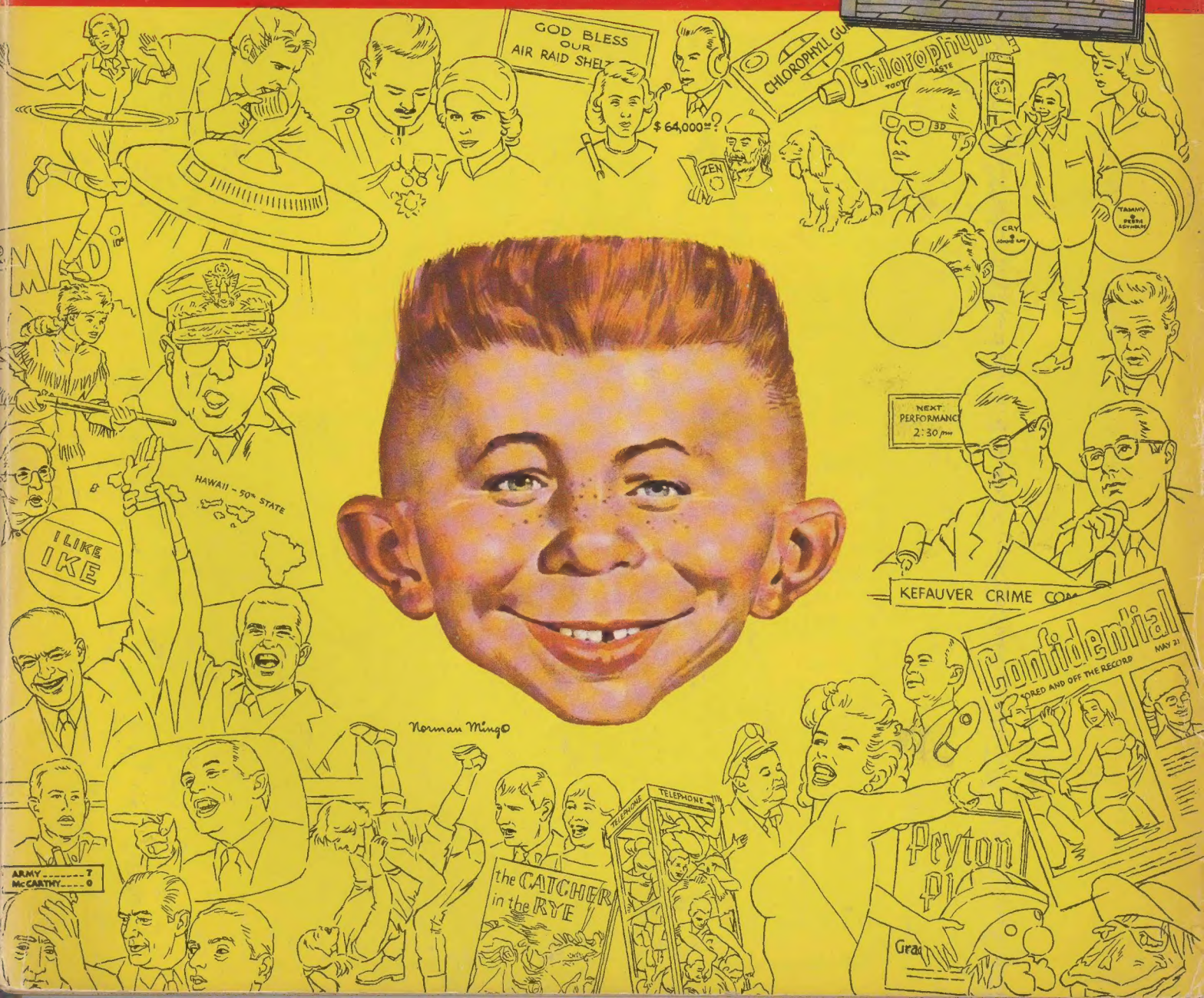
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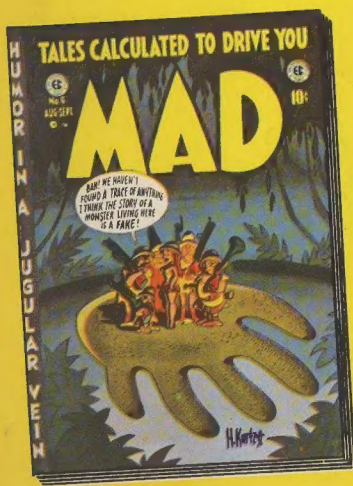
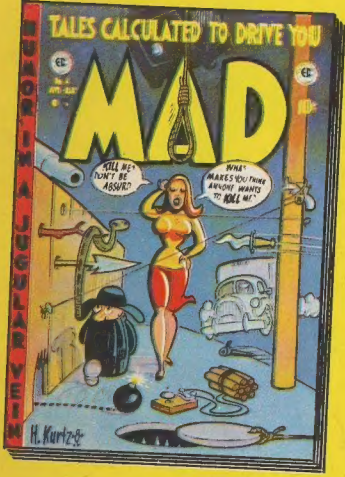
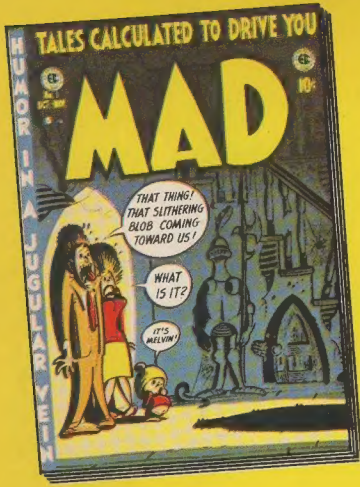
34080

Including This Free 10c-Type Comic Book

"THE NOSTALGIC MAD"

An Assortment of MAD Collectors' Items From The '50's





HYSTERIA REPEATS ITSELF!

(MAINLY, OUR PAST RETCHES UP WITH US!)

OPEN
THIS
STAPLE

Simply open staples, remove your free bonus, and enjoy

A THROWBACK TO "THE GOOD OLD DAYS"!

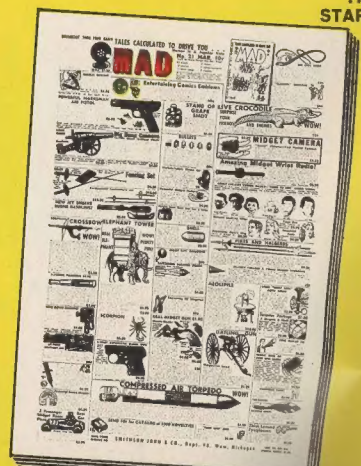
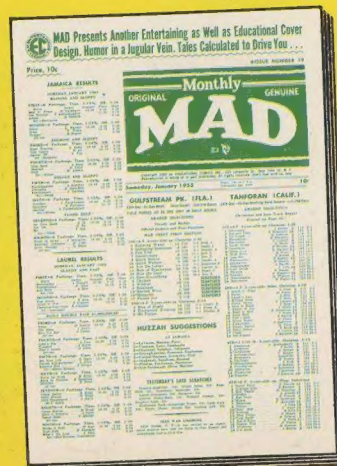
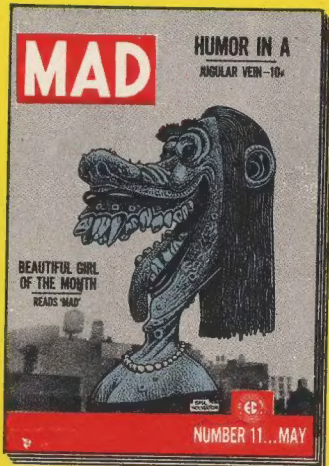
(which you may very well throw back at us!)

THE NOSTALGIC

MAD

**AN ASSORTMENT OF COLLECTORS' ITEMS FROM
THESE VALUABLE ISSUES OF THE '50'S**

OPEN
THIS
STAPLE



MAD

SPECIAL

NUMBER NINE

"The trouble with most neighborhoods is that there are too many hoods in them, and not enough neighbors!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES publisher **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** editor

JOHN PUTNAM art director **LEONARD BRENNER** production
JERRY De FUCCIO, **NICK MEGLIN** associate editors

contributing artists and writers
THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS



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 Printed in U.S.A.

DEPARTMENTS

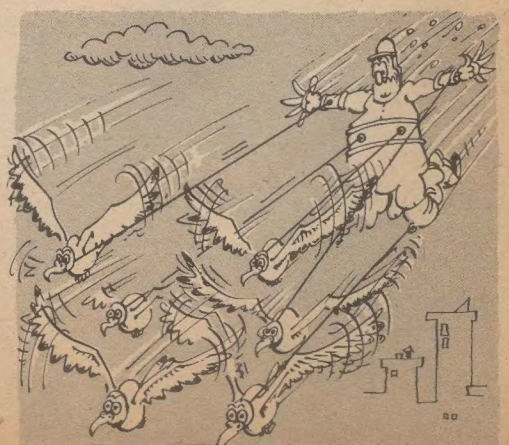
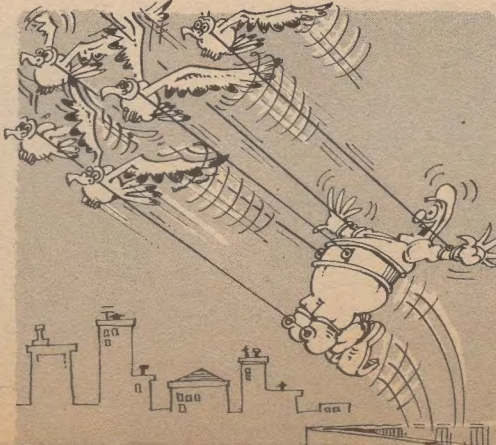
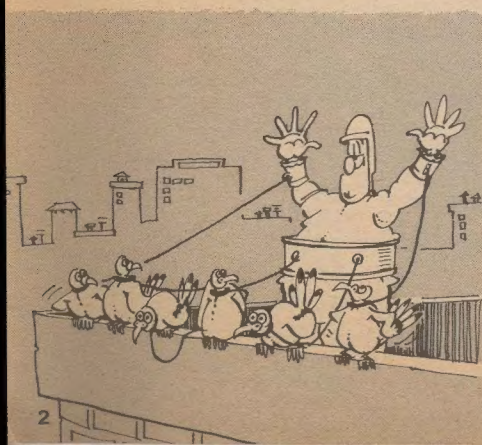
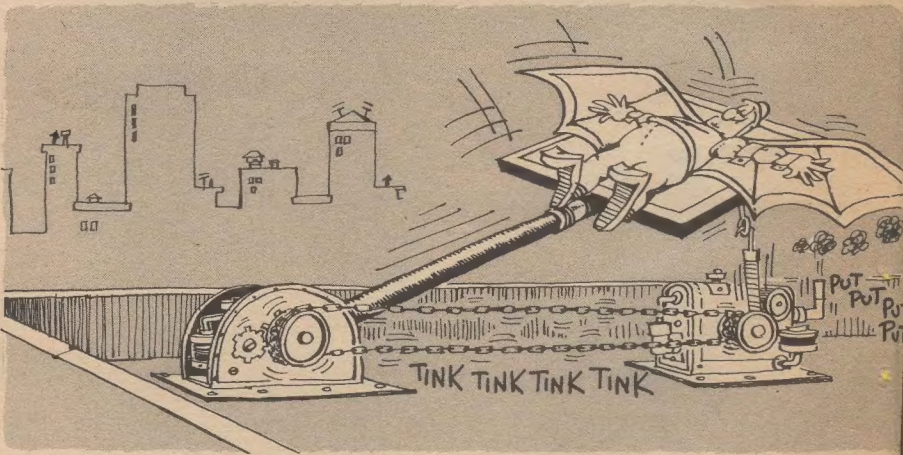
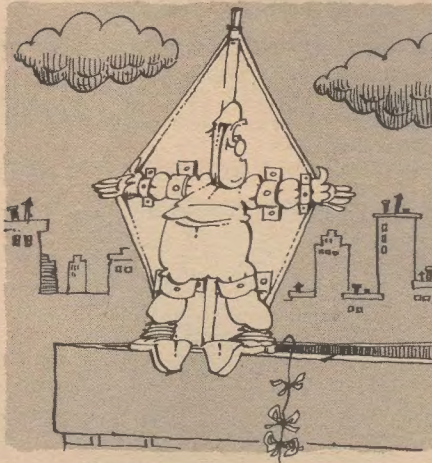
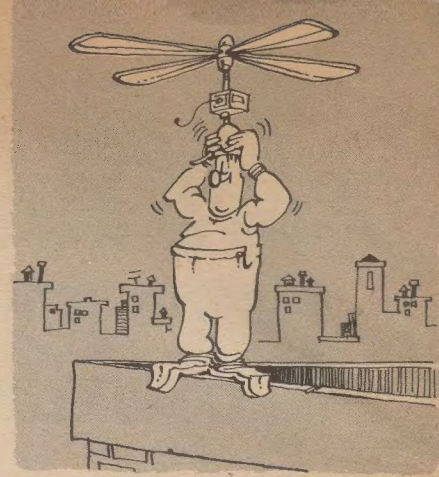
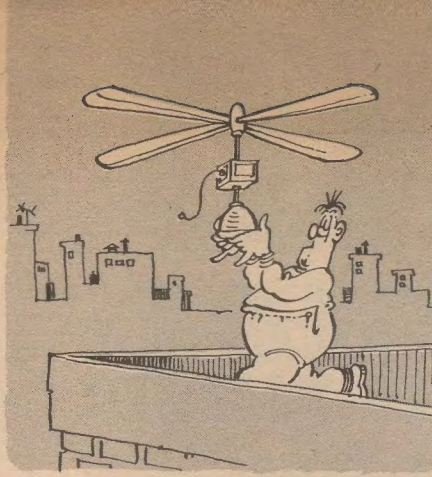
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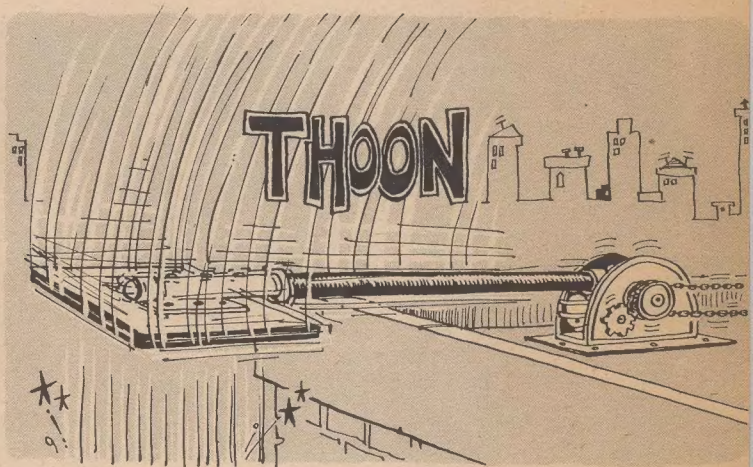
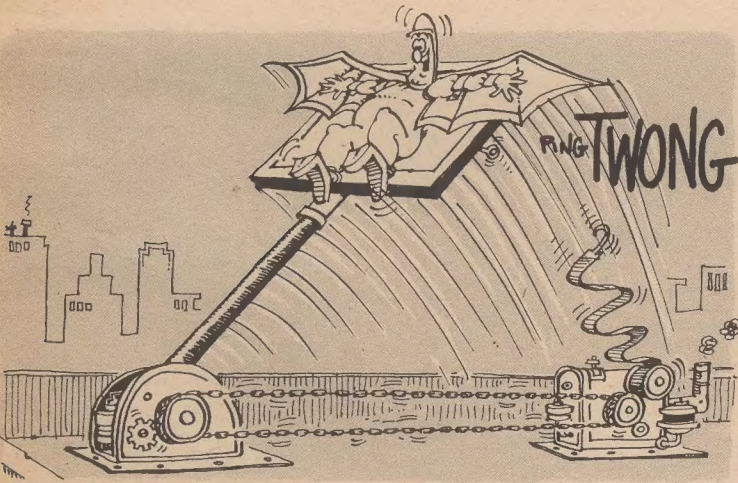
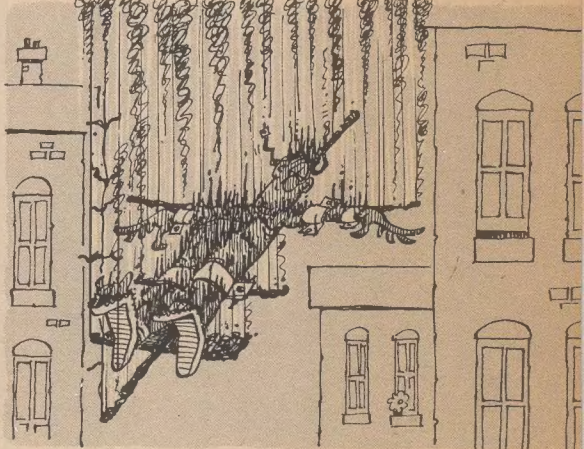
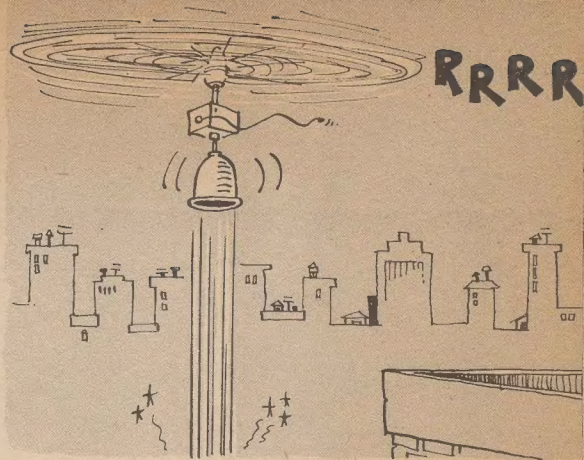
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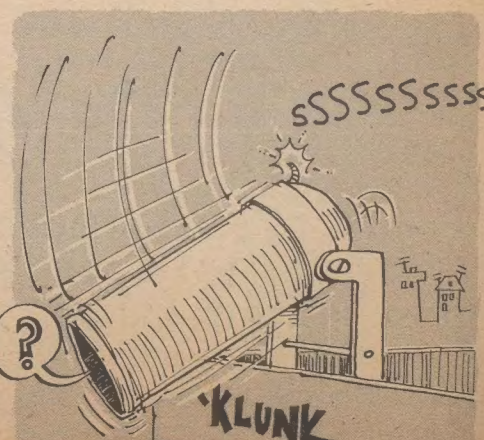
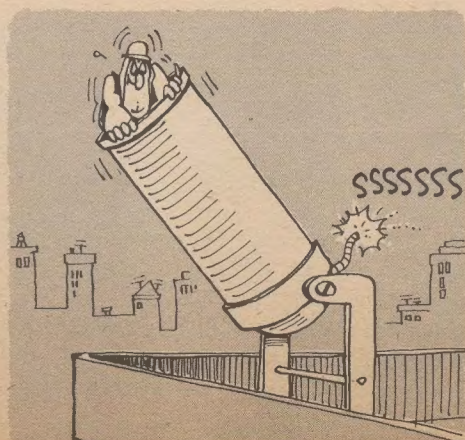
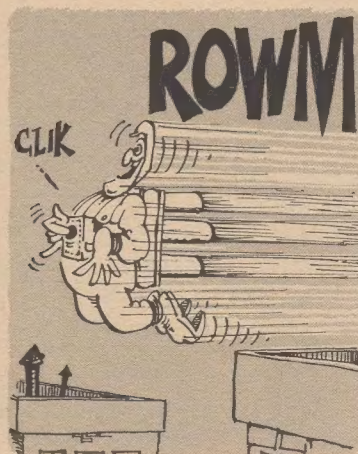
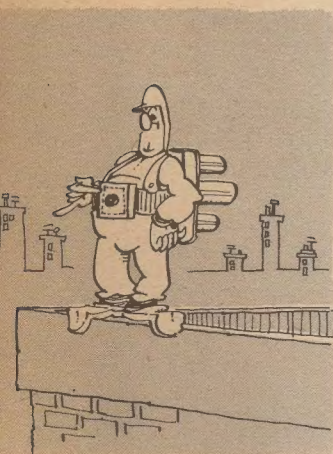
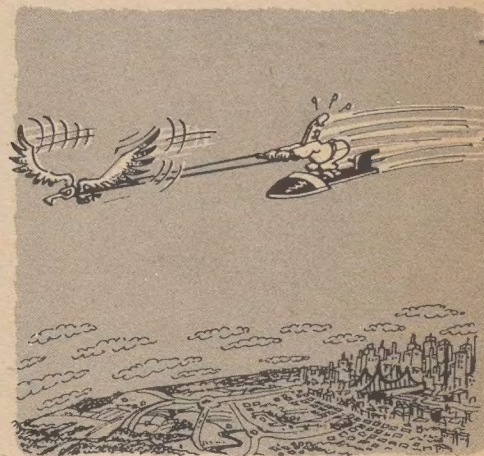
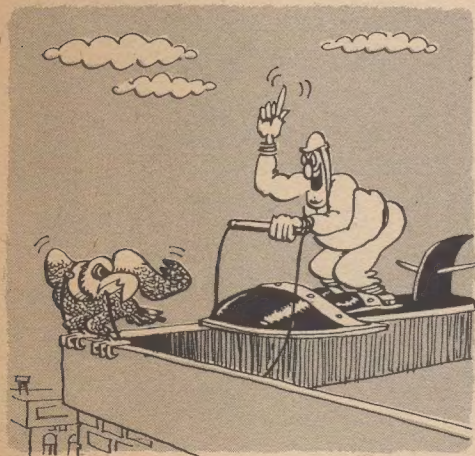
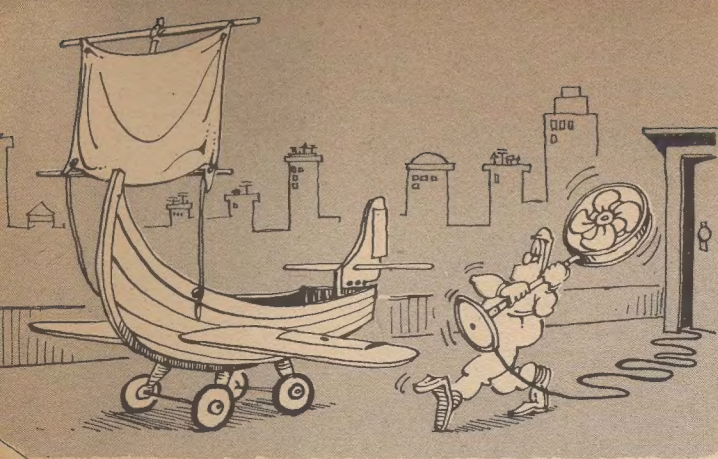
**Various Places Around The Magazine

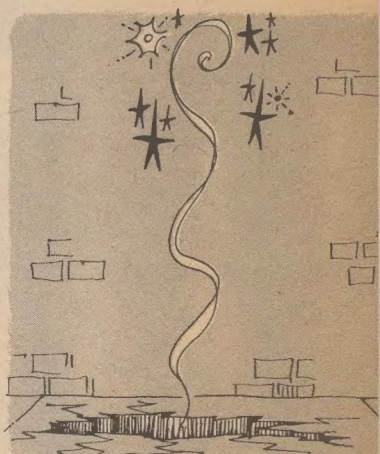
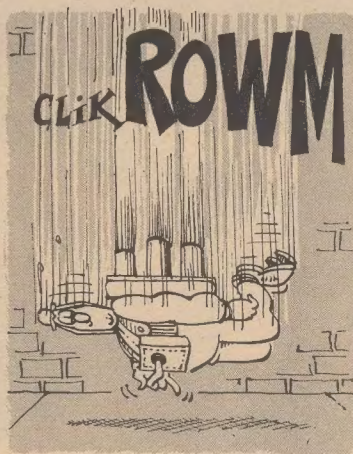
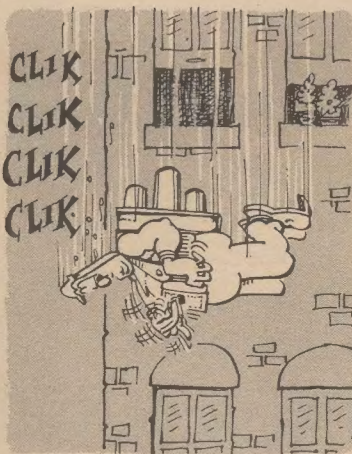
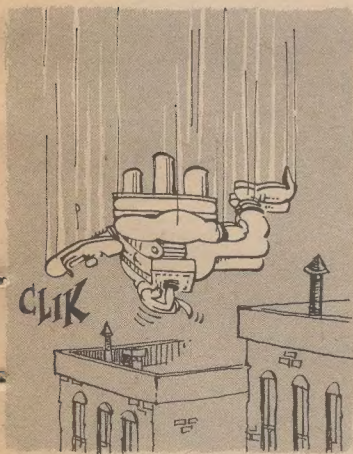
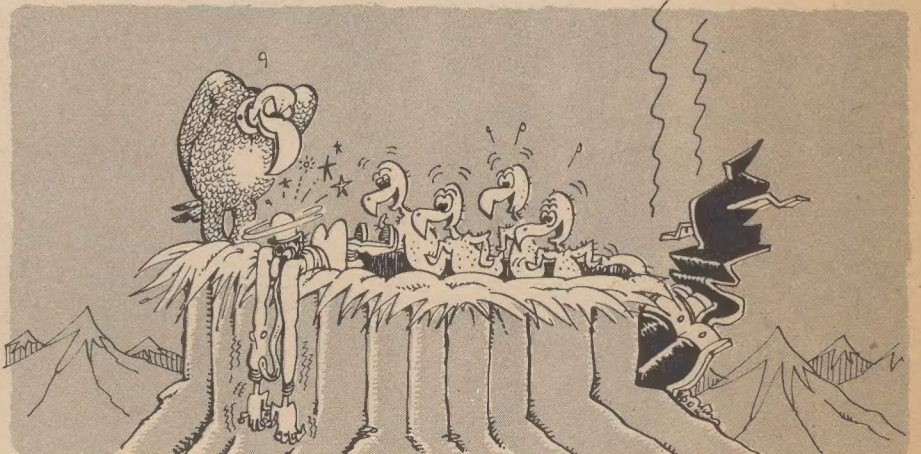
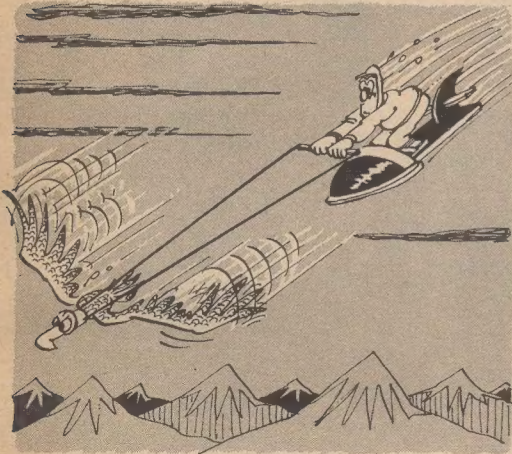
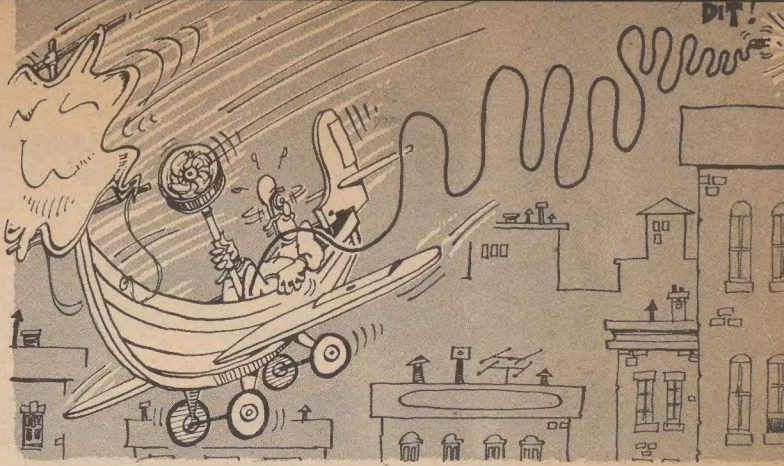
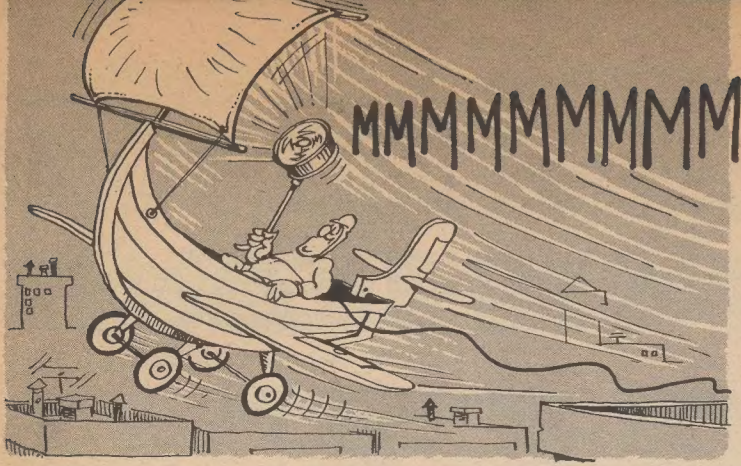
UP, UP AND OY-VAY DEPT.

DON MARTIN TRIES 8 NEW WAYS TO FLY









GOBBLE THE GOOK DEPT.

Time was when we got food with our food. Nowadays, we're lucky if we get a little food with our chemicals. And we don't mean stuff like Mercury and DDT which sneaks in *accidentally*. We mean additives, preservatives, tenderizers, tougheners and all the other toxic garbage that's sneaked in *deliberately*. And with the blessings of the Food and Drug Administration, yet! Are all these chemicals harmful? Not necessarily. Although some are definitely dangerous if taken,

MAD'S CHEMI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRVING SCHILD

How about a tasty glass of fruit juice to start? Of course, along with the juice, you'll be guzzling

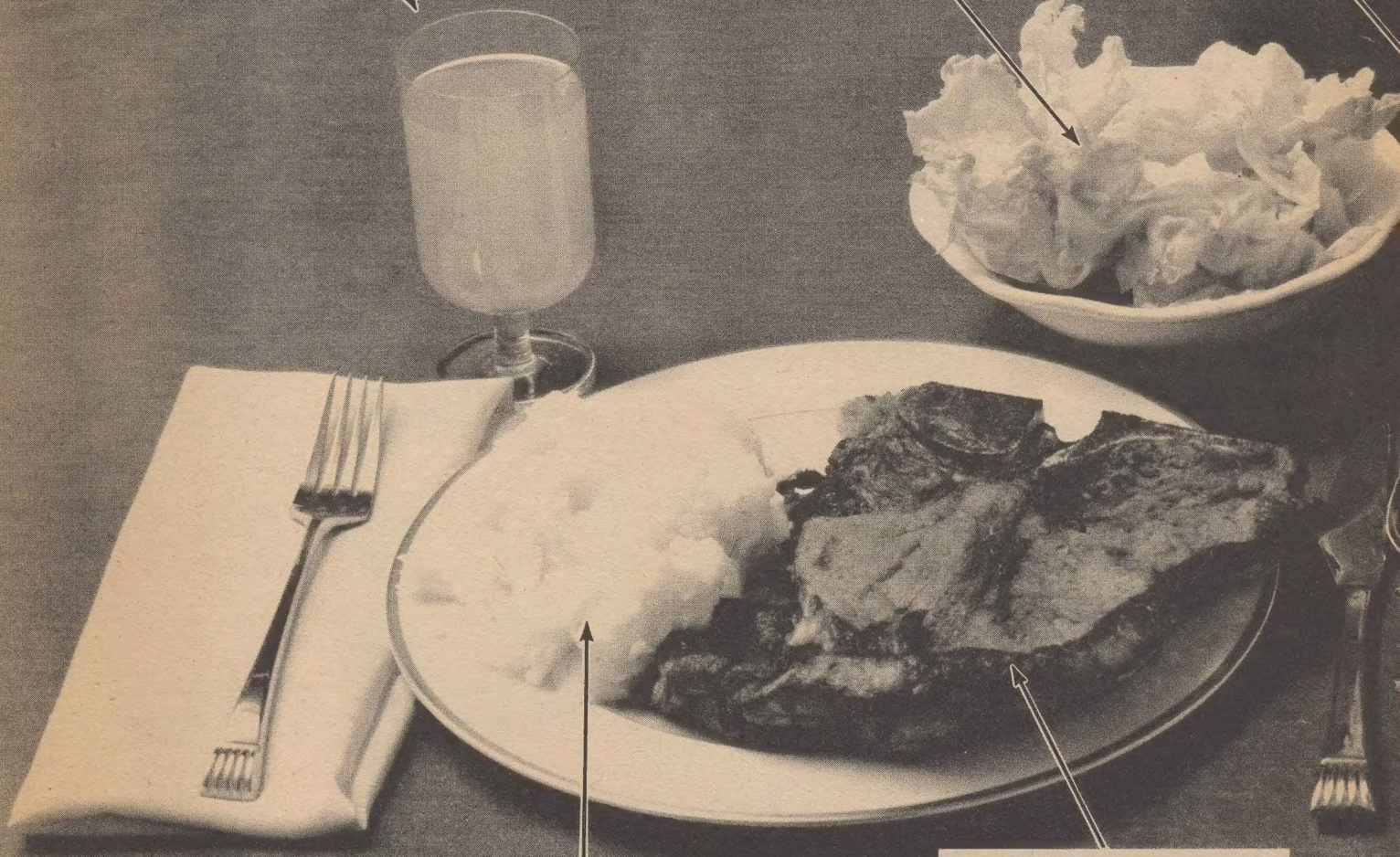
SODIUM CITRATE
CALCIUM PHOSPHATE
SODIUM CARRAGEENAN
FERROUS SULFATE
and
BUTYLATED HYDROXANISOLE

The salad's delicious, once you scrub off the DDT! But if you use a ready-made Salad Dressing, be prepared to absorb helpings of

POLYSORBATE-60
GUM TRAGACANTH
SORBIC ACID
and
CALCIUM DISODIUM EDTA

Need a pinch of salt? At no extra charge, you also get generous pinches of

SODIUM SILICO
TRICALCIUM PHOSPHATE
ALUMINATE
and
POLYSORBATE-80



On to the Instant Mashed Potatoes which are just brimming with . . .

GLYCEROL MONOSTEARATE
CALCIUM STEAROLY-2
DIGLYCERIDE
SODIUM PHOSPHATE
SODIUM SULFITE
PROPYLENE GLYCOL
and
BUTYLATED HYDROXYTOLUENE

Yum! There's nothing like a thick juicy steak! Especially when it's been tenderized with stuff like

BROMELIN
PAPAIN and
STILBESTROL

And if it's been treated for that "fresh meat" look, you also get

SODIUM NITRITE
SODIUM SULFITE
and
SODIUM ASCORBATE

***OR SHOULD WE CALL IT "THE LAST SUPPER"?**

as the FDA puts it, "in large quantities." And nobody really knows for sure if all this crud builds up in our bodies...or what the long-range effects will be. Anyway, MAD thinks you deserve an honest look at the whole picture—to see what's really "going down." All of the goodies below are a regular part of your daily diet. So tune up your taste buds, grab your chopsticks, and join us at the groaning board for fun and feasting as a special guest at...

CAL BANQUET*

WRITER: SY REIT

Bread may be fattening, but don't worry! You don't get much "bread" with your bread. Mainly, you get

POLYOXYLENE STEARATE
GLIADIN
GLUTANIN
and
CALCIUM PROPIONATE

And margarine users can add these!

POTASSIUM SORBATE
and
SODIUM BENZOATE 0.1 %

Time to wash it all down with a good cup of coffee: You won't find any cream in the "cream substitute", but you will find

SODIUM CASEINATE
SODIUM CITRATE
DISODIUM PHOSPHATE
CARRAGEENAN POLYSORBATE-60
MONOGLYCERIDE
and
SODIUM SILICO-ALUMINATE

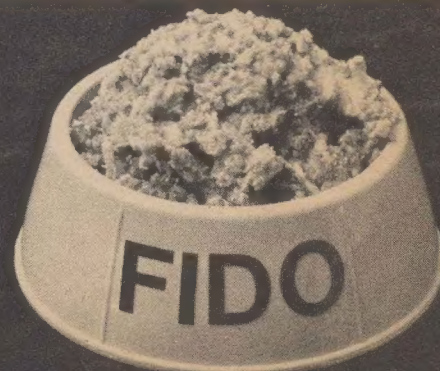
Think maybe you'd be better off switching to "Dog Food"? Well, don't rush! Because Fido gets, along with his "100% all-meat"

(take a deep breath now):

SODIUM CASEINATE	POTASSIUM CHLORIDE
DICALCIUM PHOSPHATE	CALCIUM CARBONATE
MAGNESIUM OXIDE	CHOLINE CHLORIDE
POTASSIUM IODATE	FERROUS SULFATE
CALCIUM PROPIONATE	and MANGANESE DIOXIDE

And now for that good ol' American dessert, Apple Pie—just crammed full of those good ol' American chemicals

DINITRO-ORTHO-CREOSOL
POTASSIUM SORBATE
BUTYLATED HYDROXYANISOLE
and
SODIUM PHENYLPHENATE

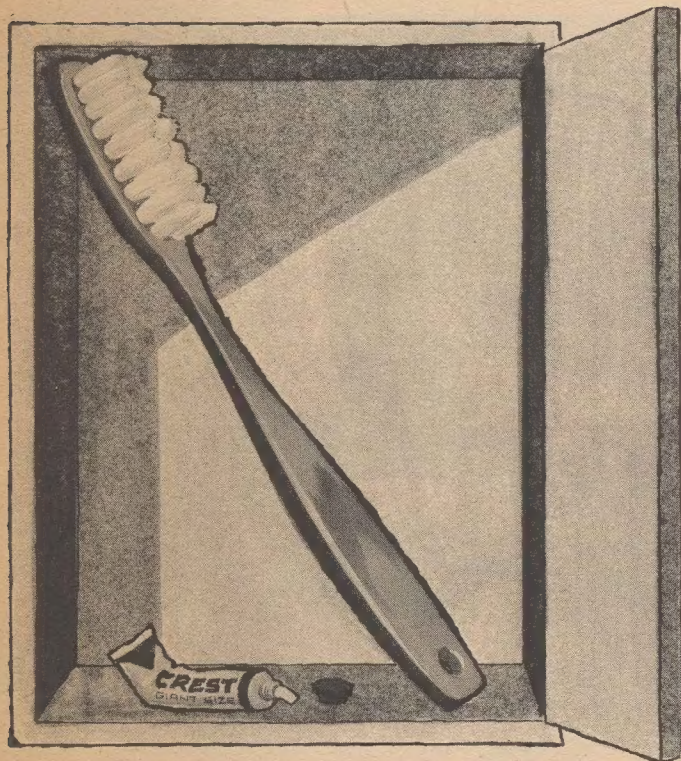


HEARTY APPETITE, GANG!!

A MAD PEEK INTO SOME... LEGENDARY

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Paul Bunyan



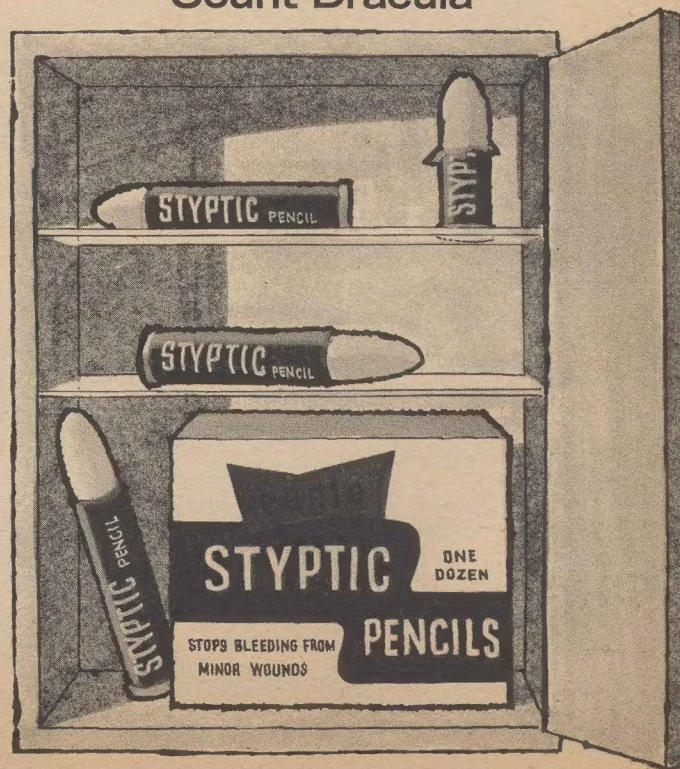
Bacchus



Robinson Crusoe



Count Dracula



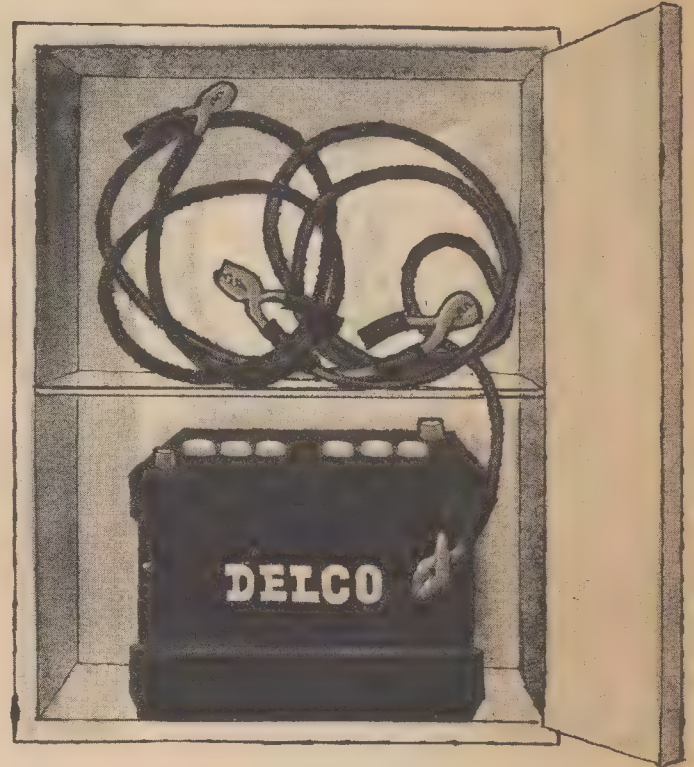
MEDICINE CABINETS

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

Atlas



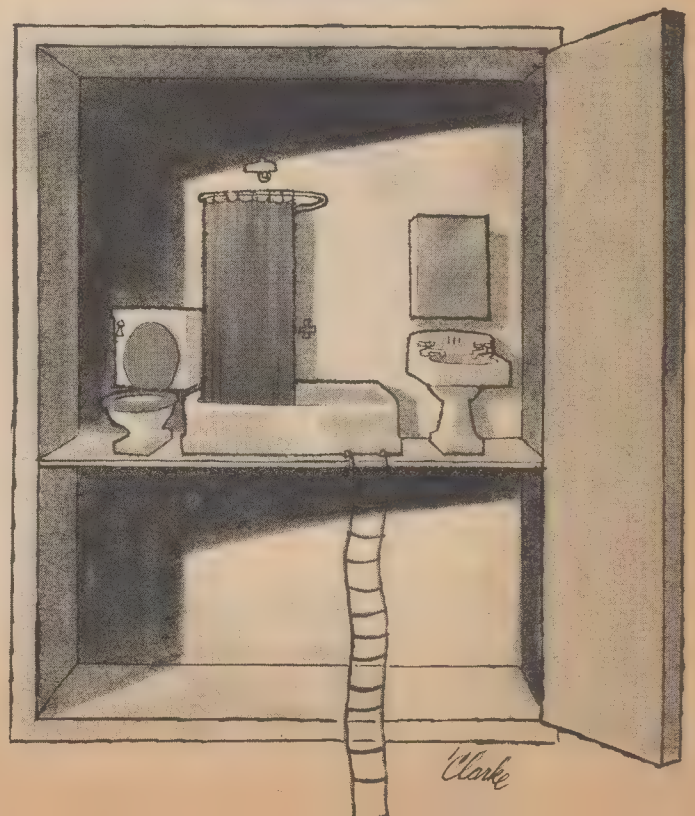
The Frankenstein Monster



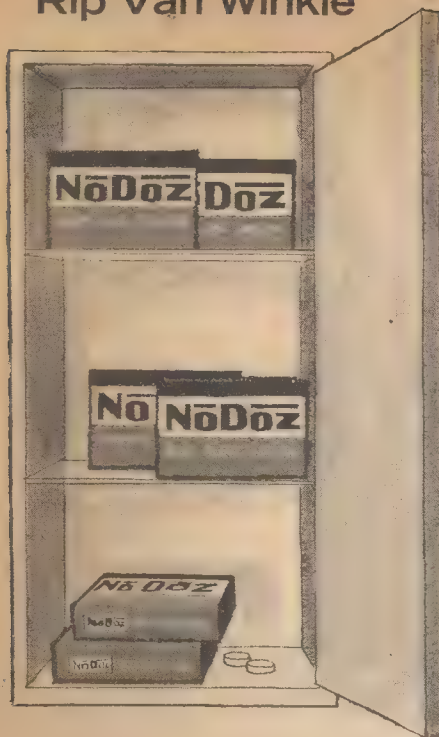
Cyclops



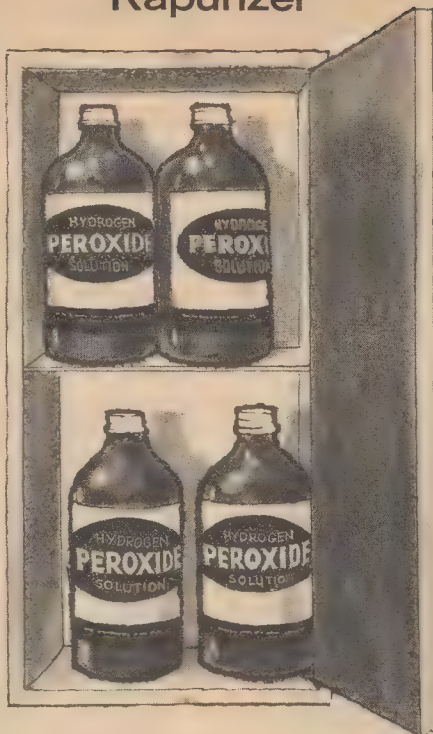
Tom Thumb



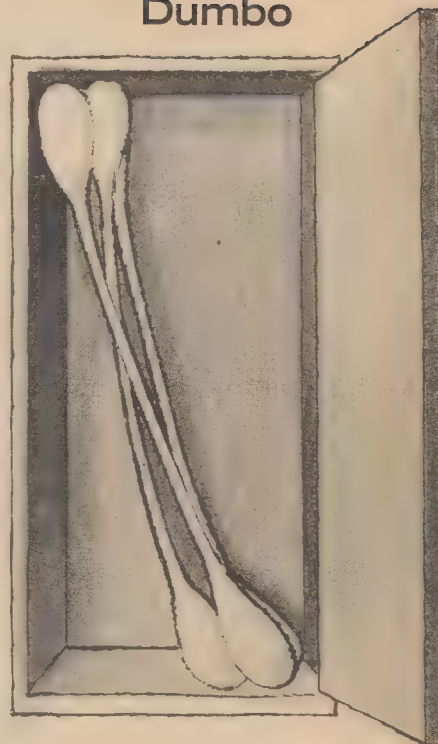
Rip Van Winkle



Rapunzel



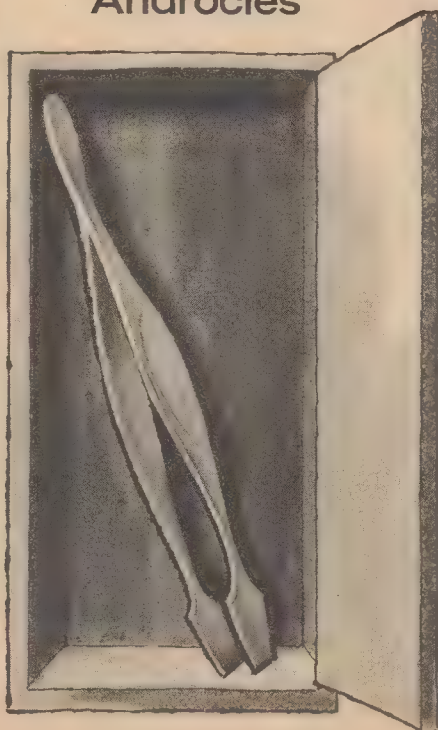
Dumbo



Pinocchio



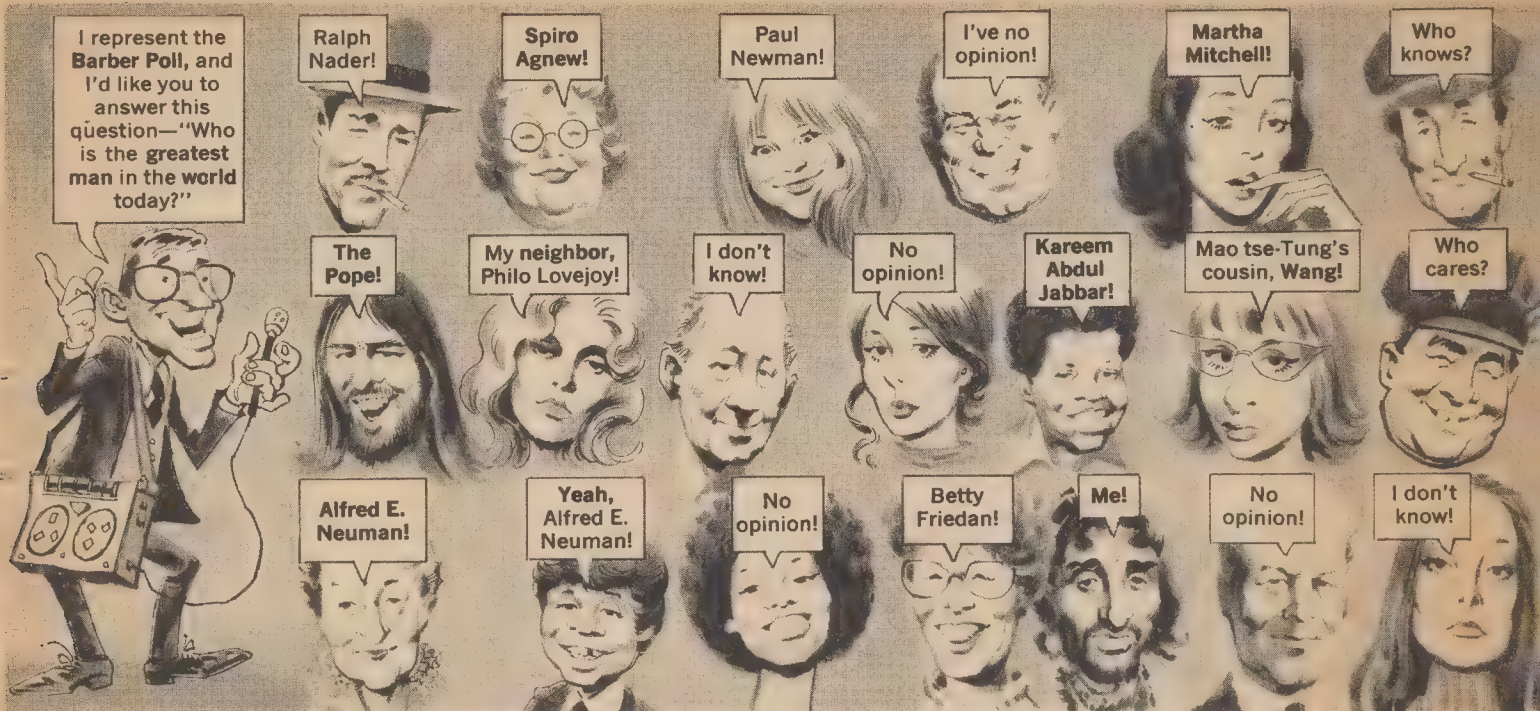
Androcles



The Ancient Mariner



Whenever some group wants to know how the public feels about something, you can be sure there'll be a public opinion poll:



Thousands of people are asked this question and eventually their answers are tallied and released in a newspaper story:

POLL NAMES ALFRED E. NEUMAN AS "WORLD'S GREATEST MAN"

New York, N.Y. (Combined Services) The Barber Poll revealed this morning that the American public considers Alfred E. Neuman the greatest man in the world today.

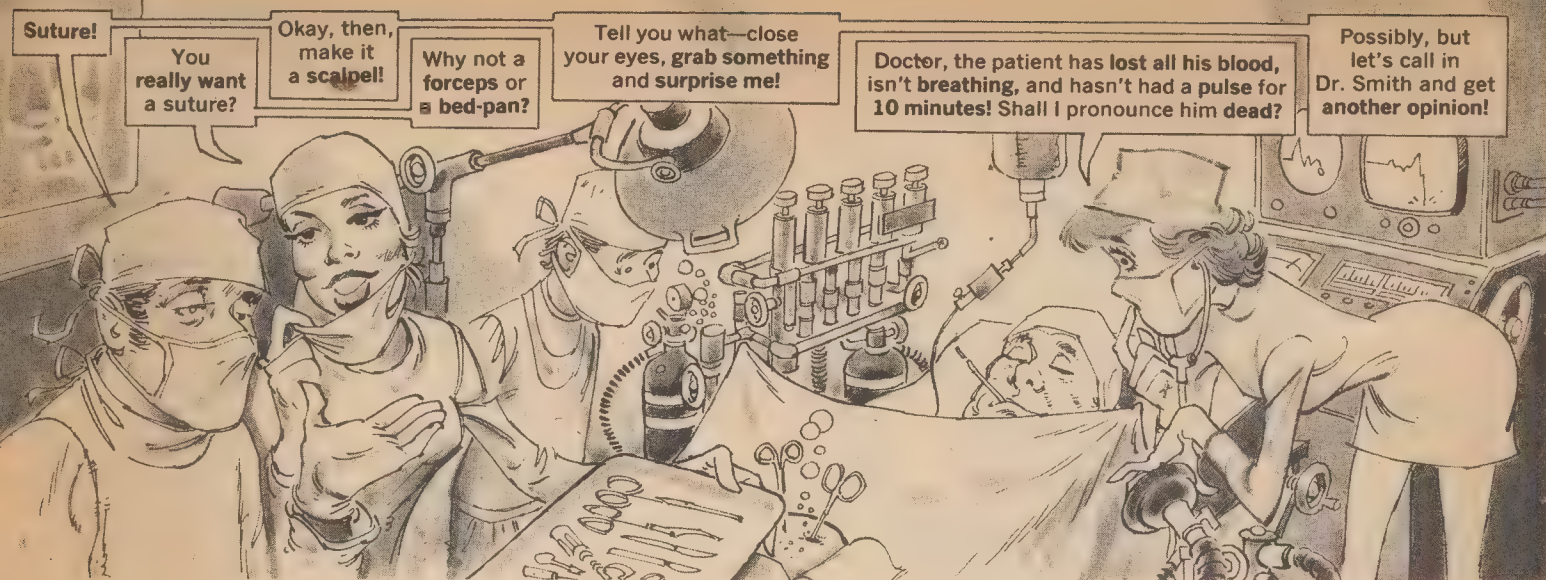
Complete results of the poll follow:

Alfred E. Neuman	38%
Joe Namath	8%
Billy Graham	6%
Abbie Hoffman	4%
Carlo Gambino	3%
Philo Lovejoy	1%
All others	16%
No opinion	24%

You'll notice that there is quite a sizeable percentage of people who have "**No Opinion**," which brings us to the point of this ridiculous introduction: Have you ever thought how muddled life would be if almost *everyone* had "**No Opinion**" or said they "**Don't Know**" or that they were "**Undecided?**" You haven't? Well, stick around as MAD now reveals what we all will ultimately have to contend with

WHEN THE "NO OPINION" PEOPLE BECOME THE MAJORITY

In A Hospital Operating Room



On Television

4:00 ③ SESAME STREET

15 minutes of non-committal rumors about the number 5. Films of unspecified animals that reveal nothing. The Moppets explain why going to the bathroom is debatable.

7:30 ⑤ GUNSMOKE

After Doc, Kitty and Festus are shot in cold blood by a gunslinger, Matt ponders a vague course of action without coming to a decision.

8:00 ② FIRING LINE

William F. Buckley talks about the weather, hypothetically, of course, with Jerry Rubin.

9:00 ⑦ CAROL BURNETT

Carol and guest Andy Griffith spend 60 minutes wondering why they're

there. Songs: "I Don't Know Why" (Carol); "It Ain't Necessarily So" (Carol and Andy); "I Don't Care" (Andy); "Maybe" (Carol or Andy).

11:00 ① MOVIE—Drama?

Something or other with Joel McCrea, or somebody who looks a lot like him, also with some other actors we don't know if we should name.

11:30 ④ TO BE ANNOUNCED

But don't count on it.

12:00 ⑤ SERMONETTE?

The Reverend, or is it Rabbi, or is it Father Kyle Quigley talks about God. Or is it the other way around?

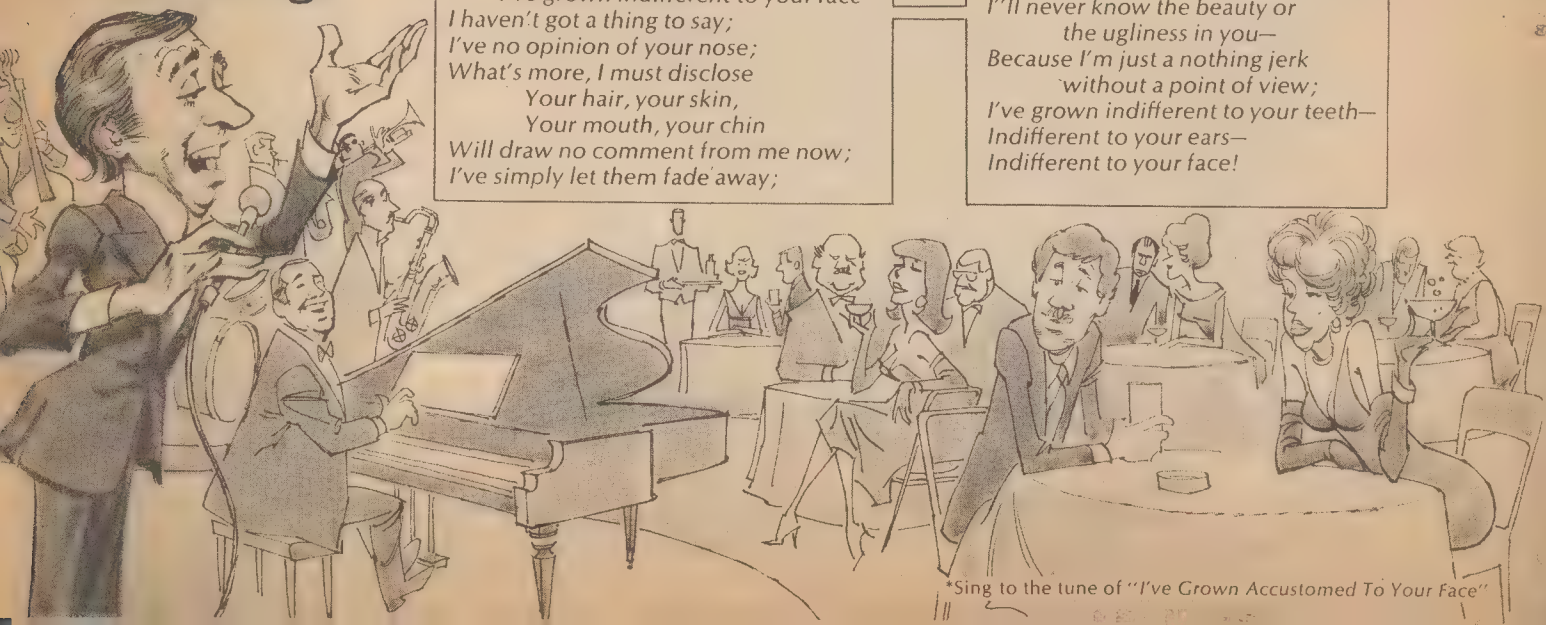
In Book Publishing

Everything you
always wanted to
know about sex

but were too uncommitted
to have an opinion
about it one way or the other *

* AS DOES THE AUTHOR

In Love Songs



*Sing to the tune of "I've Grown Accustomed To Your Face"

On The Highway



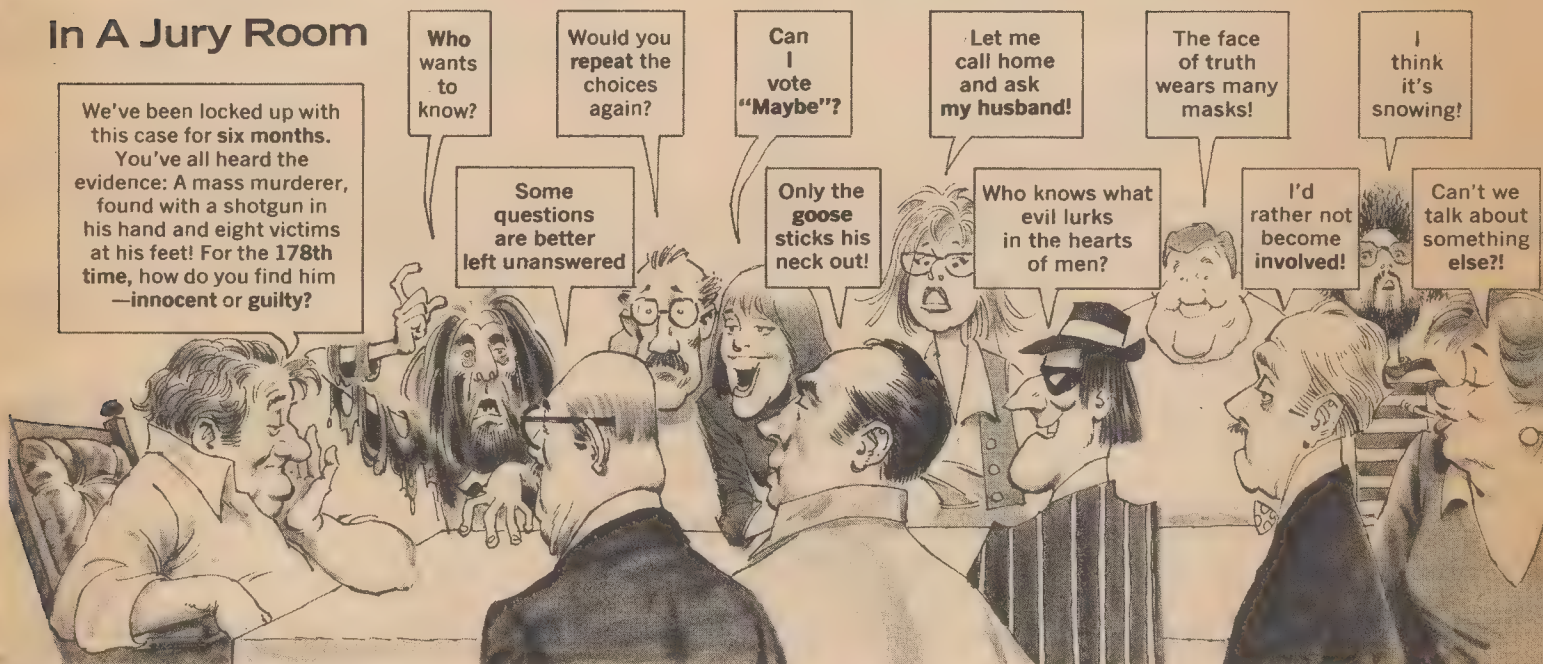
In Astrology Forecasts

THE STARS AND YOU Daily Forecast for March 5th

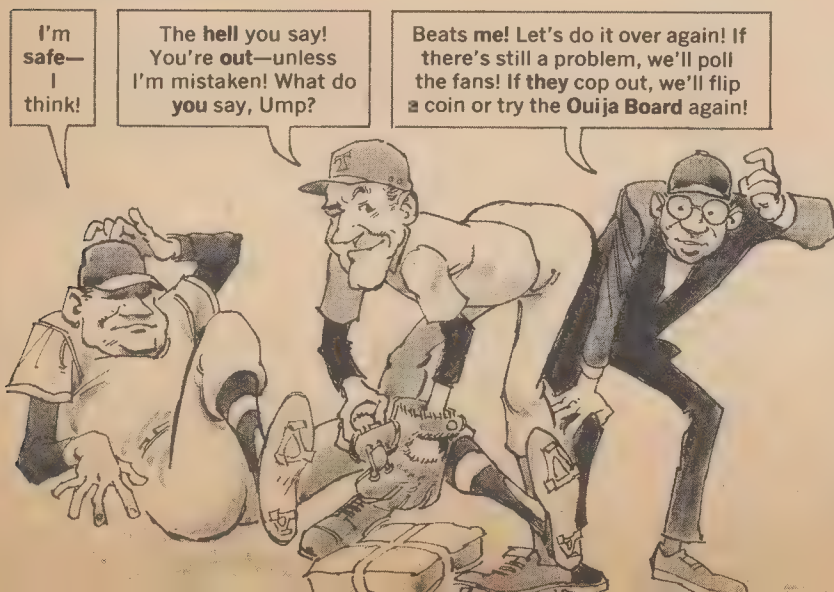
- Aries:** Make no decisions.
- Taurus:** Stall.
- Gemini:** Ignore this forecast.
- Cancer:** Cool it.
- Leo:** Don't get out of bed.
- Virgo:** Act uncertain.
- Libra:** Put it out of your mind.
- Scorpio:** Be ambiguous.
- Sagittarius:** Do nothing.
- Capricorn:** Wait for another time.
- Aquarius:** Yes and no.
- Pisces:** No comment.

(Repeat every day for the rest of your life)

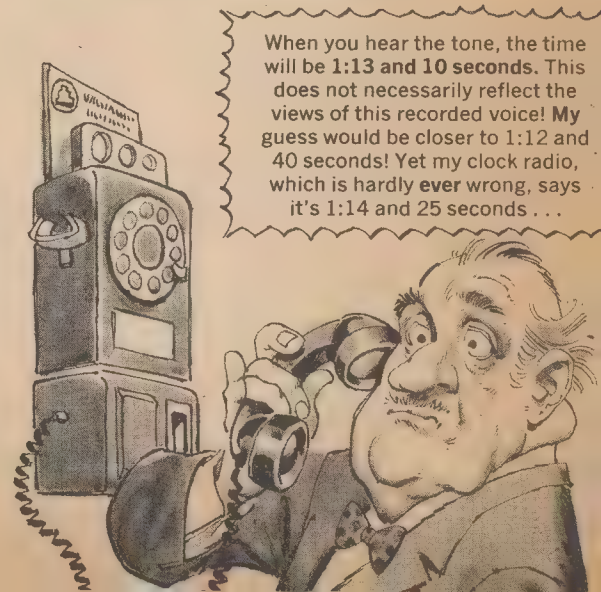
In A Jury Room



In Baseball



On The Telephone



Is it fair that only movies, plays and books are reviewed . . . when most of us will never direct a movie or act in a play or write a

book? Suppose the same kind of reviewing techniques were applied to everyday performances? Then we might have something a lot like these

CRITICISMS FOR THE CO

Student Literature

Youth Movements

MISS FAZULE COMPLETES COMPOSITION ON PETS

by Basil English

"My Kitty," the latest composition by Gloria Fazule, mirrors the complex ambivalence of the authoress's mind in a manner to which none but her richly obfuscating native idiom lends itself.

In sparse prose, Miss Fazule depicts the dark and brooding unnatural love of a seven-year-old girl for her cunning feline "companion."

Few writers have successfully achieved the ultimate fusion of identities between woman and beast as has Miss Fazule when she writes, "I luv my Kitty." Notice, if you will, the use of the prosaic word "Kitty"—not "Cat" as a lesser writer would have used. For "Kitty" implies innocence not yet betrayed . . . a clear forest pool unsullied by the dead leaves and pollution of experience.

The very structure of her sentences aims at a microcosmic synthesis of the opposing forces that inspire the overall pattern of Miss Fazule's work. She is surely conscious of the imperiousness of her demands when she laments, "I wish my Kitty would youse the littur box."

Gloria Fazule, struggling with the world no man has made, yet never attempting to abandon it, has constructed many worlds within it—permanently fresh and strange—as when she writes, "I want my Kitty to play with me but she wont. She rather go out and play with uthur cats."

Miss Fazule's previous compositions, "My New Kitten," and her never-to-be-forgotten "My Kitten Plays With A Ball of Wull" showed the budding talent of a sensitive observer of the ever-changing history of man's relationship to the mystical non-verbal world of the beast. In "My Kitty," Gloria Fazule shows her growth and maturity as a writer. She has at last emerged into the pantheon of composition-writing "Greats"!

A rumor perists that Miss Fazule is currently working on still another provocative composition, perhaps her most ambitious work to date, entitled "Duz Anybody Want Some Kittens?"

Laura Burnbaum Cleans Room

by N. E. Momandad

Laura Burnbaum has conducted an experiment in lassitude in cleaning her room, second story, rear, at 114 Hudson Street.

It took courage for Laura to undertake the task—the same courage displayed by Hercules when he cleaned the Aegean stables. Because Miss Burnbaum's room was approximately in the same condition as the Aegean stables before the Greek performed his Herculean feat.

Miss Burnbaum is a room cleaner of the "Obvious Movement School", and her type of work has been seen before. She began her performance with shelf-dusting, using the traditional man's undershirt as a dust rag. In a rare display of enthusiasm, she actually moved her collection of stuffed animals to dust beneath them.

Her vacuuming of the floor, however, was somewhat lacking in inspiration. She ran the vacuum cleaner solely over the areas visible to the naked eye (Namely, her Mother's!), leaving entire areas (Under her bed, for example!) untouched, to await a future performance.

Miss Burnbaum did a credible job of window-washing, until the Lavis ran out, the Windex being inaccessible—in the kitchen closet . . . downstairs! She then resorted to the time-honored technique of breathing on the glass prior to wiping, which she accomplished with the aid of her brother's discarded pajama bottoms.

For a finale, Miss Burnbaum selected unwanted memorabilia from her dresser drawers, dividing them into two distinct piles on the floor. Then, with sober and resolute evaluation, she contemplated the "might as well hold on to" pile, which included an 8 by 10 glossy photo of Ringo Starr, and returned it to her dresser drawer. The "got to go" pile, which included a letter from a girl who had the bunk next to her in Summer camp in 1963, was consigned to the waiting and seldom-used waste basket.

Seconds later, she dumped the contents of the basket into her dresser drawer and pushed it shut with an air of satisfaction and accomplishment.

Miss Burnbaum's room cleaning, while far from a masterpiece, remains an important event, not likely to be repeated until she marries in seven or eight years.

Gum-Chewing

WRITER: ALPHONSE NORMANDIA

COMMON MAN

Business Communications

L. C. CRANSTON WRITES A NEW INTER-OFFICE MEMO

by Mimi Graff

It is a distinct pleasure for me to review the latest Inter-Office Memo of Mr. L. C. Cranston, whose works I have admired ever since I was a young up-start, painfully trying to teach myself the fine art of Memo-Writing. Even then, Mr. Cranston was a famous Memo-Writer. And, unlike many "flash-in-the-pan" Memo-Writers who write one or two great Memos and then rest on their laurels ever after, L. C. Cranston has remained in the forefront, constantly writing one great Memo after another—Memos which have become standards for all fledgling Memo-Writers to emulate.

Mr. Cranston's style has undergone subtle changes through the years. His flowery prose of the 50's, while right for the climate of those times, is inappropriate today. Consider one of his earlier Memos on "Getting To Work On Time"...

It has come to the attention of the management that some of our company's loyal and trusted employees have been over-extending their prerogatives of employment in regard to the hour of arrival at work prescribed by the . . . (etc.)

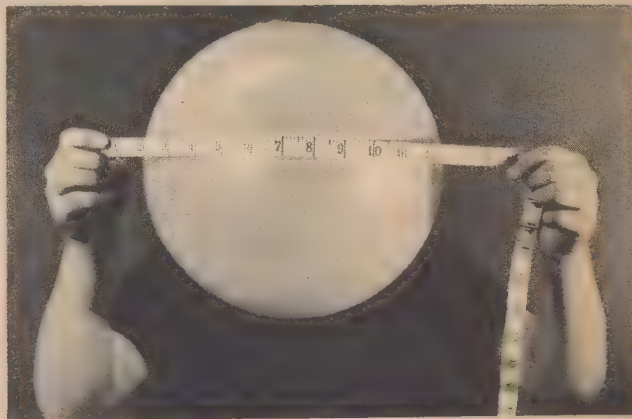
In contrast, notice the terse, almost sparse writing in this, his latest (and in my opinion, his greatest) Memo. He begins directly with, "To All Personnel! NOW HEAR THIS!!" No effete intellectualizing here. Pithy, and to the point.

The bulk of the Memo magnificently sums up the problem of "Office Supply Waste." No words are wasted on frivolous digressions. Implied are all the hopes and fears of a benevolent company adrift in the stormy seas of increased competition and rising costs, about to flounder on the shoals of falling profits. Mr. Cranston synthesizes all of this as he writes, "Stop wasting paper clips!!"

L. C. Cranston is a rare individual of our times, a man who has found his place, a place of greatness, with his Memo pad. In concluding his latest work, he once again reiterates the classic phrase he has used time and time again with such telling effect: "PAPER CLIPS IS MONEY!!!"

They just don't write Inter-Office Memos like that anymore.

LEONARD HUMPERDINK BLOWS MASSIVE BUBBLE



by B. Chnutt Fleer

It is indeed a rarity in this era of speed and assembly line mechanization to find someone pursuing his craft in the time-honored tradition. This is how Leonard J. Humperdink chews his bubble gum. Slowly, Carefully, Honestly. For Leonard J. Humperdink is a master bubble gum chewer of the old school.

Although Humperdink, a Junior at Austin Hoople High School, is a bubble gum chewer in the classical tradition, he is entirely self-taught. He has evolved his mastication technique through trial and error. And an intensely personal technique it is.

Humperdink unwraps his bubble gum with his left hand, gently flicking the enclosed little comic strip into the palm of his right hand with his thumb. Then, while reading the adventures of Bazooka Joe and His Gang, Humperdink nonchalantly flips the square of gum onto his tongue, using an inverted double twist.

However, Humperdink does not immediately begin to chew, as many tyro chewers are wont to do. He pushes the gum about in his mouth, softening it slowly until the gum has reached the proper consistency. (It is at this point, of course, that the gum is now referred to as a "wad.")

Humperdink's first actual bite is a down-chew, with the gum in the center of his lower teeth. His second bite is a "mouth right," and his third bite is a "mouth left." No random chewer is Leonard Humperdink. He chews to release the flavor of the "wad" evenly and deliberately over all of his taste buds. He chews at the rate of one closure every eight seconds. This is the actual chewing formula recommended by the late, great Wrigley Dentine, whose book, "Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Gum-Chewing But Were Afraid To Ask," remains the definitive work in the field.

Making a small pocket in the "wad" with his tongue, Humperdink then proceeds to exhale between his teeth, causing a "bubble" of gum to issue forth. As more air is forced into the pocket, the bubble grows in size. On this occasion, Humperdink's tour de force reached a full 26 inches in diameter.

While this is startling, it is not half as impressive as the ever-present resulting explosion, an ear-shattering "SPLATT!" of deafening proportions.

I am sure that, with the additional experience that only time can bring, Leonard Humperdink will one day learn to re-inhale the massive bubbles he makes before they burst. For an exploded bubble of two feet or more makes a rather nasty mess.

Katherine O'Leary Bakes Meat Loaf

by Igor May

Last Saturday evening, the jaded palate of this reviewer experienced the exquisite cuisine of Mrs. Patrick O'Leary, and my taste buds are still a-quiver over the specialté de la maison, "Meat Loaf O'Leary."

I have had exemplary Meat Loaf before. Particularly memorable was the twelve-foot Meat Loaf of Mess Sergeant Alphonso "Cooky" Raab, served al fresco at Camp Pickett, Virginia in 1957. Nor will I ever forget a Snake Meat Loaf served under somewhat unusual circumstances last Summer in Death Valley, California. But "Meat Loaf O'Leary" is not just a good Meat Loaf, it is a *great* Meat Loaf!

The circumstances of the gourmet dinner I attended undoubtedly added to the luster of the evening. The dining area was tastefully done in alternating harp-and-shamrock wallpaper, upon which was hung Kelly-green framed oil portraits of St. Patrick, St. Brendan and St. Michael. Patrick (Pat) O'Leary, proud husband of the prize recipe holder and kitchen savant, presided over the table, surrounded by eight red-headed, freckle-faced, voracious, plate-rapping children, Grandmother O'Leary and a man whose name I never did catch. It was amidst this warmth and happy tumult that Katherine O'Leary brought out her memorable culinary triumph.

Nothing makes a dish taste better than an attractive presentation. And Mrs. O'Leary's Meat Loaf is no exception. It is always laced with brandy prior to serving, and set aflame. And it is, indeed, a spectacular sight to see "Meat Loaf O'Leary Flambee," the flames highlighting the green of the meat. Yes, Mrs. O'Leary, in true culinary showmanship, always tints her meat green with a harmless vegetable dye.

Each portion is garnished with Potatoes O'Leary (Idaho potatoes boiled in beer), and Broccoli O'Leary (tender broccoli stalks glazed with a gin and brown sugar sauce.)

The recipe for Meat Loaf O'Leary has been passed down from mother to daughter for seven centuries, and it was only after persistent persuasion on my part that Mrs. O'Leary finally gave me permission to reproduce it here.

MEAT LOAF O'LEARY

2 pounds ground meat	1 pound ground osso bucco
14 cloves garlic, whole	18 onions, ground
1 tamale, finely chopped	3 cups cornflakes, whole
12 tablespoons salt	1 pound chocolate kisses

Mix ingredients until smoothly blended.
Form into loaf with garden trowel, place in moderate oven (350°).
Very important: ADD 1 QUART WHISKEY
Bake for 6½ to 12 hours.

Dinner is served at the O'Leary's as early as 3:00 P.M. and as late as 11:00 P.M., depending upon Patrolman O'Leary's tour of duty for the week at the 39th Precinct. Dinner guests would be wise to confirm their reservations.

THADDEUS J. SCHMUTZ PAINTS 80 HURON ROAD

by Moe Digliani

There is virtue in being an amateur. Not knowing the rules and paths already traveled, one is free to take new roads—to go in new directions. Thaddeus J. Schmutz, who painted the exterior of his house at 80 Huron Road, is an amateur housepainter. He is entirely self-taught. His work shows flashes of brilliance (His "paint-stirring" brings to the surface what other housepainters leave at the bottom of the can!) and spurts of mediocrity (His "dropcloth-spreading" over the foundation plantings was sadly inadequate, causing untold damage to his driveway, which is now permanently splotted with gobs of white paint!). But whatever he does, Schmutz paints adventurously. He is not afraid to try.

Schmutz's "paint-scraping" is magnificent, although he has a tendency to choke up on the handle of the scraper. His use of the putty knife can be compared favorably to the famous work of W. "Studs" Kleinschord, the almost legendary housepainter of yesteryear who could only paint on rainy days.

Although Schmutz's housepainting had previously been limited to interior work, notably his bedroom (sadly, a failure because of a bucket of purple paint spilled on the bed), and his kitchen (a commendable effort despite his splattering red paint on the stove and refrigerator), he has approached the painting of the exterior at 80 Huron Road with that devil-may-care nonchalance so typical of the creative amateur. Not being hampered by conventional rules, Schmutz was free to innovate, to experiment creatively. And this is how art evolves—through men who are not afraid to try.

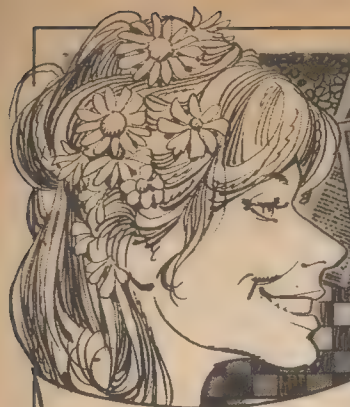
Schmutz, in painting his home, decided to blaze a new trail through the traditions of housepainting. From ancient times to today, housepainters have used small brushes when painting around windows, being very careful not to get paint on the panes. If spots of paint accidentally spattered on the glass, they were wiped off immediately.

And this is where Schmutz's brilliance was demonstrated. He reasoned that he could save hours of time by painting the entire window, glass and all—then simply wipe the paint from the panes. And this he set about doing, painting the entire house non-stop, window glass included, planning to wipe the panes clean when he was finished.

Unfortunately, we will never know if Schmutz's brilliant theory was sound. One thing we do know, his ladder wasn't! At the height of his triumph, he fell from his defective ladder, ending up with white paint on his wisteria—and himself in the hospital.

Naturally, during his enforced sojourn in the hospital, the paint on the window panes dried thoroughly, and Mrs. Schmutz, apparently fed up, packed her belongings and left forever. The taxi driver who took her to the station heard her say, "I'll be darned if I'll live in a house with solid white window panes!"

Thus ended Thaddeus's noble experiment. Whether it succeeded or not is of little import. What is important is that Mr. Schmutz was not afraid to try.



Vera Gwen

Arthur King's
Private Secretary



Arthur King

President of the Excalibur
Wax Fruit Company



Lance A. Clod

The Firm's
Efficiency Expert

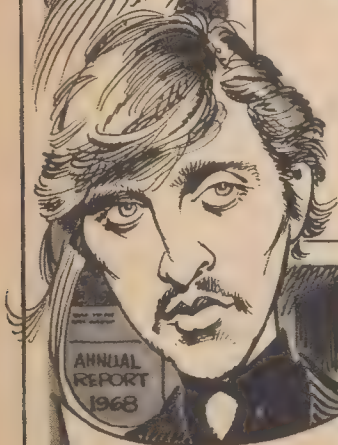
KNIGHT-SHTICK DEPT.

ALL OVER the country, audiences are streaming out of theatres raving about "Camelot." Unfortunately, they're streaming out long before the film is over, and what they're raving can't be printed here. Now why is "Camelot" such a bomb? Maybe it's because its story seems too unreal and old-fashioned. Who cares about a bunch of knights fighting each other when today we can watch the real-life vicious struggle between management and labor? Maybe that's it. Maybe all the film needs is some updating, a slight twist in the plot, and some changes in the characters. If so, we might just end up with a musical called

CAN A LOT

Artist: Sir Mort Drucker

Writer: Sir Frank Jacobs



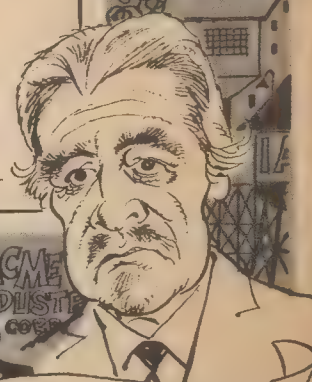
Morbread

A Labor Union
Negotiator



PLUS

A Supporting Cast of Clerks, Typists,
Accountants, Machinists, Shop-Workers,
Finks, Goons, Thugs and Scabs



**Merlyn M.
Merlyn**

Chairman
Of The Board



ACT ONE, SCENE ONE: The Office of Arthur King

Just look at the charts, Merlyn! Orders up! Sales up! Wages down! I tell you, it's a glorious year for Excalibur Wax Fruit!

Don't count your profits yet, Arthur! I've heard the men are forming a union! We're going to have to bargain with them, and unions can be mighty tough!

Bah! You make it sound like the union has all the power and the company has none! I wish I knew what the other corporations are doing...

A song cue if I ever heard one!

* I wonder what big firms are paying today? What salaries are big firms Outlaying today?

How goes it at GE, At Ford and RCA? I wonder what the terms Are up to today?



How go negotiations At gigantic corporations? Are they happy with the contracts that they've got?

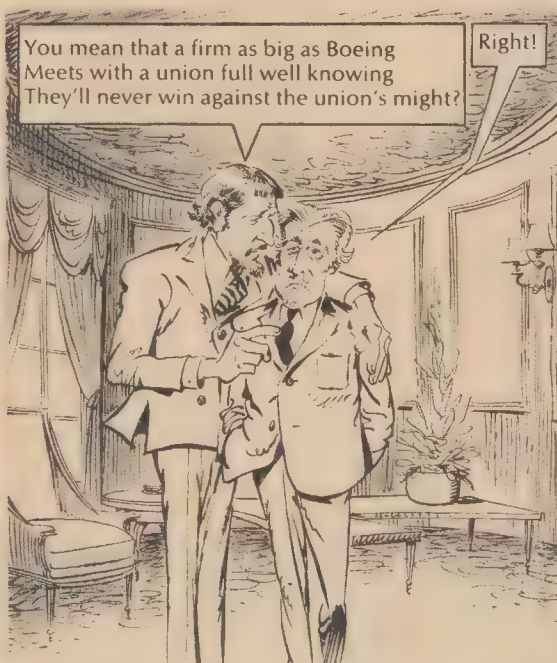
Well, I'll tell you what big firms are paying today— A lot! A lot!

You mean that a firm as big as Boeing Meets with a union full well knowing They'll never win against the union's might?

Right!

A firm so immense as Lever Brothers Runs for the hills like all the others Each time a union puts them under stress?

Yes!



You mean that terrific quivering Is only a steel firm shivering Whenever a union contract comes in view?

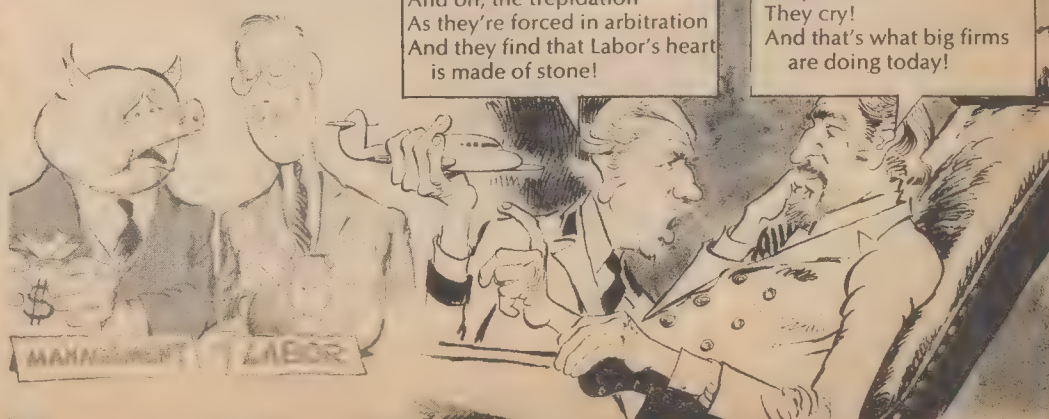
True!

You wonder what big firms are thinking today? They're thinking about their profits Shrinking today!

At Goodyear and Pan Am, At Westinghouse and Shell! They're paying through the nose For their personnel!

And oh, the trepidation As they're forced in arbitration And they find that Labor's heart is made of stone!

Well, I'm learning what big firms are doing today— They moan! They sigh! They howl! They cry! And that's what big firms are doing today!

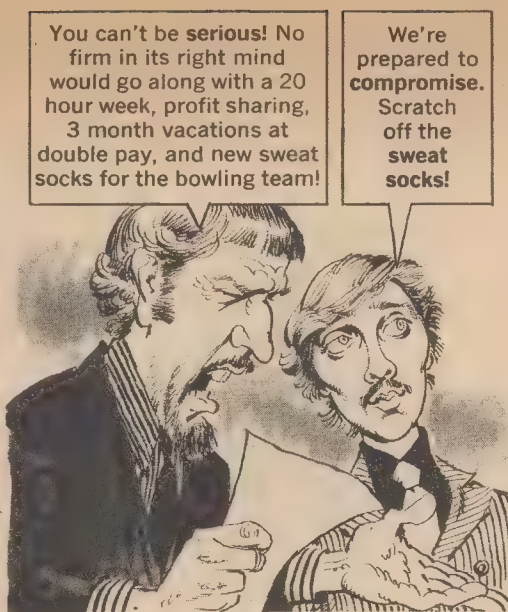


*Sung To The Tune Of "I Wonder What The King Is Doing Tonight"



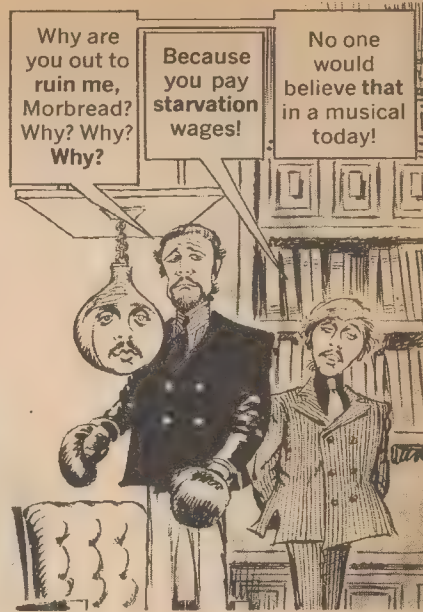
Excuse me, Arthur, but Morbread, the vile, sniveling Union Representative is here to see you!

I don't mean to rock the boat, Arthur, but unless you can comply with this list of demands, the men are going to walk out!



You can't be serious! No firm in its right mind would go along with a 20 hour week, profit sharing, 3 month vacations at double pay, and new sweat socks for the bowling team!

We're prepared to compromise. Scratch off the sweat socks!



Why are you out to ruin me, Morbread? Why? Why? Why?

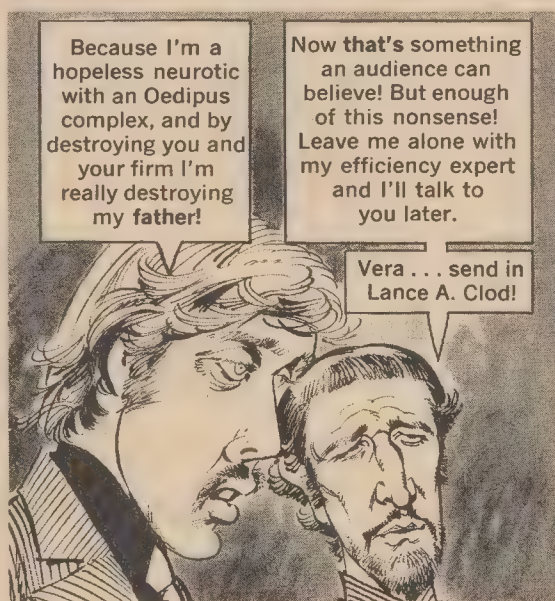
Because you pay starvation wages!

No one would believe that in a musical today!



Because you make us work under substandard inhuman conditions!

No one would believe that in a musical today!



Because I'm a hopeless neurotic with an Oedipus complex, and by destroying you and your firm I'm really destroying my father!

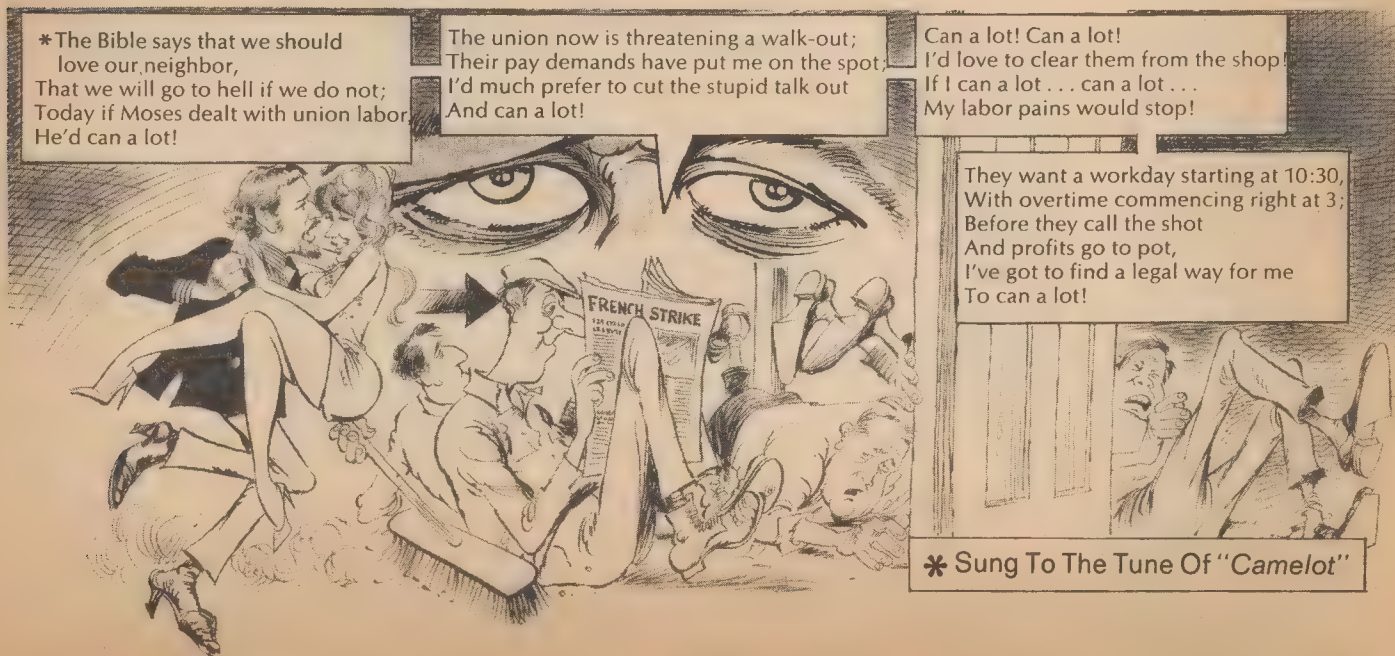
Now that's something an audience can believe! But enough of this nonsense! Leave me alone with my efficiency expert and I'll talk to you later.

Vera... send in Lance A. Clod!



Sorry I'm late, Arthur. I've been trying to find a way to cut down on paper clips!

Stash your paper clips, noodnick! We're in trouble...



*The Bible says that we should love our neighbor, That we will go to hell if we do not; Today if Moses dealt with union labor, He'd can a lot!

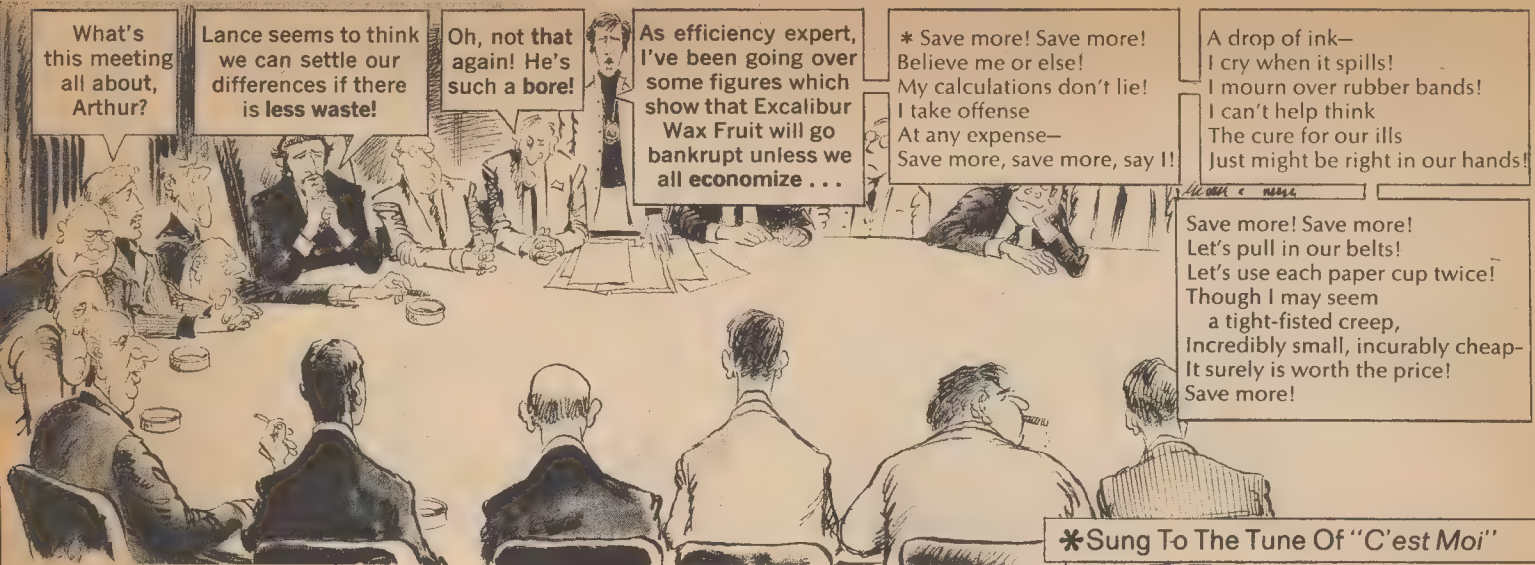
The union now is threatening a walk-out; Their pay demands have put me on the spot; I'd much prefer to cut the stupid talk out And can a lot!

Can a lot! Can a lot! I'd love to clear them from the shop! If I can a lot... can a lot... My labor pains would stop!

They want a workday starting at 10:30, With overtime commencing right at 3; Before they call the shot And profits go to pot, I've got to find a legal way for me To can a lot!

* Sung To The Tune Of "Camelot"

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO: *The Labor-Management Round Table*



What's this meeting all about, Arthur?

Lance seems to think we can settle our differences if there is less waste!

Oh, not that again! He's such a bore!

As efficiency expert, I've been going over some figures which show that Excalibur Wax Fruit will go bankrupt unless we all economize . . .

* Save more! Save more! Believe me or else! My calculations don't lie! I take offense At any expense— Save more, save more, say !!

A drop of ink— I cry when it spills! I mourn over rubber bands! I can't help think The cure for our ills Just might be right in our hands!

Save more! Save more! Let's pull in our belts! Let's use each paper cup twice! Though I may seem a tight-fisted creep, Incredibly small, incurably cheap— It surely is worth the price! Save more!

*Sung To The Tune Of "C'est Moi"



Save more? That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard!

Not if we all possess the proper attitude of frugality. A penny here, a penny there!

Oh, come off it, you overgrown yo-yo! There's only one way to deal with these Union goons, and that's to get rid of all of them!

Oh, yeah? You'd better hear this song first:

Shall we strike?

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Shall we hold up production Shall we strike?

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Hey, that song isn't from "Can A Lot"! You're singing a song from "The Fink and I", namely "Shall We Strike", which is sung to the tune of "Shall We Dance!" Besides, if you strike, I'll can the lot of you . . .

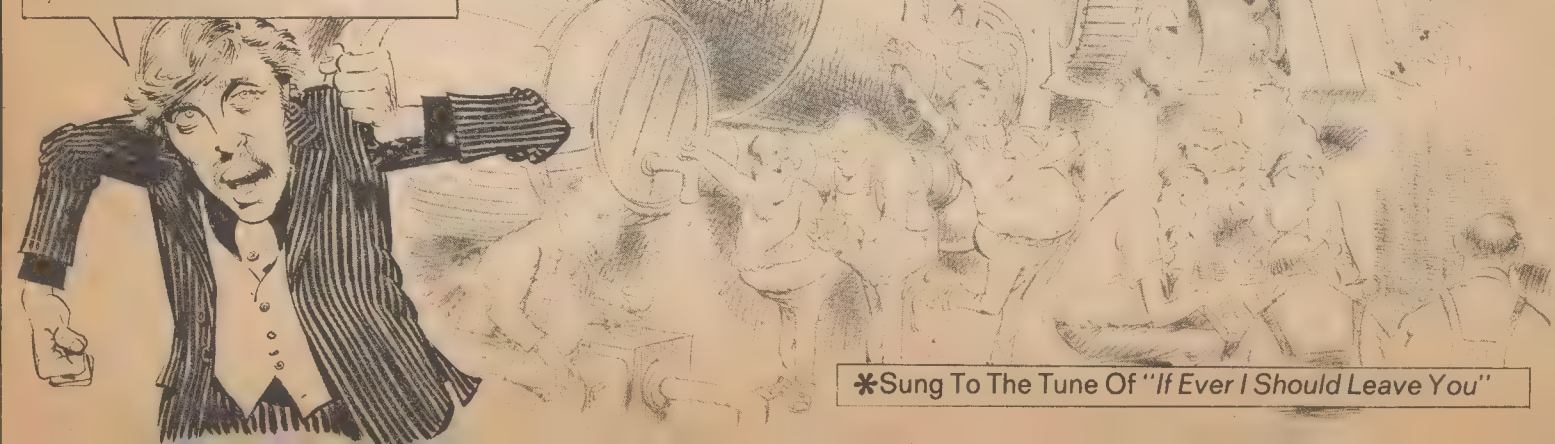
No you won't, Arthur, and here's why . . .

* If ever you should can us It cannot be for striking; Canning us for striking you'll find is unfair! You'd simply be breaking The new labor laws; What's more we're protected By a contract clause!

And if you ever can us It cannot be for slowdowns Canning us for slowdowns you just wouldn't dare! Don't try an injunction— You'd get no support; We've bought off the judges At the local court!

Nor can you can us, Though it makes you tear your hair That we get drunk at work, And what's more—we don't really care

If ever you should can us It cannot be for boo-boos; Canning us for boo-boos you haven't a prayer! Oh, no, not for boo-boos, Slowdowns, strikes or a brawl— No, you can never can us—at all!



*Sung To The Tune Of "If Ever I Should Leave You"

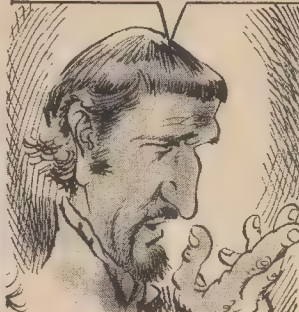
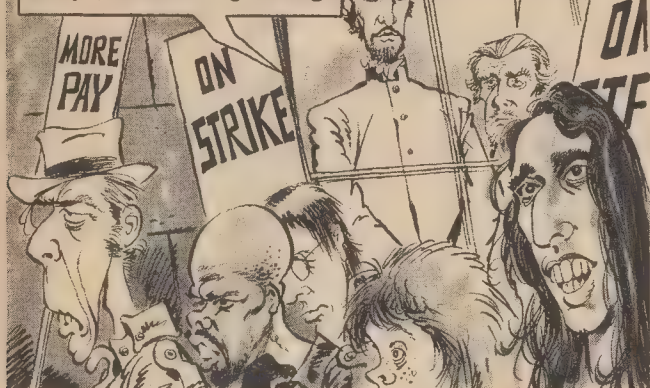
ACT TWO, SCENE ONE: Merlyn's Office

Oh, Merlyn, Merlyn, my company is crumbling around me! The workers are out on strike! Morbread is gloating that he's licked me! Lance is a buffoon! Oh, tell me, Merlyn, where did I go wrong?

Don't you remember the lessons I taught you when you were a rising young executive?

Sure I do! You told me that a young businessman should learn from the **animals and birds!** That he should develop the kindness of a **cobra**, the vision of a **lizard**, the humility of a **peacock**, the honor of a **jackal!** But the one thing you never taught me was **how to handle a union!**

* How to handle a union? There's a way that is tried and true, A way known to business leaders Who've been caught in a bind like you!



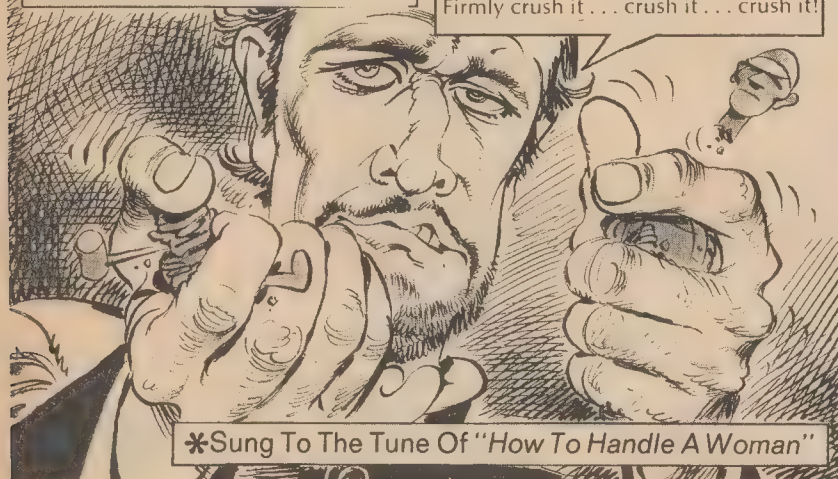
Do I beg them to stop making trouble?
Do I give in to my deepest fears?
Do I promise that I'll pay them double
With a pension in five years?

How to handle a union?
My advice I shall now submit:
The way to handle a union
Is to crush it... simply crush it...
Firmly crush it... crush it... crush it!

But how can I crush the union, Merlyn?
I want to lay them off, but their jobs
are protected by law!

Only as long as those jobs exist!

I don't understand!
Explain yourself—in key, if possible!



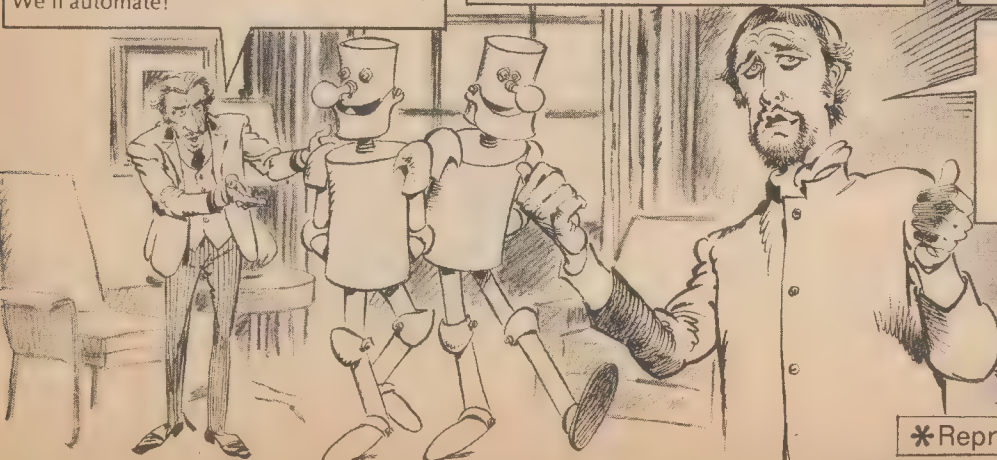
*Sung To The Tune Of "How To Handle A Woman"



* The union says there'll never be a lay-off!
They think that you will soon capitulate!
But now we've got them good,
and here's the pay-off:
We'll automate!

They'll holler that your heart is black as onyx!
But they cannot escape their dismal fate!
We'll just replace them all with electronics
And automate!

Automate! Automate!
With ease we'll dump a thousand slobs!
When we automate, automate—
We'll simply dump their jobs!



Our labor costs will drop to
next to nothing
There'll be no coffee breaks
to bleed us dry!
My profits will be great!
Oh, I can hardly wait
To count the money rolling in as I
Now automate!

*Reprise To The Tune Of "Camelot"



ACT TWO, SCENE TWO: *The Factory*

Look at them, Vera! Well-trained, intelligent laborers—every last one of them! And they thrive on work! No nonsense with strikes, benefits, overtime!

But what happened to all the workers you canned?

They're unemployed, I guess!



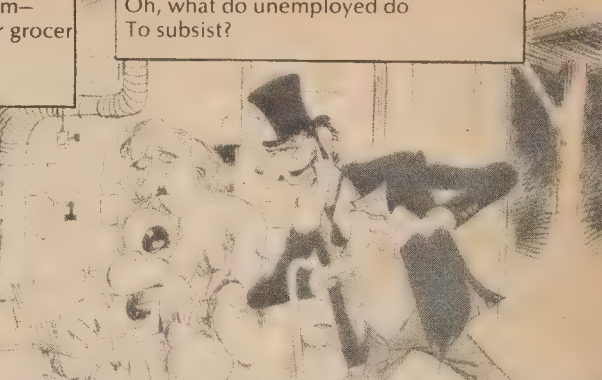
Really? They must lead interesting lives, not knowing where their next meal is coming from—

* What do the unemployed do
When bosses have told them
they're through?
When poverty gets closer
And hunger they can't stem—
What happens when their grocer
Says "No, sir!"
To them?

How are they paying their rent
When all of their savings they've spent?
However do they manage
To barely just exist?
Oh, what do unemployed do
To subsist?



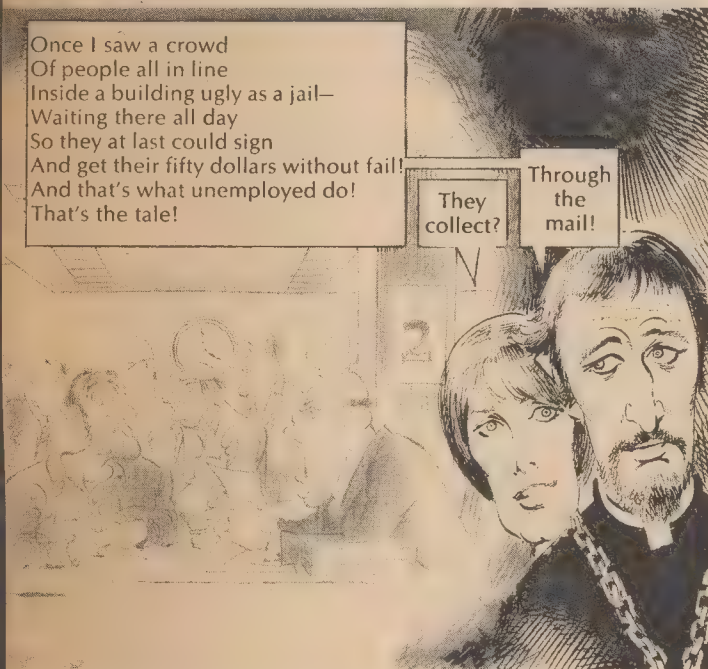
* Sung To The Tune Of "What Do The Simple Folk Do"



Once I saw a crowd
Of people all in line
Inside a building ugly as a jail—
Waiting there all day
So they at last could sign
And get their fifty dollars without fail!
And that's what unemployed do!
That's the tale!

They collect?

Through the mail!



What else do the unemployed do
When boredom is making them blue?
What do they do that's thrilling?
What makes their spirits climb?
What plan have they for filling
And killing
Their time?

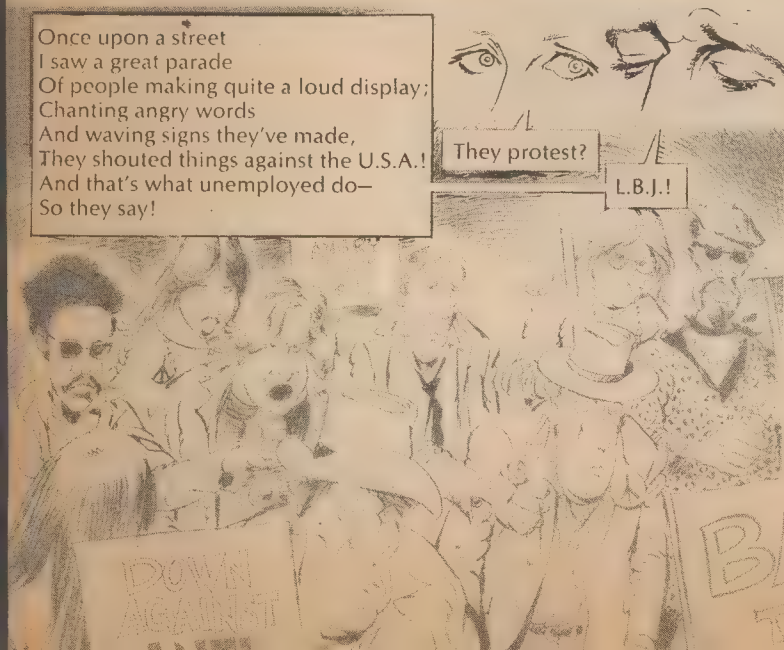
How do they ever survive
The weekdays from 9 until 5?
You've simply got to tell me
Or we can't end this song—
Oh, what do unemployed do
All day long?



Once upon a street
I saw a great parade
Of people making quite a loud display;
Chanting angry words
And waving signs they've made,
They shouted things against the U.S.A.!
And that's what unemployed do—
So they say!

They protest?

L.B.J.!



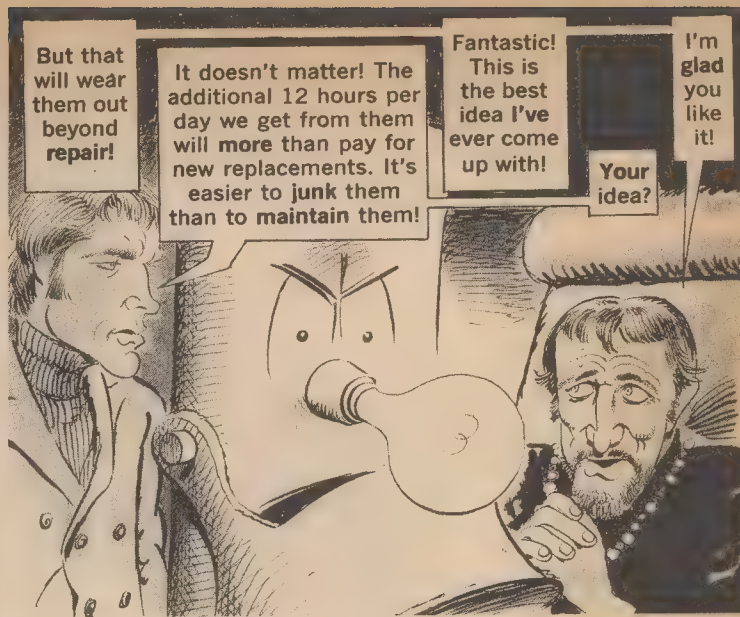
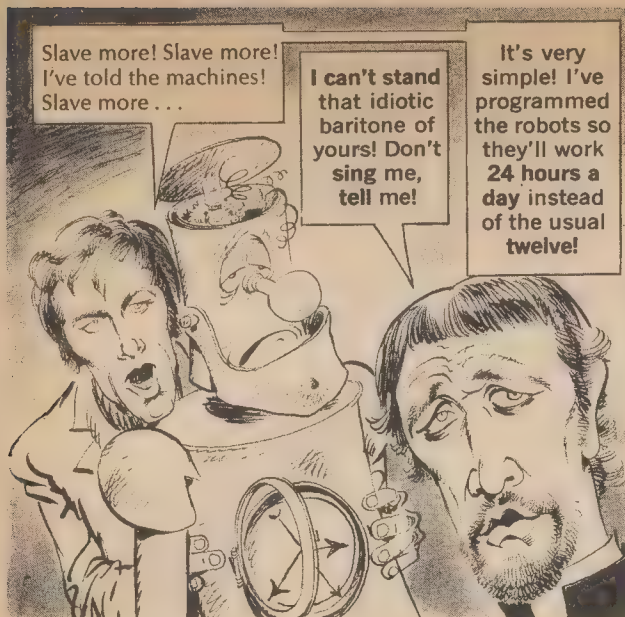
ACT TWO, SCENE THREE: *Arthur's Office*

Great news, Arthur!
I've just upped
production 100%!

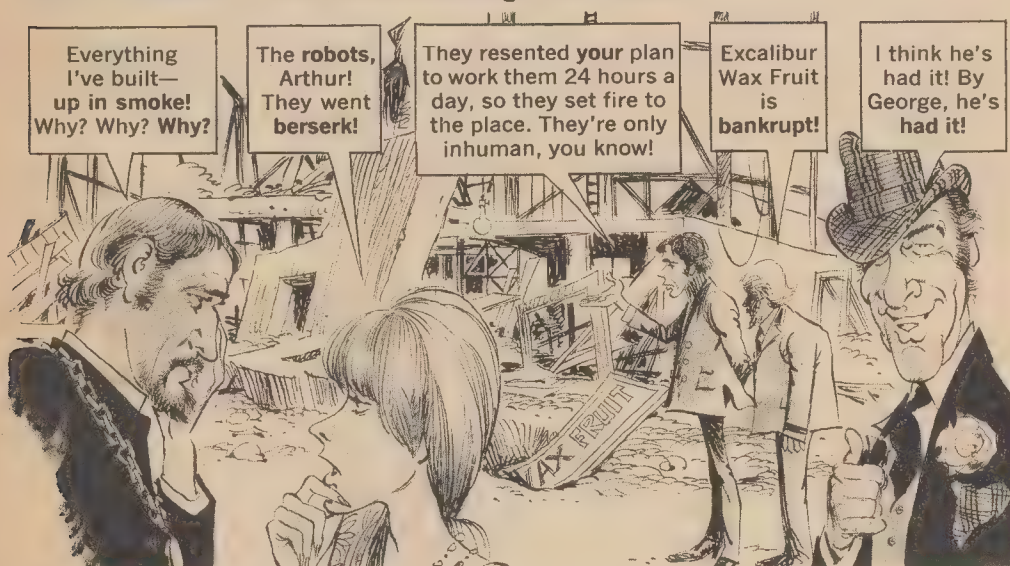
Explain
yourself, you
moronic hulk!

I will, in a
reprise to the
tune of
"C'est moi . . ."





ACT THREE: A Hill Overlooking The Plant



Well, despite the ruin, the havoc, the destruction, and the icky smell of burnt wax, I can still find a moral in this final, nostalgic number:



*I realized that none of you is caring About what really happened on this spot— That once there was a boss who had the daring To can a lot!

Although my plant is now a heap of rubble, In 15 minutes all will be forgot That once there was a man who took the trouble To can a lot!

Can a lot! Can a lot! Though you may end up in a jam— When you can a lot... can a lot The world won't give a damn!

To those of you who've finished with this story— I'm sure that you'll forget it if you can; In short there's simply not A less important plot Than this one dealing with a silly plan To can a lot!



* Another Reprise Yet, Sung To The Tune Of "Camelot"



HOLD ON THERE A MINUTE! BEFORE WE START RUNNING AROUND, TEARING DOWN

THE MAD PLAN TO

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



ALL THOSE BILLBOARD SIGNS THAT DISGRACE OUR HIGHWAYS, LET'S LOOK AT

BEAUTIFY AMERICA

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



...BY REMOVING THOSE EYE-SORE BILLBOARDS, AND YET AT THE SAME TIME

...WITH INTEGRATED



FOR
**SOFT
SHOULDERS**
TRY A
SARDO BATH

INCREASE YOUR
SPEED
TO AN UNBELIEVABLE
LIMIT
...TYPE OVER
65
WORDS A MINUTE
ACME SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

**SPEEDERS
LOSE THEIR
LICENSES**
unless they consult with
SID "Not Guilty!" ASHER

Various & Loan
Accounts
YIELD
51%
INTEREST
PER ANNUM

**PHONE
AHEAD**
FOR RESERVATIONS AT
**Maxine's
MOTEL**

**DO
NOT
PASS**
"GO"

Do not collect \$200

ENJOY

MONOPOLY

Another Parker Bros. Game

PRESERVING THE ADVERTISING REVENUE (SO WE CAN MAYBE LOWER TAXES)...

HIGHWAY SIGNS



FOR A TASTY TREAT TRY
PHILADELPHIA
BRAND CREAM CHEESE


WHEN A LOVED ONE MAKES A FINAL
EXIT
THINK OF FINSTER FUNERAL DIRECTORS
16
FABULOUS FUNERALS TO CHOOSE FROM

TWENTY
FOUR LANES AHEAD
AT BUDDY'S BOWL-A-RAMA

EAT TOO MUCH SUFFERING FROM
FOOD - GAS
FOR QUICK RELIEF TAKE ALKA-SELTZER

Sunkist Oranges
SQUEEZE RIGHT

STOP
BAD BREATH
with
LAVORIS

give yourself some
DANGEROUS

CURVES
with
PLAYTEX
LIVING BRAS & GIRDLES

NEWLY SEEDED
WITH
LUSHLAWN
Another SCOTT Lawn Product

Clarke

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF AMERICAN

The airline only allows 40 pounds of luggage, so I'm weighing our bag on this bathroom scale, but it covers the numbers!

Stupid! First, weigh yourself holding the bag! Then weigh yourself without, and subtract the difference!

Okay, here I am holding the bag! What does it say?

259 pounds!

Okay, now here I am without the bag! I can't see, so tell me what it says!

220 pounds!

That means it weighs . . . er . . . 39 pounds!

No . . . the bag's not overweight!

An' thees charming town square, wheech we are now passing through, has been re-named by my countrymen in honor of one of your great countrymen . . .

What nationality ees thees group—English or American?

American!

Eet is now called the "RICHARD M. NIXON SQUARE"!

Cyrus, look at all those tall buildings!

The folks back home would never believe this, Em!

What's everyone looking at?

I dunno! Maybe somebody's gonna jump!

Did you hear that, Cyrus? There's a man up there who's going to jump!



TOURISTS

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

BUT YOU ARE, FATSO!

Señor, señora . . . I would advise you not to drink the water! Your systems, they are not used to it, and it could make you very ill!

Well, in that case, bring us a bottle of your best wine!

Why did you tell them that? It is not a proven fact!

I know! But we do not make **MONEY** on water!



You know that old cliché, "Travel broadens you!"? Well, it certainly is true! Since we've started to travel I've gained such perspective!

Now I have a much clearer understanding of the world in relation to myself! And I can talk about it with more authority, now!

That's all very well, but why—wherever we go—do you buy up all the souvenirs?

So I can display them in our home!

How else will people know that I've been broadened?



Venice just **ISN'T REAL**! It's a fairy-tale-come-true . . . a fantasy . . . a giant Hollywood set built in the 14th century! It's not a city, it's a poem . . . the stuff that dreams are made of! It just **ISN'T REAL** . . . and I hate to leave it!

Excusa, sir! Your bill!

Huh?

What's-a the matter with-a your husband', Signora! He's-a no look so good!

Oh, he's all right! He just found out that Venice is **VERY REAL**!



Before we left on this trip, I was rushing like crazy to get the basement painted ... but I only managed to finish one coat!

Did you two spend all this money and fly 3000 miles to Europe just to talk about things at home?

You missed every word the Guide said back there!

Sorry! What did we miss?

He said that an artist spent three years on his back on a scaffold, painting the ornate ceiling of that room!

NO KIDDING! THREE YEARS?!



Ladees and gentlemen, I mus' apologize for zee insulting markings on zee walls! Please do not be offended!

You mus' understand zat eet ees done by a small group of radicals who blame ze Yankee for all ze ills of ze world!

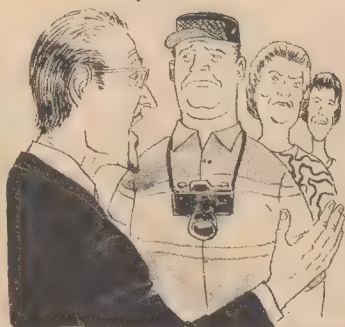
You needn't apologize!

We're not offended!

It doesn't concern us in the least!

You see, we-all are from the SOUTH, suh!

YANKEE
IMPERIALIST
WAR MONGERS
GO HOME!



Hey, Man! Are you with it?

Huh?

Are you hip? Do you make the scene?

EH??

Cool it, Pops! Hang loose! You dig English?

Oh! You mean, do I speak English?

Of course I do! I AM English! But I say, ol' boy ... what language are YOU speaking?



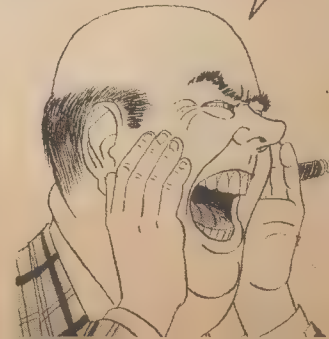
Every American that goes abroad must consider himself a "Good-Will Ambassador" representing the U.S.A.!

Okay, Mr. Ambassador, order me another cup of tea!

Oh, waiter ...

GARÇON !!

HEY DUMMY!



He must've used **TWO COATS !!**

HEY !! My flight bag is missing!

You mean somebody stole it?

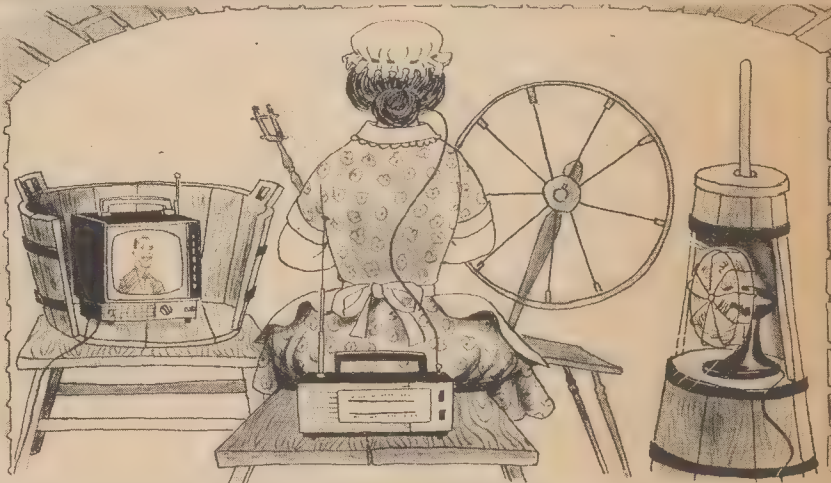
Yes! Those darn foreigners! You can't trust any of them! They're all thieves!

Gee—that's terrible! What was in it?

The ash trays and the towels and the silverware we took from the hotel!



Isn't it marvelous how they re-construct these historic sites and then hire actor-models to dress up in authentic costumes and live here! It makes you feel as though you're actually back in the 17th century with all its primitive simplicity!



This is the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach, so I need your advice, Sidney! Now, what do I wear—my Dior dress with the plunging neckline, or my Pucci with the low back?

Your Pucci with the low back!

And with my Pucci with the low back, what do I wear—my pearl necklace or my diamond-and-opal ring and pin?

Your diamond-and-opal ring and pin!

And with my Pucci with the low back and my diamond-and-opal ring and pin, what do I wear—my mink coat or my chinchilla wrap?

Your mink coat! But hurry up, Shirley...

... or we'll be late for **BREAKFAST !!**



Well, you just blew your whole diplomatic career!

Hey, look who's here at the airport, too! Good ol' Charlie!

Hi!

Say, you look beat! You sure can **USE** a vacation!

USE one?! I'm just coming from one !!

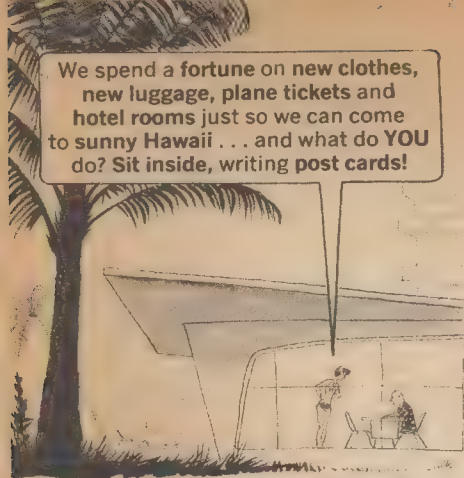


We spend a fortune on new clothes, new luggage, plane tickets and hotel rooms just so we can come to sunny Hawaii . . . and what do **YOU** do? Sit inside, writing post cards!

And who are you writing to? Jerks like Roger Kaputnik, Frank Glurk, James Schlepp and Robert J. Harrington!

Those are people you can't stand! You haven't spoken to them in years! Why the devil are you bothering to send them post cards from Hawaii?

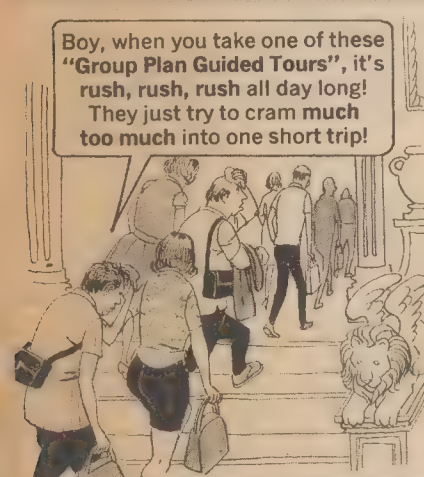
So they should eat their hearts out !!



Boy, when you take one of these "Group Plan Guided Tours", it's rush, rush, rush all day long! They just try to cram much too much into one short trip!

We're a little behind on our schedule, folks, so we'll have to move through this museum rather quickly!

Remember now, **NO LOOKING !!**



And for my favorite sister, look what I brought back from Italy! A pair of elbow-length leather gloves that cost **THREE THOUSAND LIRE !!**

You spent **THREE THOUSAND LIRE** on me?! That's so expensive!

Nothing is too expensive for my sweet, darling sister!

BIG DEAL! THREE THOUSAND LIRE IS LESS THAN FIVE BUCKS, AMERICAN!

And for my obnoxious nephew, look what I brought back from Italy! A **GAG** . . . to stuff into his **BIG MOUTH !!**



We had this long week-end, so we went down to Washington, D.C. Holy cow, was it ever exciting!

I was there once, and it sure is!

The Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument and the White House and the Capitol! Boy, I'll say it's exciting!

I didn't see any of that

You didn't?! Then what was so exciting?

The demonstrations . . . and the riots!



David Berg

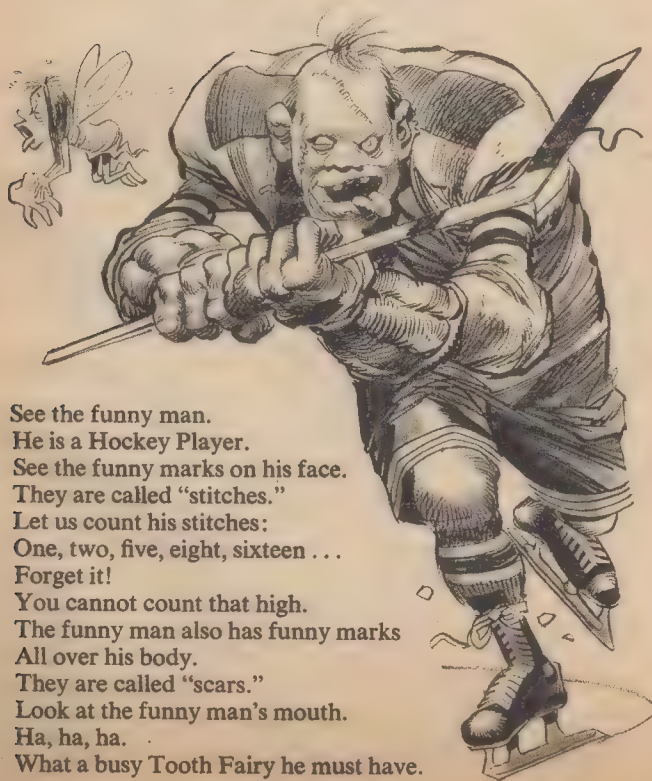
Back in MAD #95, we described a ridiculous game called "43-Man Squamish." Since then, thanks to Television, we've discovered an even more ridiculous game... ICE HOCKEY! And so, to explain this complicated game, we now present

THE MAD Ice Hockey PRIMER

Illustrated by
JACK DAVIS

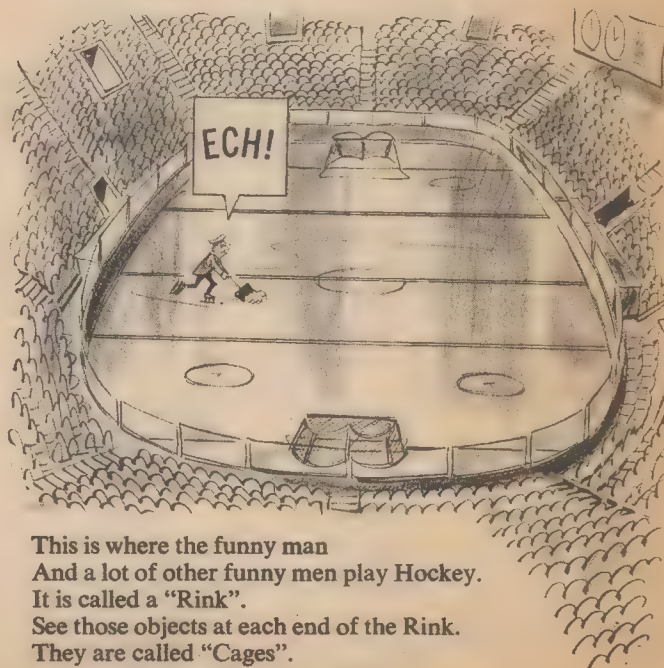
Written By
LARRY SIEGEL

CHAPTER 1. *The Hockey Player*



See the funny man.
He is a Hockey Player.
See the funny marks on his face.
They are called "stitches."
Let us count his stitches:
One, two, five, eight, sixteen ...
Forget it!
You cannot count that high.
The funny man also has funny marks
All over his body.
They are called "scars."
Look at the funny man's mouth.
Ha, ha, ha.
What a busy Tooth Fairy he must have.

CHAPTER 2. *The Rink*

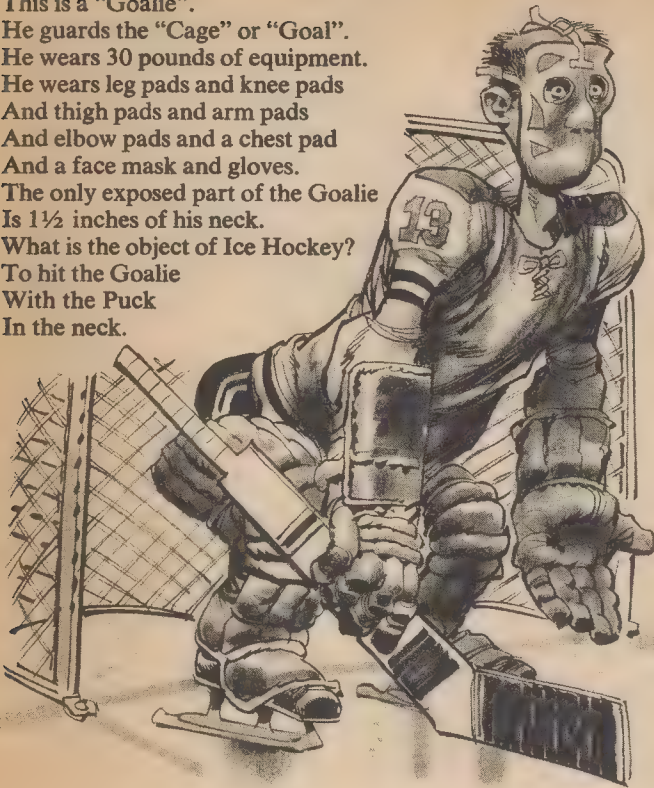


This is where the funny man
And a lot of other funny men play Hockey.
It is called a "Rink".
See those objects at each end of the Rink.
They are called "Cages".
See the playing surface of the Rink.
It is covered with a frozen sheet of Man-made liquid.
It is called "Blood".

CHAPTER 3.

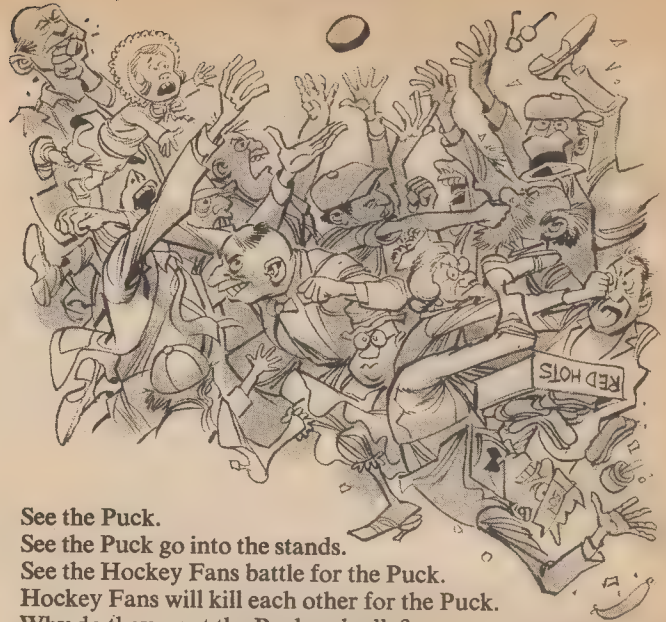
The Goalie

This is a "Goalie".
He guards the "Cage" or "Goal".
He wears 30 pounds of equipment.
He wears leg pads and knee pads
And thigh pads and arm pads
And elbow pads and a chest pad
And a face mask and gloves.
The only exposed part of the Goalie
Is 1½ inches of his neck.
What is the object of Ice Hockey?
To hit the Goalie
With the Puck
In the neck.



CHAPTER 4.

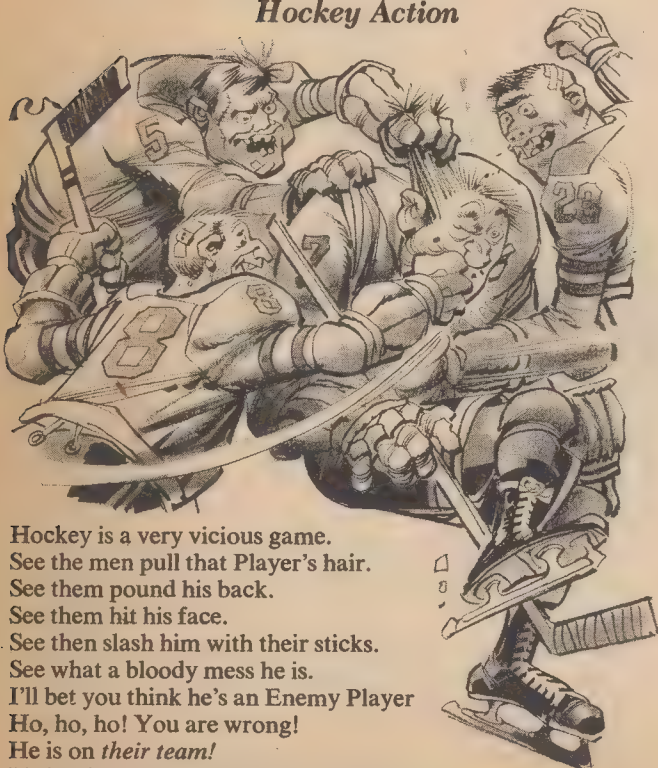
The Puck



See the Puck.
See the Puck go into the stands.
See the Hockey Fans battle for the Puck.
Hockey Fans will kill each other for the Puck.
Why do they want the Puck so badly?
Because Hockey Pucks are very valuable.
They can be used for many important things in everyday life.
Like . . . er . . . like for stoppers in very wide bathtub drains!
Or to put heavy furniture on to protect the carpet!
Or as skull caps for religious midgets!
So if ever you're lucky enough to catch a Hockey Puck,
Guard it with your life.

CHAPTER 5.

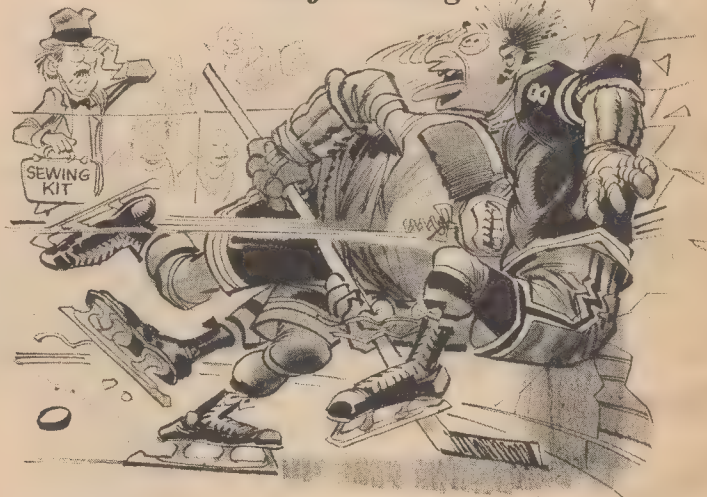
Hockey Action



Hockey is a very vicious game.
See the men pull that Player's hair.
See them pound his back.
See them hit his face.
See then slash him with their sticks.
See what a bloody mess he is.
I'll bet you think he's an Enemy Player
Ho, ho, ho! You are wrong!
He is on *their* team!
He has just scored a goal for them.
That is how Hockey Players show their appreciation.
You should *see* them when they are *angry*!

CHAPTER 6.

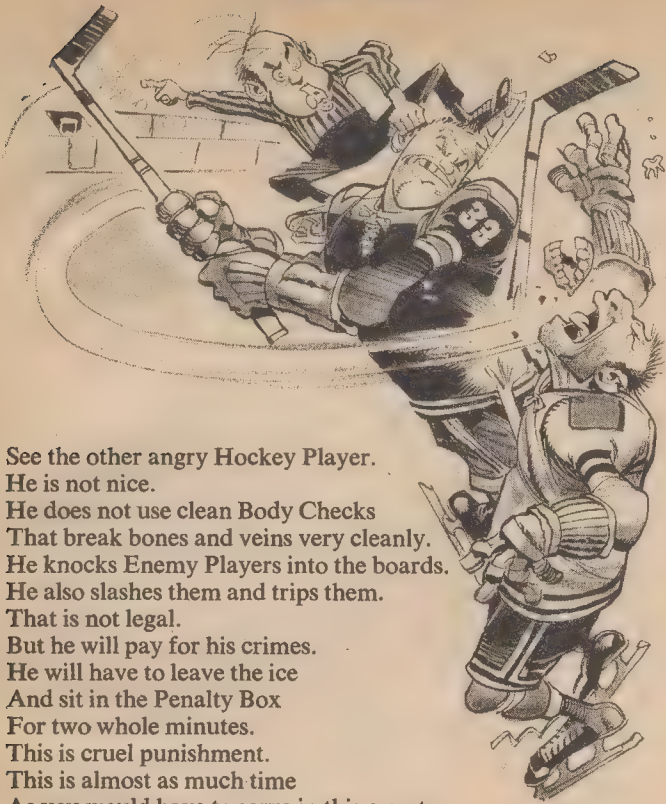
Body Checking



See the angry Hockey Player.
See him smash into that Enemy Player.
What he is doing is called a legal "Body Check".
It is legal if it is done very cleanly.
See him break 26 bones and several veins.
Very cleanly.
Soon the Enemy Team Doctor will fix up the injured Player.
Stitch and sew, stitch and sew.
You have heard of heart transplants?
On this man, the Doctor will attempt
The world's first *head* transplant.

CHAPTER 7.

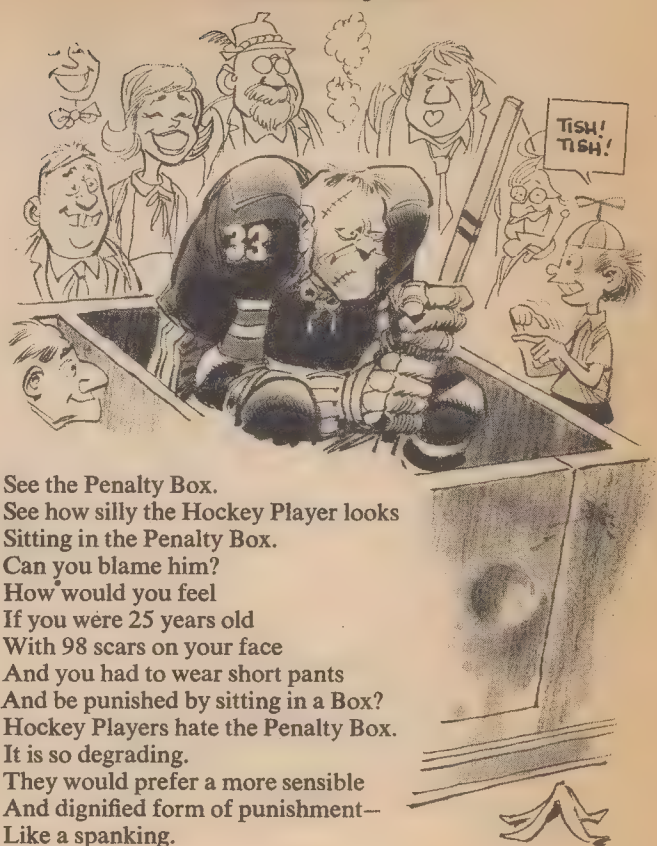
Illegal Plays



See the other angry Hockey Player.
He is not nice.
He does not use clean Body Checks
That break bones and veins very cleanly.
He knocks Enemy Players into the boards.
He also slashes them and trips them.
That is not legal.
But he will pay for his crimes.
He will have to leave the ice
And sit in the Penalty Box
For two whole minutes.
This is cruel punishment.
This is almost as much time
As you would have to serve in this country
If you were a convicted mugger!

CHAPTER 8.

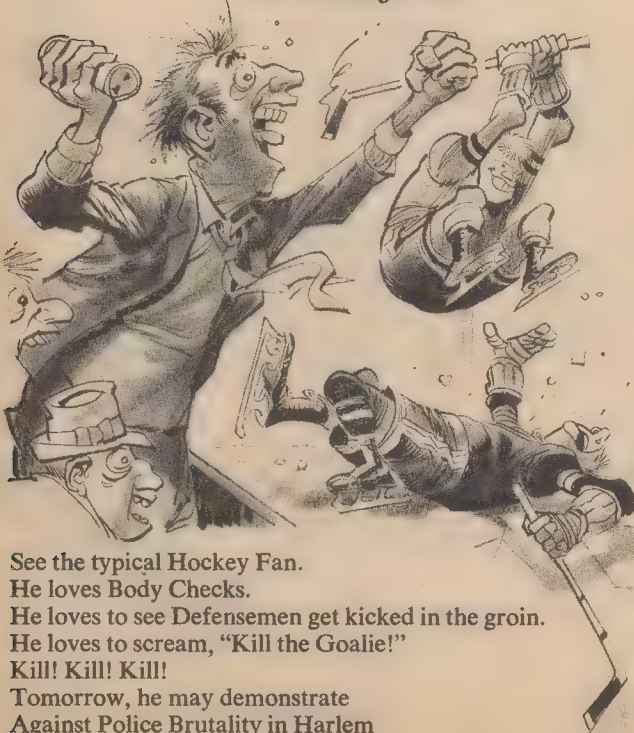
The Penalty Box



See the Penalty Box.
See how silly the Hockey Player looks
Sitting in the Penalty Box.
Can you blame him?
How would you feel
If you were 25 years old
With 98 scars on your face
And you had to wear short pants
And be punished by sitting in a Box?
Hockey Players hate the Penalty Box.
It is so degrading.
They would prefer a more sensible
And dignified form of punishment—
Like a spanking.

CHAPTER 9.

The Hockey Fan



See the typical Hockey Fan.
He loves Body Checks.
He loves to see Defensemen get kicked in the groin.
He loves to scream, "Kill the Goalie!"
Kill! Kill! Kill!
Tomorrow, he may demonstrate
Against Police Brutality in Harlem
And against the use of Napalm in Vietnam.
He considers violence to be "Un-American".
Lucky for him, most Hockey Players are Canadian.

CHAPTER 10.

Hockey Rules



Hockey Rules are very simple:
Any Player can skate past both Blue Lines
Unless he doesn't have the Puck,
In which case he can skate past his own Blue Line only
And wait for the man with the Puck
Who can skate past Blue Lines
Unless another teammate
Skates past the second Blue Line first,
In which case the other teammate must go back
Unless he gets the Puck,
In which case the first teammate must go back.
Isn't that simple?
Do you know who wrote Hockey's "Blue Line" rules?
The same man who wrote "The Dead Sea Scrolls"!
If you are very good
Some day we will tell you about the three RED lines!

TONGUE IN CHECK DEPT.

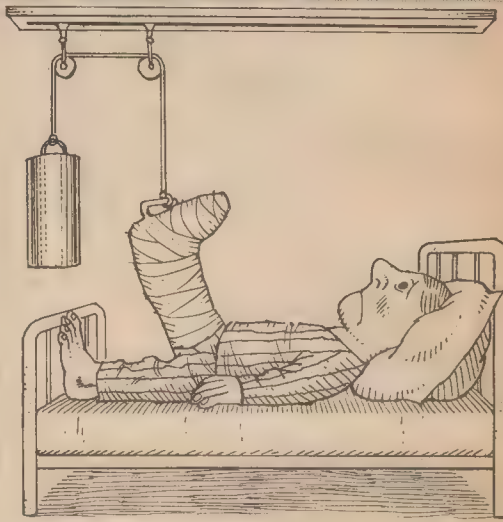
Here we go again with another look at clods who make bragging remarks or antagonizing statements—only to have their words later explode in their faces, prompting them to say:

"ME AND

Give me your honest opinion!

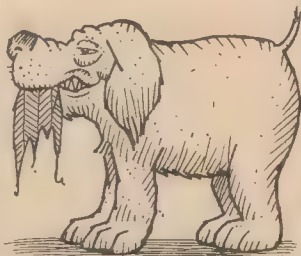
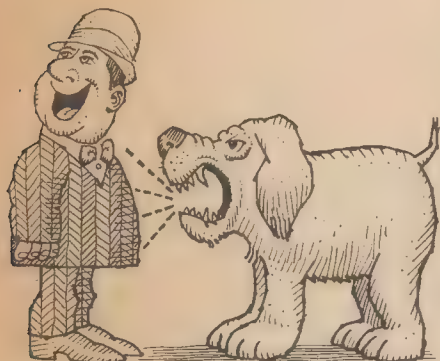


I used to be pretty good at this when I was a kid!



ARTIST : AL JAFFEE

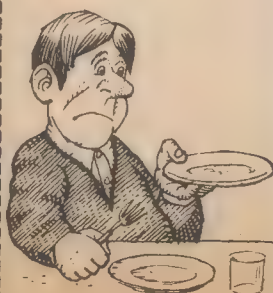
Don't worry! Barking dogs never bite!



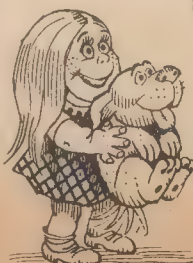
Either that cat goes ... or I go!



If nobody else wants this last pork chop, I'll finish it off!



All right, dear! You may keep the Puppy! But remember ... YOU must take care of him!



MY BIG MOUTH!"

Why should I waste money on lessons? I'm a natural athlete!



If you don't apologize, I'm going home to Mother!



WRITER: DEAN NORMAN

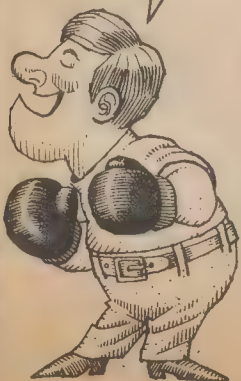
C'mon, big shot! Let's see your fast ball!



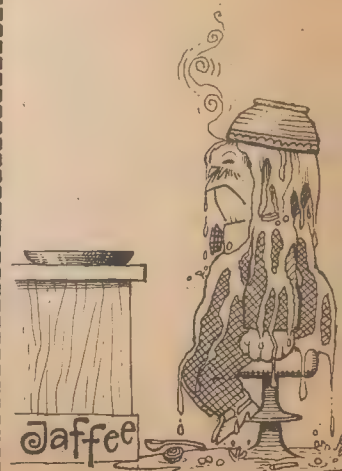
I know a male from a female, and THIS one is a MALE!



Okay, son . . . try to hit me!



I say it's not fit to eat! What are you going to do about it!



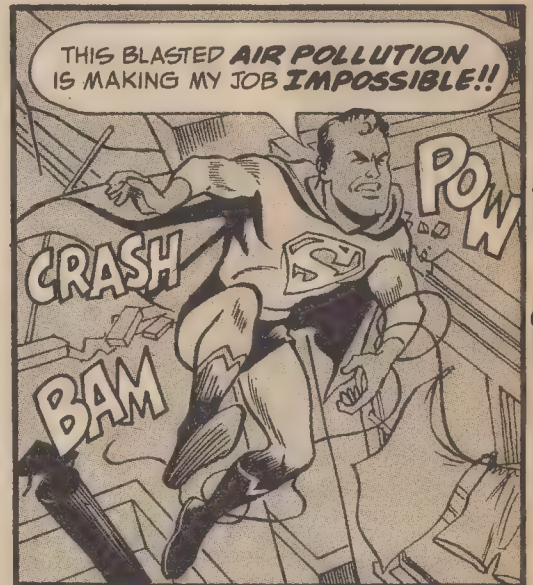
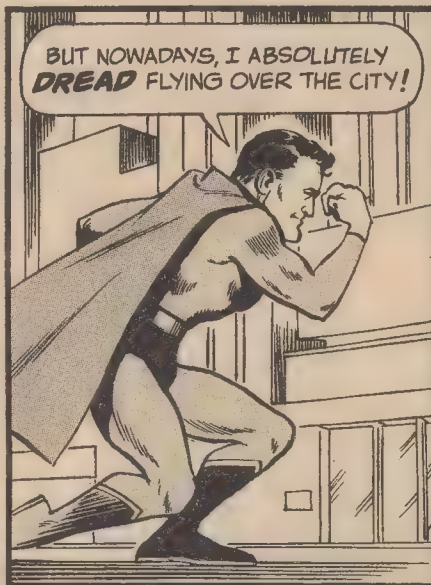
Jaffee

All we know about most of the characters in Newspaper Comic Strips is that they amuse and entertain us. But what about the serious problems of the day . . . like Hippies . . . and Protest Marches . . . and War and Peace . . . and Race Relations?

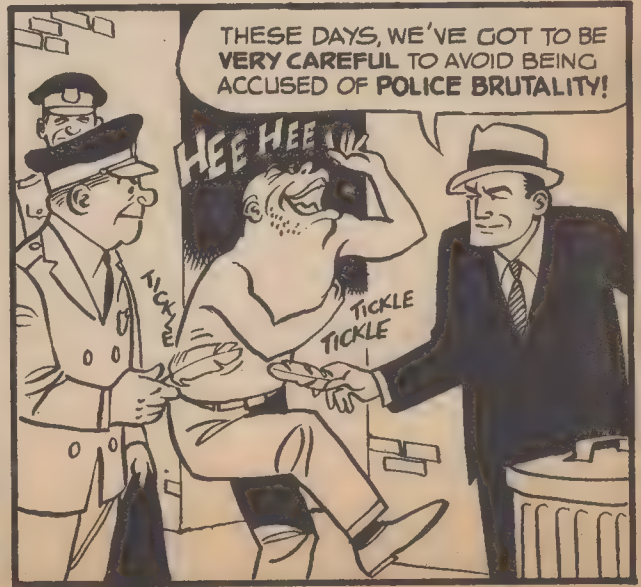
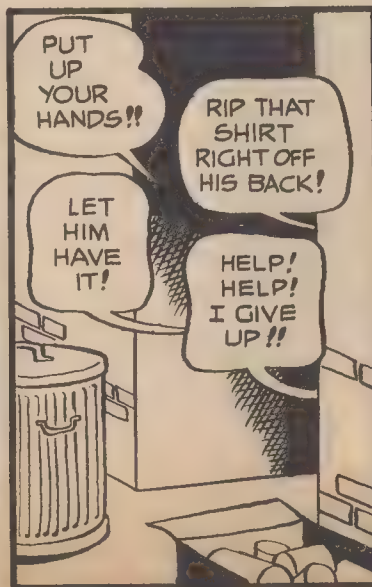
IF COMIC STRIP BURNING ISSU

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

SUPERMAN



DICK TRACY



Where do the Comic Strip Characters stand on these burning issues? The trouble is, they haven't voiced any opinions, so we don't really know! Which brings us to the subject of this article. Here is MAD's idea of what it would be like . . .

S COVERED THE ES OF THE DAY

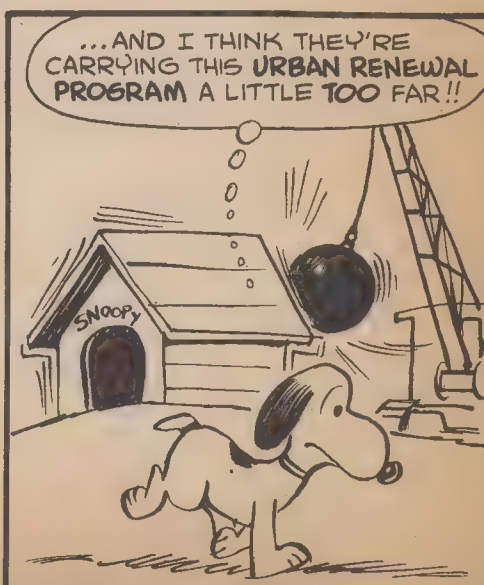
WRITER: FRANK RIDGEWAY



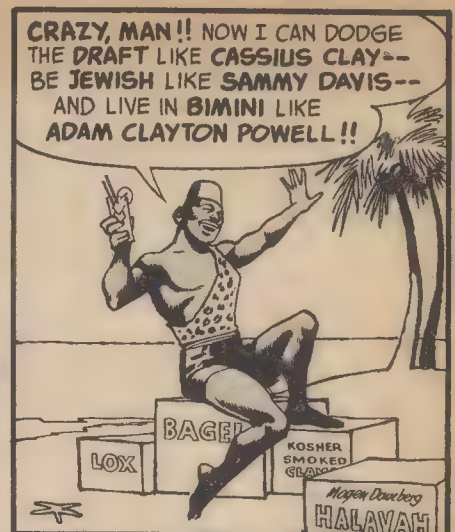
BEETLE BAILEY



PEANUTS



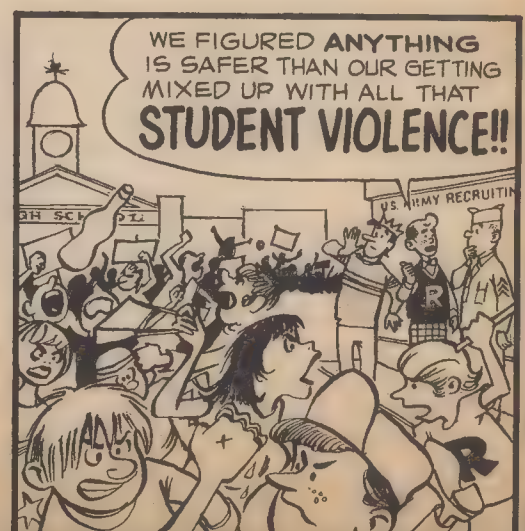
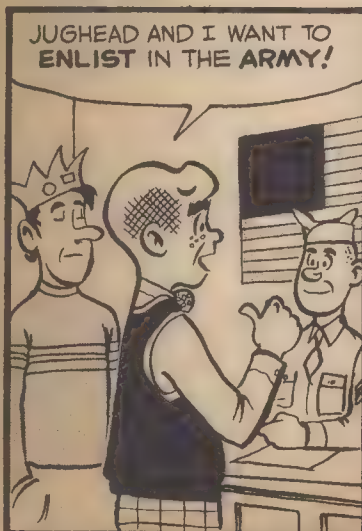
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



POPEYE



ARCHIE



THE HUNTERS

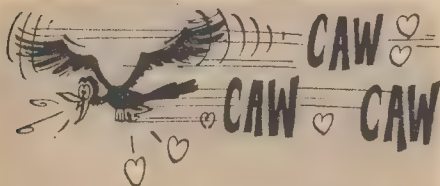
AMAZE-O

WILD GAME CALL

Produces Over 20 Different
And Distinct Mating Calls
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK



CAW-CAW-CAW



QUACK-QUACK
QUACK-QUACK



QUACK-QUACK
QUACK-QUACK



PFFT-FRACK!
POP-SPROING-GING



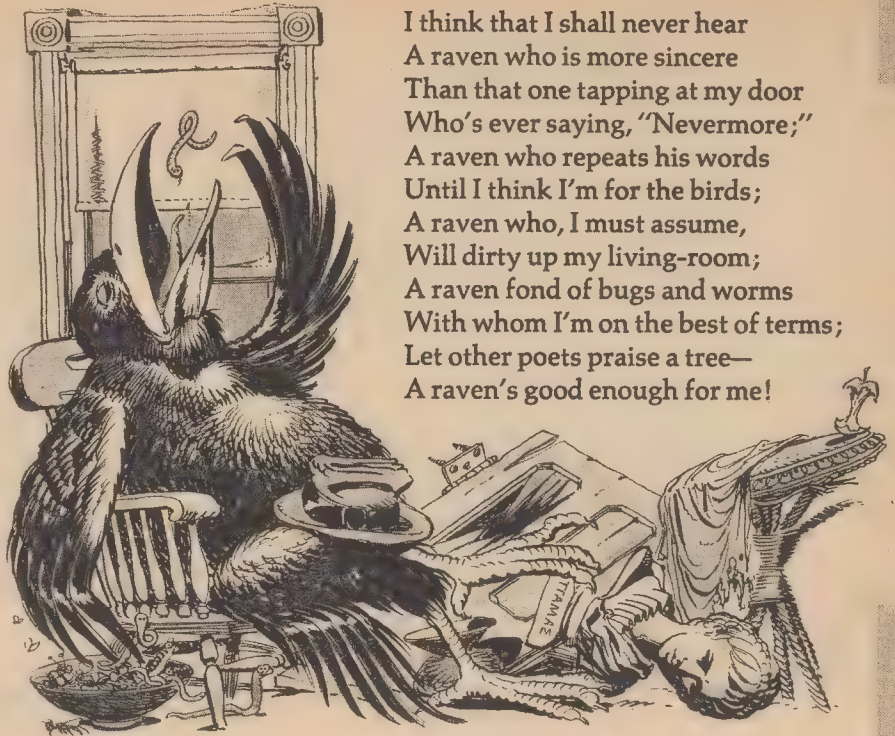
PFFT-FRACK!
POP-SPROING-GING
PFFT-FRACK!
POP-SPROING-GING



START HERE

Or Any
Place
Else
For
That
Matter!

If Poe's "THE RAVEN" Were Written By Joyce Kilmer



I think that I shall never hear
A raven who is more sincere
Than that one tapping at my door
Who's ever saying, "Nevermore;"
A raven who repeats his words
Until I think I'm for the birds;
A raven who, I must assume,
Will dirty up my living-room;
A raven fond of bugs and worms
With whom I'm on the best of terms;
Let other poets praise a tree—
A raven's good enough for me!

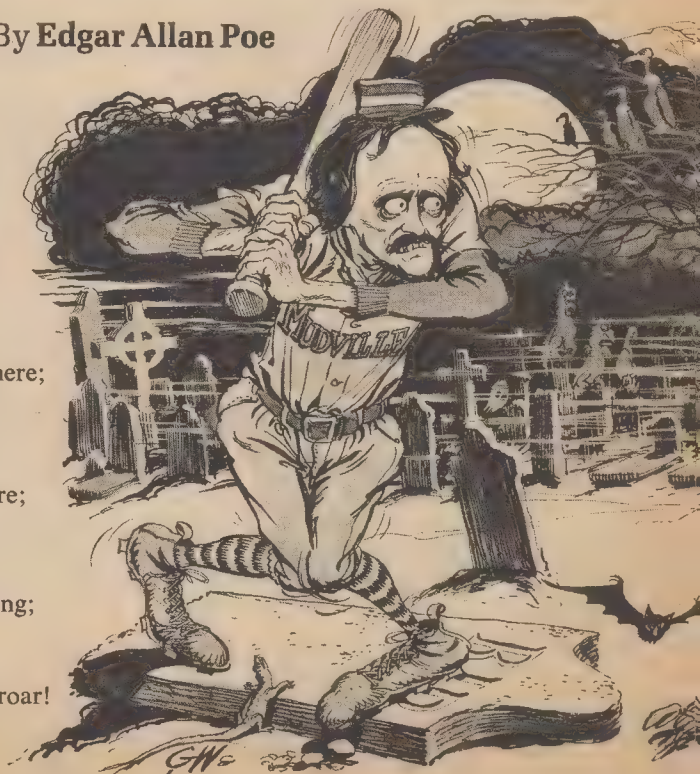
THE MAD POETR

If Thayer's "CASEY AT THE BAT" Were Written By Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a final inning, with the other ball-team winning,
And my Mudville teammates trailing by a score of 2 to 4,
With two outs, my fate it beckoned, for with men on third and second,
I could win the game, I reckoned, or at least tie up the score!
Crazed, I was, that final inning, just to win or tie the score—
Only that, and nothing more!

Ghastly, gaunt and grim I stood there, gripping my great bat of wood there;
In my brain dark, ugly demons danced a dirge from days of yore;
Then the fast-ball came by flying, and, inside, my soul was dying
As I heard the umpire crying words from baseball's ancient lore:
"Strike one!" were the words he hollered, out of baseball's ancient lore;
Just "Strike one!" and nothing more!

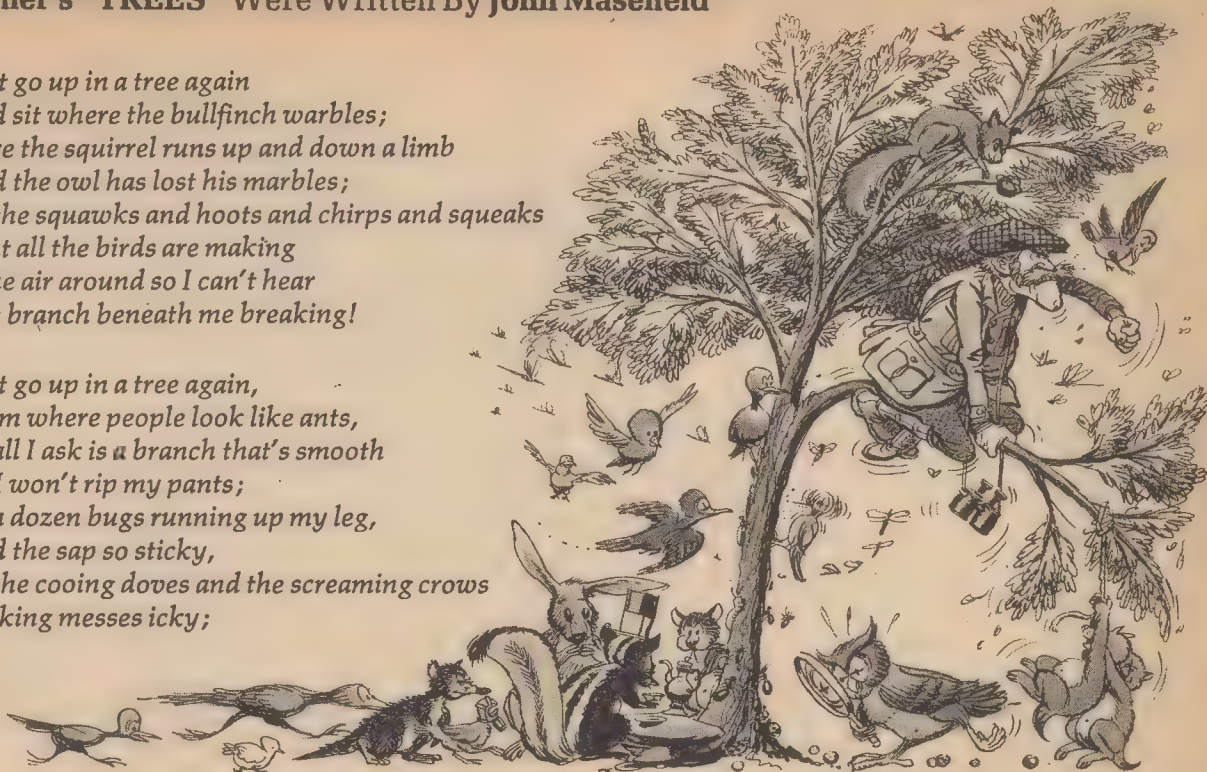
Once again I stood there quaking, while a curve-ball whizzed by, breaking;
How I wished that awful aching in my soul I could ignore!
But, alas, my fear grew colder, and the bat stayed on my shoulder,
While the ump, his voice now bolder, called out "Strike two!" with a roar!
Wretched was the dread within me as I heard his awful roar:
Just "Strike two!" and nothing more!



If Kilmer's "TREES" Were Written By John Masefield

*I must go up in a tree again
and sit where the bullfinch warbles;
Where the squirrel runs up and down a limb
and the owl has lost his marbles;
And the squawks and hoots and chirps and squeaks
that all the birds are making
Fill the air around so I can't hear
the branch beneath me breaking!*

*I must go up in a tree again,
from where people look like ants,
And all I ask is a branch that's smooth
so I won't rip my pants;
And a dozen bugs running up my leg,
and the sap so sticky,
And the cooing doves and the screaming crows
making messes icky;*

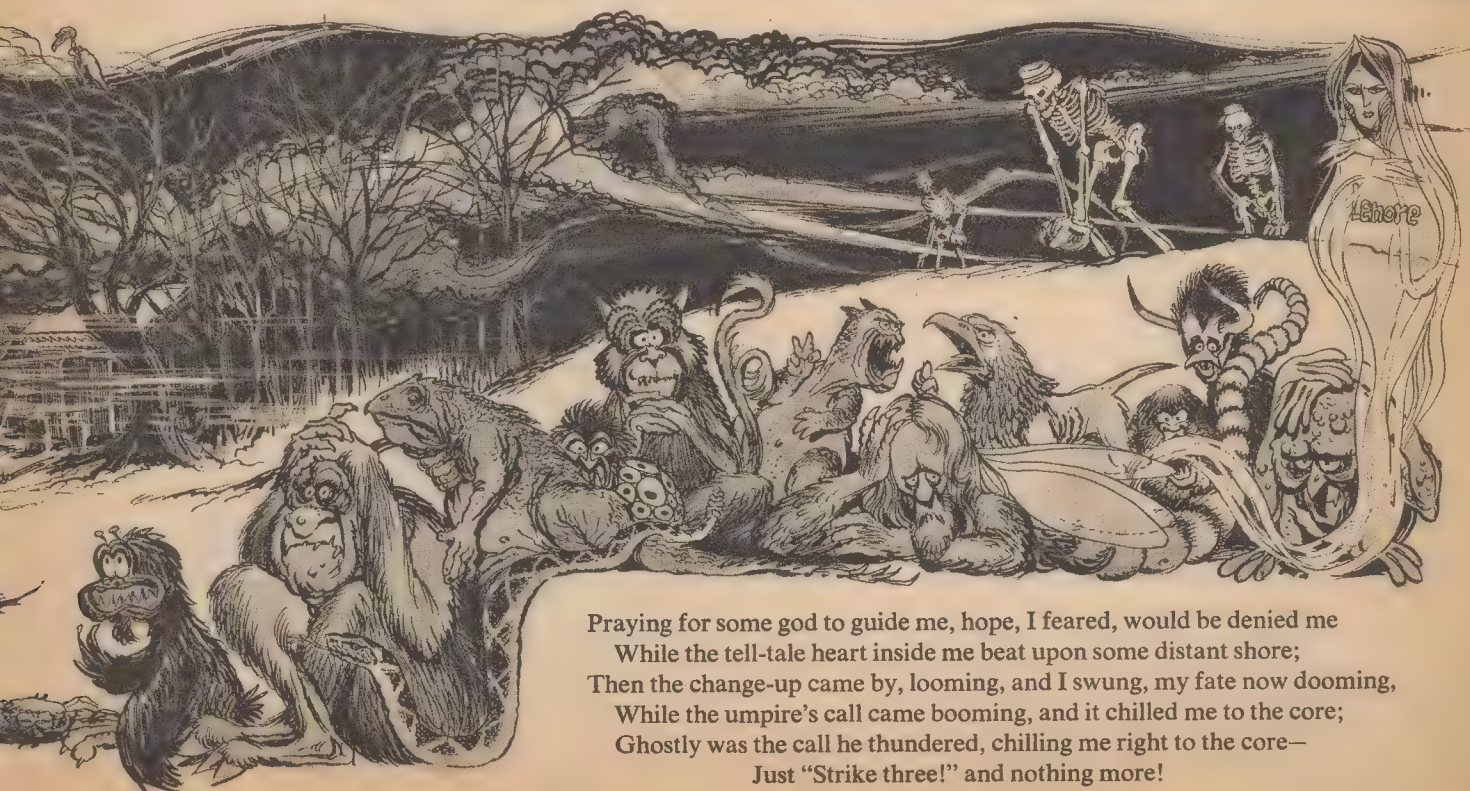


GO
TO
NEXT
PAGE!

Y ROUND ROBIN

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

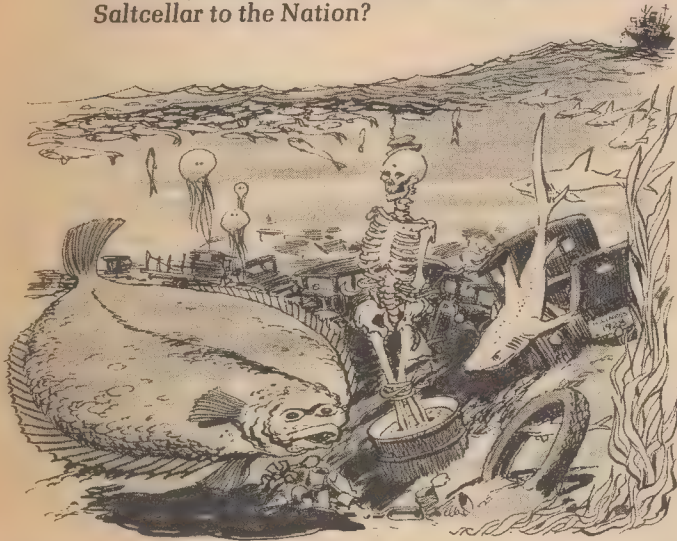
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Praying for some god to guide me, hope, I feared, would be denied me
While the tell-tale heart inside me beat upon some distant shore;
Then the change-up came by, looming, and I swung, my fate now dooming,
While the umpire's call came booming, and it chilled me to the core;
Ghostly was the call he thundered, chilling me right to the core—
Just "Strike three!" and nothing more!

If Masfield's "SEA FEVER" Were Written By Carl Sandburg

Fish Tank for the World,
Shark Breeder, Maker of Waves,
Lousy with Herring and the Nation's Saltcellar;
Briny, bottomless, undrinkable,
Home of the Big Flounder:
They tell me you are stormy, and I believe them;
for I have crossed you on a tramp steamer
and have lost my lunch at the poop rail.
And they tell me you are messy, and my reply is:
Yes, it is true I have swum in your surf and
have emerged yecchy, with seaweed.
And having answered, I ask myself: Why am I not
writing a poem about Chicago instead of a poem
about the Fish Tank for the World, Shark Breeder,
Maker of Waves, Home of the Big Flounder, and
Saltcellar to the Nation?



If Carl Sandburg's "CHICAGO" Were Written By Rudyard Kipling



You can talk of Mandalay,
Of Calcutta or Bombay,
Where the heat'll make a fuzzy-wuzzy fry;
But if to drink you're driven
And don't give a damn for livin'
Then you oughta hit the road for windy Chi.

It's a town where hoods and thugs
Like to send a dozen slugs
Right through a copper pretty as you please;
Where the breezes blow like hell,
And that awful stockyard smell
Is enough to bring a blighter to his knees.

For it's Chi! Chi! Chi!
Guns are shootin' and I'm just a passerby!
Though your buildings may be pretty,
You can keep your bloomin' city
'Cause I'm headin' back to Injia, windy Chi!

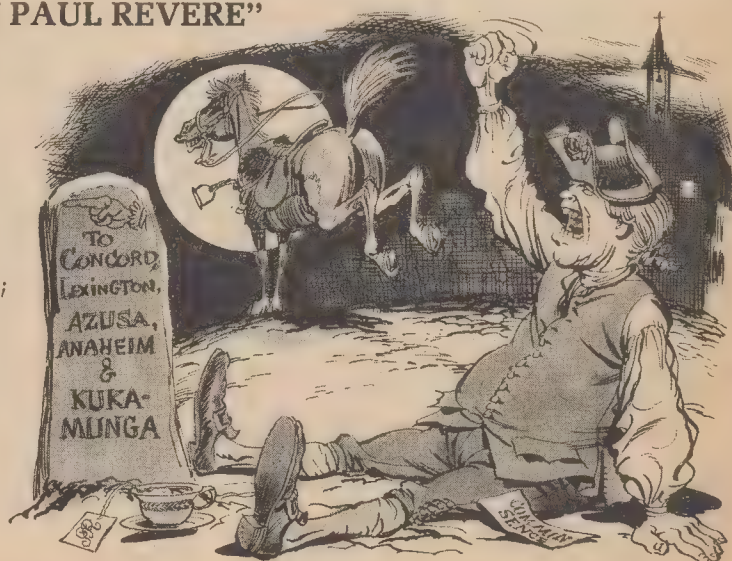
If Longfellow's "THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE" Were Written By Ernest Lawrence Thayer

It looked extremely rocky for the Colonists that night;
The British were attacking with no hope of help in sight;
So, with villages in danger from the enemy so near,
They had to send a warning, and they called on Paul Revere.

There was ease in Paul's demeanor as he climbed upon his mare;
There was pride in Paul's expression as he sat so tall and fair;
And then the horse grew skittish, and she gave a sudden jump,
And Paul fell from his saddle, landing smack upon his rump.

With a smile of Yankee courage, Paul rose smartly to his feet,
And once again upon the saddled mare he took his seat;
But as he gripped the reins, she made a sudden turn around,
And once again Paul plummeted onto the dusty ground.

The smile has vanished from Paul's face, his eyes burn with a glare;
He grips the bridle fiercely as again he mounts the mare;
And now he tells the horse to gallop, in an urgent tone,
And now the air is shattered as the horse takes off—alone;



Oh, somewhere in this war-torn land the people safely know
That Redcoats are invading, taking captives as they go;
And somewhere people are prepared to flee the British force,
But there's no hope for New England—

Paul Revere can't ride a horse!

**If Kipling's "GUNGA DIN" Were
Written By Clement Clarke Moore**

'Twas the night of the battle, and all through the slaughter,
Not a creature was stirring—we all needed water;
The canteens were slung on the sand-dunes with care,
In hopes that old Gunga Din soon would be there;
When what should appear to our wondering eyes
But a skinny brown native—oh, what a surprise!
I cheered with delight as he crossed a ravine,
For I knew right away that it was Gunga Din!
His garment was merely a cute little rag,
And he brought along with him a big water bag!
Then he went right to work in a manner quite shocking—
He shunned our canteens and instead filled each stocking!
It all seemed so senseless and, making things worse,
I knew there was something quite wrong with this verse!
I remarked, "What a strange thing to do in a war!"
And he said, "That's because you are Clement Clarke Moore;
"I'm confused by your verses, so rhythmic and rippling—
"Please write about Christmas, and give me back Kipling!"

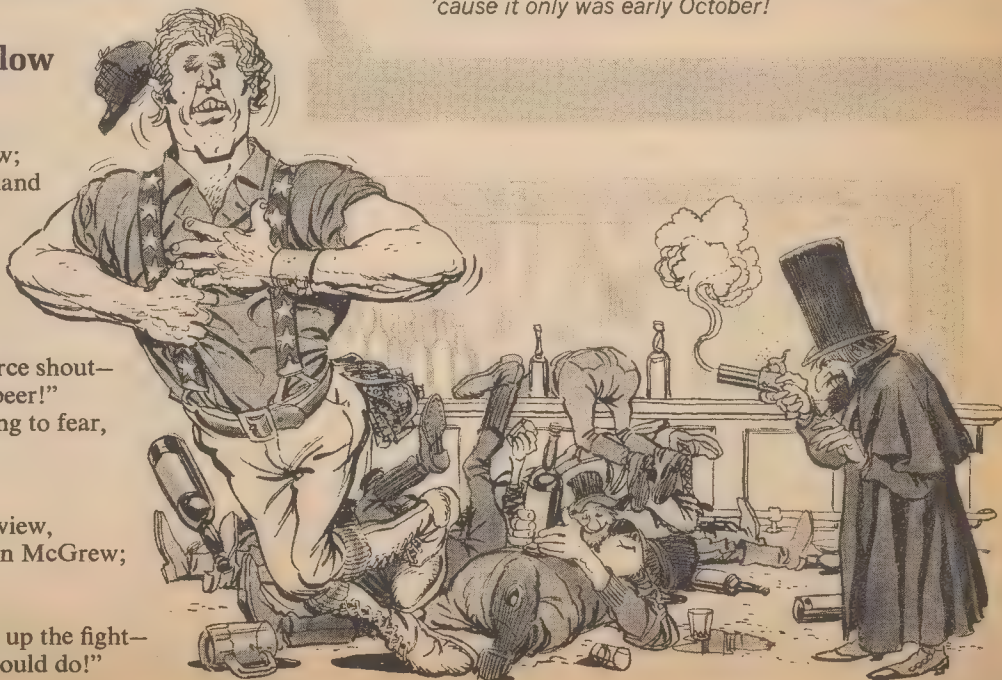


**If Service's
"THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW"
Were Written By
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

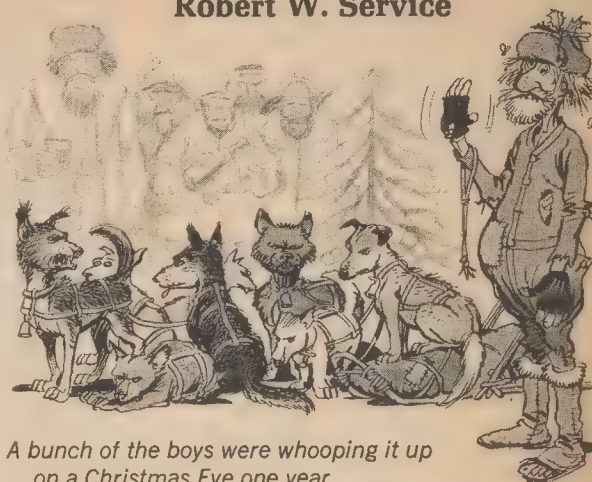
Listen, my children, and I'll tell you
Of the valiant death of Dan McGrew;
With a patriot's pride he made his stand
While foes assailed his native land
And threatened to tear down
the red, white and blue!

When the struggle for freedom
lay hanging in doubt,
He cried to the bartender, with a fierce shout—
"One if it's whiskey, and two if it's beer!"
He drank like a man who had nothing to fear,
While brave men around him
were all passing out!

At last, the dread enemy came into view,
And a cowardly bullet cut down Dan McGrew;
How the hopes of a nation
were shattered that night!
And yet men could say as they took up the fight—
"A bullet achieved what no rotgut could do!"



**If Moore's
"THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"
Were Written By
Robert W. Service**



A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
on a Christmas Eve one year,
All full of cheap whiskey and hoping like hell
that St. Nick would soon appear,
When right through the door and straight out of the night,
which was icy and cold as a freezer,
Came a broken-down sled, pulled by eight mangy dogs,
which were whipped by an old bearded geezer.

His teeth were half missing, and flapping his frame
was a tatter of red-colored clothes;
He was covered with snow from his head to his toe,
and an icicle hung from his nose;
The miners all cheered when the geezer appeared,
and the poker game stopped in mid-bet;
Each sourdough smiled like a young, happy child
at the thought of the gifts he would get.

They pushed him aside and went straight for his bag
to be sure that they'd all get their share;
And, oh, how they cried when they found that inside
there was nothing but old underwear;
So they plugged the old geezer, which was a great shame,
for if anyone there had been sober,
He'd have known double-quick that it wasn't St. Nick,
'cause it only was early October!

Here we go again, gang, with the fourth installment of our new series which explores that hidden world where dedicated people are working tirelessly and secretly to make our lives miserable. This one is . . .

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES

AT AN AIRPORT



We've got 50 planes flying one on top of the other waiting to land! It's a new airport stacking record!

Wait till I tell the boys at O'Hare Field! And they thought they had the most crowded airport in the world!

Control Tower to Pan Am Flight 16! Why do you say we're stacking the planes too high?

Repeat—Why do you say we're stacking the planes too high?

Because we are the top plane and we just went into ORBIT!

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

BOAC Flight 17 from London ... requesting permission to make a direct landing ...

Hold it! Hold it! You can't come in over water like that!

Before you land, you've get to circle over at least 14 towns! You know the Airport Code!!

Rattle windows ... Break dishes ... Shake foundations! People expect that!

Atrocious!

Nauseating!

They're screening some new "In-Flight Movies" for TWA!

guess that one won't make it!

No ... it's perfect!!

Terrible!

Boring!

Stupid!

Awful!

Whoops! There go the dinners for Flight 114's "Excursion Fare" passengers!

Stop worrying and pick them up! No one will ever know the difference!

Hey, look at the old guy dragging that suitcase! Ten-to-one he gets a heart attack!

Ha-ha!! Look at that old lady lugging that trunk! Isn't she a riot?!

But I thought Porters were supposed to help passengers with their bags?

Only inside the terminal! Never from the Parking Lot!

PASSENGER
ENTRANCE

FXV TRI-MOTOR
FORD

CHRISTMAS IS ...



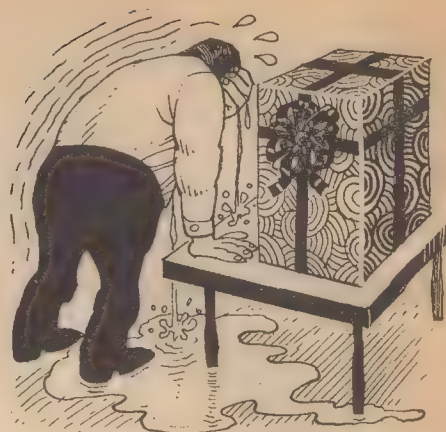
... a wobbly tree stand.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... a week of inspiration and morality on TV screens that are filled with crime and violence the other 51.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... having to tear open that gift you wrapped so beautifully because you just remembered the price tag was still on it.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... trying to wrap a bicycle so nobody can tell what it is.

GOD HELP US, EVERY ONE DEPT.

Christmas

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

WRITER: GILBERT BARNHILL



CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when, while you're looking for a salesman, somebody buys the great tree you picked out.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when kids who don't believe in Santa Claus any more ask what he's going to bring them.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when you're surprised with a bunch of cards from the very same people you finally decided to cut from your Christmas card list this year.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



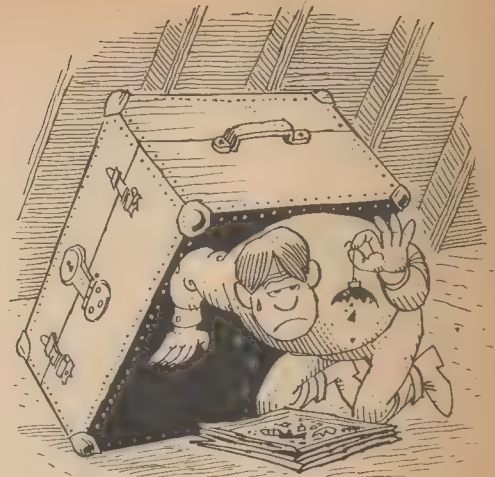
... trying to explain to a bright four-year-old how it's possible to pass 6 Santa Clauses in one block.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



... when you get a dozen calendars in the mail ... and on January 1st, you can't find a single one.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



... when you discover some idiot
put a trunk on the tree decorations
you stored so carefully last year.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



... when you can't walk into the Living Room for all the toys, and your kids say, "Is that ALL?"

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



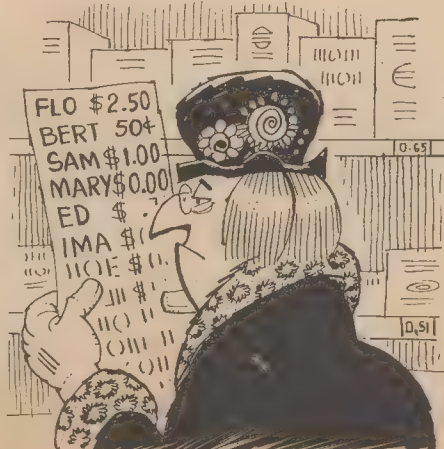
... frantic last-minute shopping when a gift arrives from a relative you forgot.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



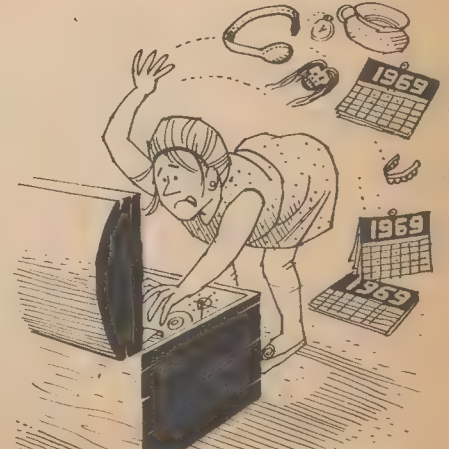
... the end of two weeks of courteous smiles from tip-hungry people who are surly sourpusses the rest of the year.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



... carefully matching the price of the gift you're giving this year to the gift you got last year.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .



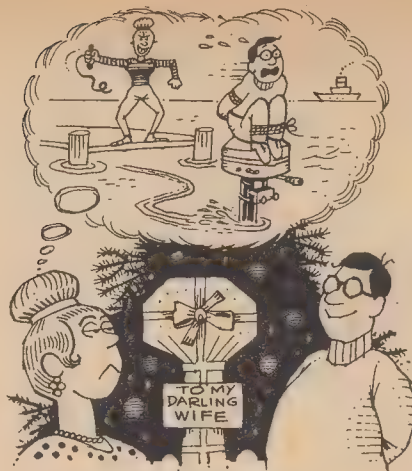
... when you can't find the cards
you bought for half-price at that
"White Elephant Sale" last January.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... giving your kids money so they can buy you a present.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when your wife tells you to "surprise" her ... and then complains when you buy her an outboard motor.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... having to watch your third child in that same old school "Christmas Pageant".

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when you burn all the wrappings and then discover you can't find the 20-dollar bill you got as a present.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



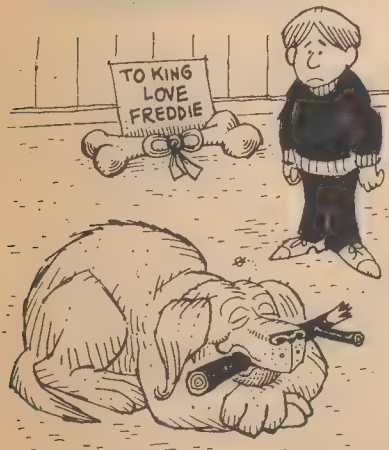
... when you go to your 18th Office Christmas Party, and the Big Boss asks you your name for the 18th time.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when the Grandparents bring the very same toys you swore you'd never let your children have.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when you buy your dog a neat toy out of your own money, and he won't play with it.

CHRISTMAS IS ...

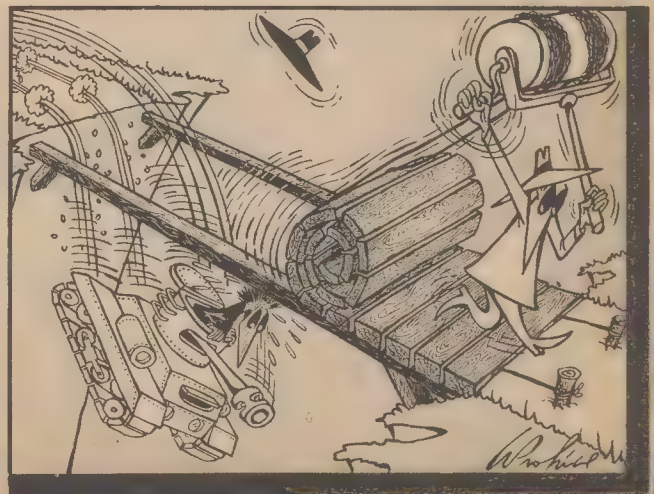
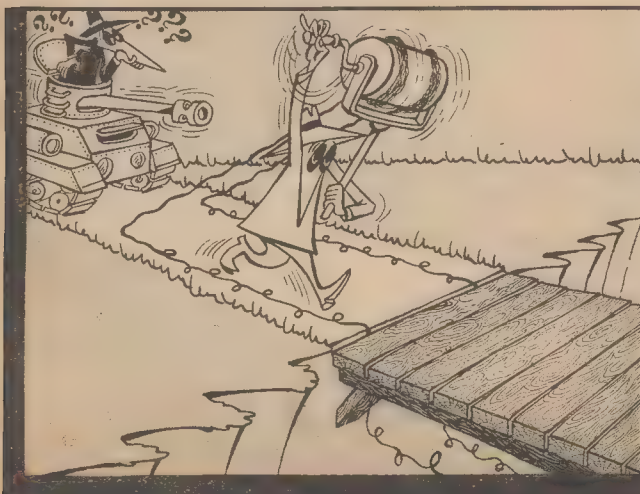
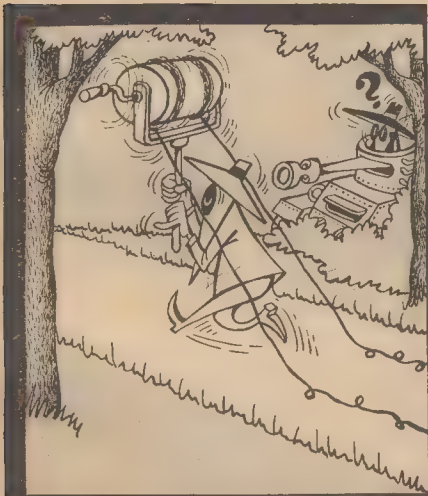
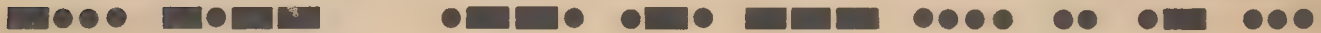
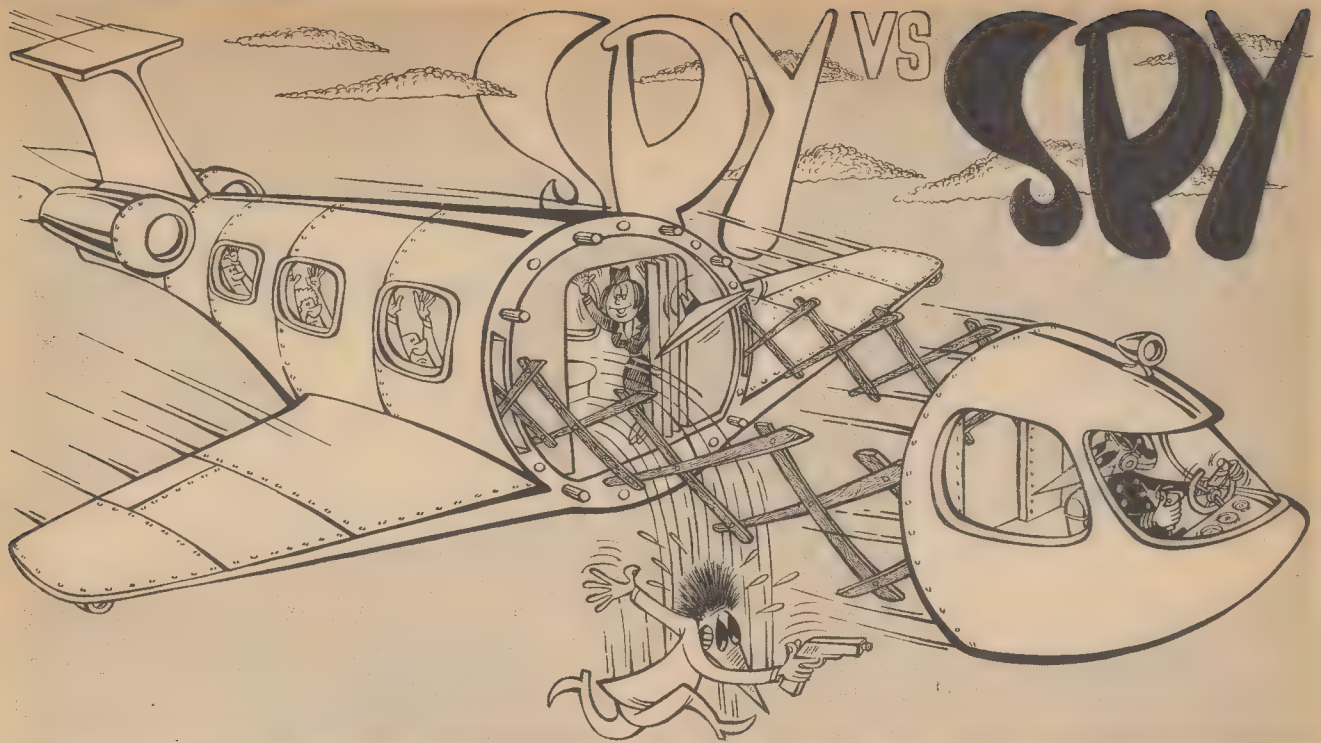


... when you suddenly discover that all the cards you had printed and all the envelopes you finally addressed are not the same size.

CHRISTMAS IS ...



... when the Grocer where you spend about \$5000 a year shows his appreciation by giving you a plastic shirt pocket protector with the store's name on it.





Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD's nutty old "Cliché Monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're—

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

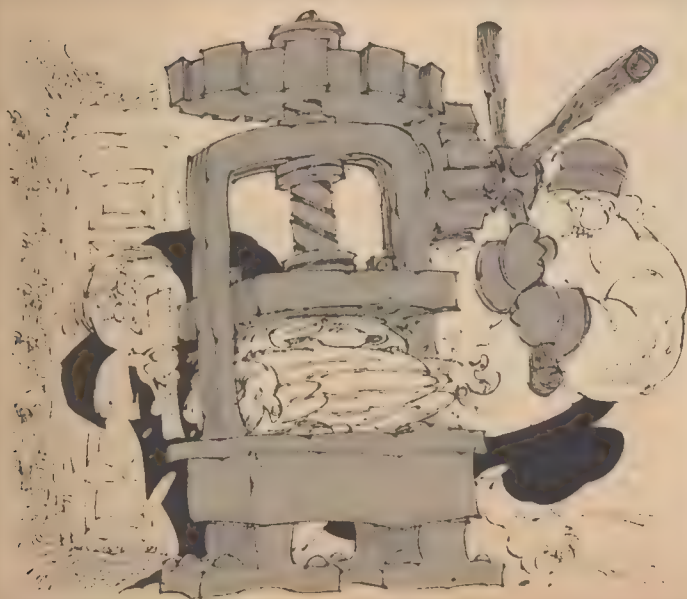
WRITERS: MAY SAKAMI & E. NELSON BRIDWELL



Leaning heavily on an EXPERIENCE



Shouldering a RESPONSIBILITY



Making a LONG STORY short



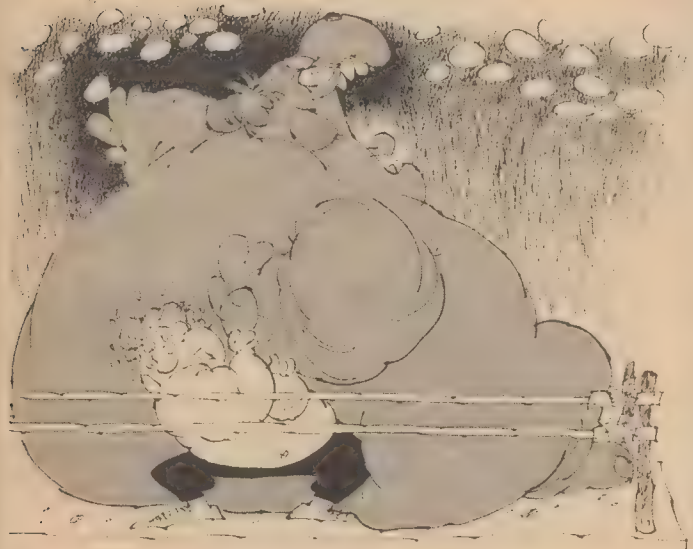
Striking a CARELESS POSE



Cementing a **RELATIONSHIP**



Creating a **DISTURBANCE**



Wrestling with a **WEIGHTY PROBLEM**



Carried away by an **ENTHUSIASM**



Raising a **RUCKUS**



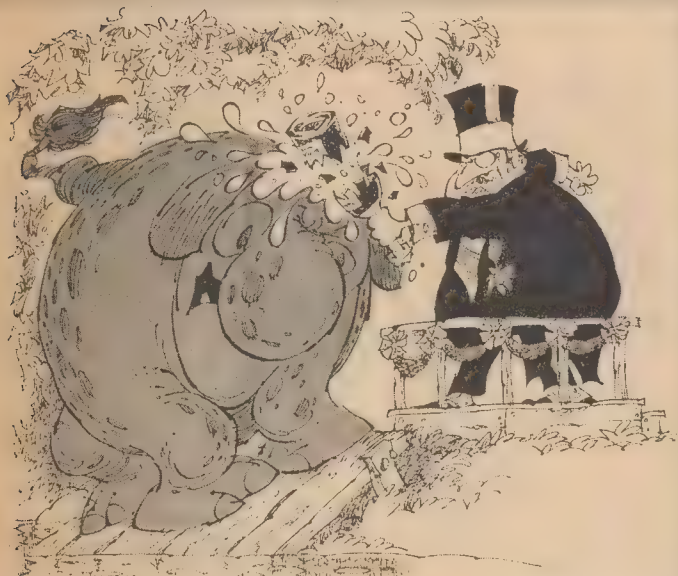
Splitting an **INFINITIVE**



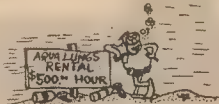
Ironing out a DIFFICULTY



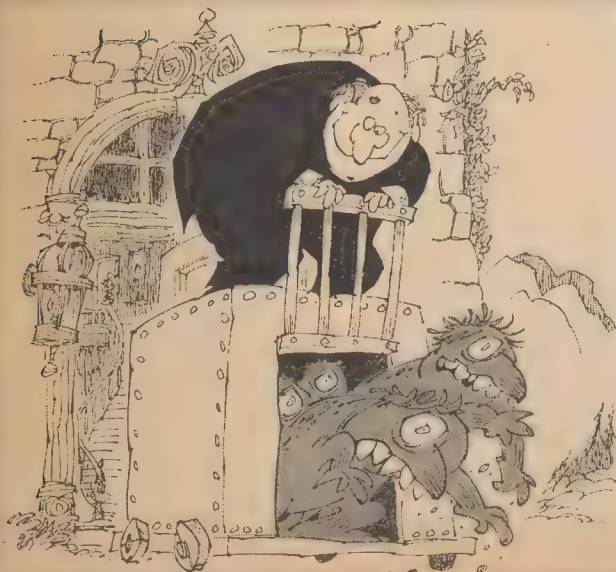
Getting out of a TIGHT SQUEEZE



Launching a CAREER



Mounting an OFFENSIVE



Releasing one's INHIBITIONS



Killing off a few IDLE HOURS

MANIKIN-DEPRESSIVE DEPT.

Maybe the reason many teenagers and young adults are escaping from reality through the use of Marijuana and LSD and other drugs these days is because they were *exposed* to reality at much too early an age... mainly when they were still playing with dolls! We're talking about *realistic* dolls! Those *VERY realistic* dolls! We'll show you just what we mean as we take...

A MAD LOOK AT REALISTIC DOLLS

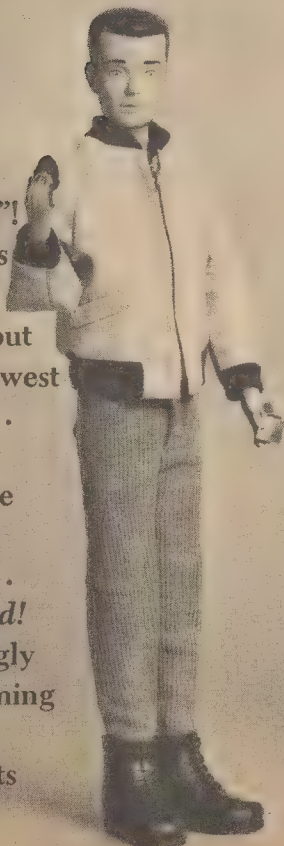
The doll on our right, of course, is the very popular "G.I. Joey" doll. He is completely flexible. In other words, he has no mind of his own, and bends to every command . . . regardless of *what* it is, or *who* it comes from. Go ahead! Give G.I. Joey an order! Ask him to kill somebody! He will! His commanding officer, Major Hawk, wishes he had more dolls like G.I. Joey under his command! Today, Toyland . . . tomorrow, the World!

WRITER: HAROLD MORRISON

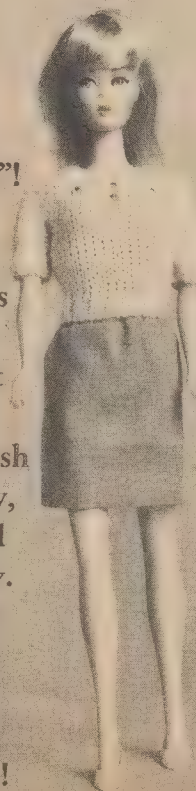


PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD

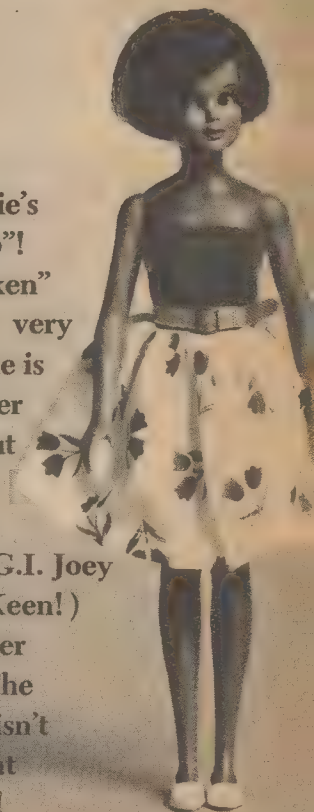
This is "Keen"! He is Boobie's boyfriend. He's testing out one of his newest accessories . . . his *cigarette lighter*, on one of his oldest accessories . . . his *Draft Card*! Keen is strongly against becoming a "G.I. Joey" doll and wants us to know it!



This is "Boobie"! Now, *there's* a doll! A *living* doll! She comes equipped with everything that a young girl of today might wish for: Personality, good looks, and pure femininity. Too bad! She'll have to *change* all that if she expects to be accepted today!



This is Boobie's friend, "Afro"! She is a "Token" doll. She is a very nice doll. She is a credit to her doll race! But despite her intelligence and charm, G.I. Joey (And even Keen!) cannot ask her for a date! The Doll World isn't *ready* for that sort of thing!



This is
"G.I.
Jerry!"
He was an
enemy of
G.I. Joey
once. Now
he is a
friend!
Half of
him, any-
way! The
Western
Half!



This is
"G.I. Jap!"
He was an
enemy at one
time, also!
Now, he and
Joey have an
understanding!
If Joey will
forget about
Pearl Harbor,
G.I. Jap will
forget about
Hiroshima!



This is
"G.I. Red!"
He was a
friend at
one time!
Then . . . he
wasn't one!
Then . . . he
was! Then
he *wasn't!*
What is he
today? Which
way is the
wind blowing?



Here is "Keen" again. He is practically the same size as Boobie, and has the same delicate features. He can even fit into some of Boobie's clothes. That Keen will go to *any lengths* to avoid ending up as a "G.I. Joey"!



Talk about clothes, here is Boobie in her third outfit today. That's all she ever *thinks* about is clothes. It takes a lot of *money* to keep her in the latest fashions. *Think* about that before you marry a doll like Boobie!



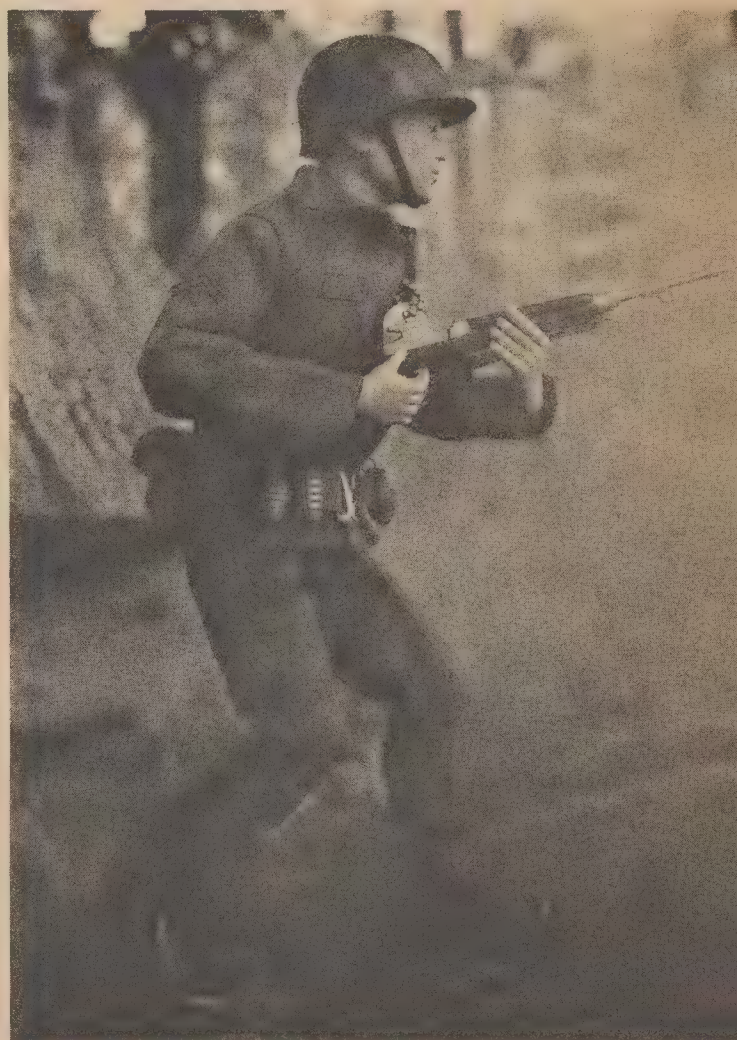
This is
"G.I. Frog"!
He is a
French doll.
He, too, was
a friend,
once. And he
claims he
still is. *Ha!*
With friend-
dolls like
this, you
don't need
enemy-dolls!



This is
"G.I.
Limey"!
He was a
friend
once. And
he is a
friend
now! They
say the
sun never
sets on
English
friendship!



Hey, there goes Keen again. He's wearing a new outfit, too! And it comes complete with matching luggage and a one way ticket to Canada. Looks like Keen is making a *last-ditch effort* to keep from becoming a "G.I. Joey"!



And who can *blame* Keen? Look at G.I. Joey. Someone is firing *bullets* at him. Not *toy* bullets, either! Who is it? G.I. Jap? G.I. Jerry? G.I. Frenchy? No, it's a *new* enemy . . . "G.I. Cong"! G.I. Cong comes with many accessories. You can look them up in G.I. Red's catalogue!

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE GENER

Hey ... will you listen to this:

"Our youth now loves luxury! They have bad manners, contempt for authority, disrespect for older people ... they contradict their parents ... and tyrannize their teachers ..."



Boy, ain't that the truth! That guy hit the nail right on the head! He certainly knows you rotten kids! This whole rotten generation is like no other!



I gotta write that guy a fan letter! Where shall I send it!

Try the "Dead Letter Office"!

Huh? Why??



Because SOCRATES, the Greek Philosopher, said it in the year 329 B.C.!



WHAT'S THIS IN YOUR PURSE ... CIGARETTES?!



YOU DUMB, STUPID KID! DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT HARM YOU CAN DO TO YOURSELF BY SMOKING?! DON'T YOU LISTEN TO THOSE DOCTORS' REPORTS?!



cough cough

SEE?! YOU ALREADY HAVE A SMOKER'S HACK FROM CIGARETTE SMOKE!!



It's from YOUR cigarette smoke!



YECCH!!

What are you yecching about?



My father is such a "Square!"



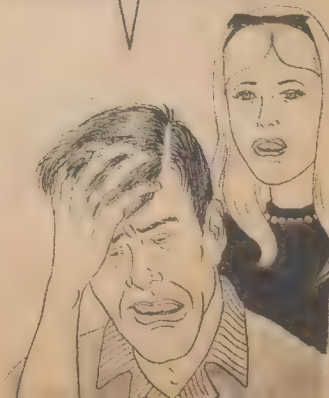
So!? That's no reason to yecch! Everybody's father is!

Yeah, but I just read something, and all I can say is, "YECCH!"



Aw, c'mon! It can't be that yecchy!!

Oh, no?! It says here that when we teenagers reach our fathers' age, we'll be just as "Square"!!





RATION GAP

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

Why did I have the luck to be born into a middle class family with its middle class morality and all its other stupid middle class standards?!

What's wrong with being middle class?

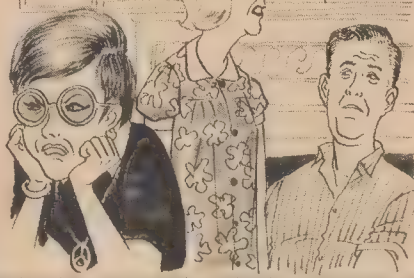
I don't know! It's a "thing" the kids have—against the way we live today!

Well, maybe they're right! Maybe we ought to change the way we live!

I know!! Why didn't I think of this before?! What a perfect solution . . . and so easy for me!!

We'll just STOP being middle class!

We'll be POOR!!



Dad, I need \$200!

\$200?! Just like that?! Every time I turn around, you're asking for money!

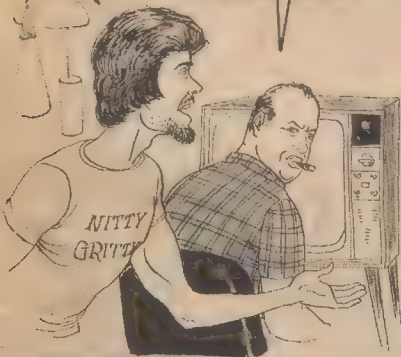
It's either money for allowance, or money for clothes, or money for your car, or money for a date, or money—

This time, it's for a worthy cause, Dad! I need expense money to go to Washington to protest for our exploited minorities!

What about us parents?!

What about you parents?

When are you going to protest for US?! WE'RE an exploited minority!



YECCH!

Will you look at those college kids . . . rioting . . . and wrecking . . . and protesting against the so-called Establishment! It's shameful, and something should be done about it!!

I know how to put a stop to it!

Yeah? How?

Make "Rioting", "Wrecking" and "Protesting" REQUIRED COURSES!!



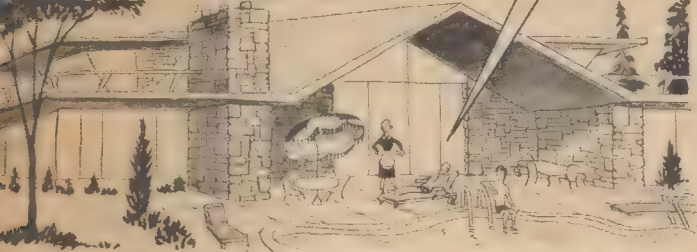
I grew up during the Depression! We had **nothing!** I had to work darn hard for every little thing! Now, when I look back on it, I realize that I'm a **better person** for it! It tempered my steel! It was a schooling . . . and a **privilege!**

Then, when I started making **good money** and acquiring **material things**, I was able to **appreciate them all the more!** I **cherished** and **valued** each item!

You, on the other hand, grew up amid **affluence!** You never knew what it was like to "**go without**" . . . therefore you can **never fully appreciate** what you've got!

Gee, I never realized it before . . .

I'm an **UNDERPRIVILEGED KID!!**



Well, son, what did you learn in school today?

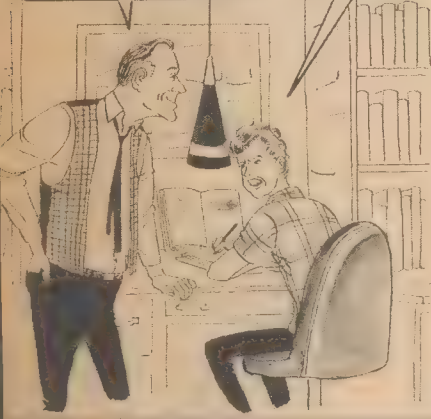
I learned **PLENTY!!**

Like what?

Like Bobby Forman gets a **bigger allowance** than I do!!

Gee, I was talking to an **ADULT** the other day, and I couldn't believe it! He was so **patient!** He **calmly** heard me out, and then gave me such **wise advice!**

That's **strange!** I had a **similar experience** recently!



Good Lord!! These kids and their music! It's **awful!!**

Y'know, I used to feel that way. . .

. . . but I listened, and I learned to like it! This **Beatle** record, f'rinstance . . . it really has something!!

Did I hear you right, Mom? You like this **Beatle** record??

When adults start liking what we kids like . . .

. . . then there **MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT!!**



Why can't you be a **Straight "A"** student like **Victor Freeman?**

Victor Freeman is a **fagot!!**

Victor Freeman is a **FAGOT!!** I suppose **Jed Novak**, the **Captain of the Football Team**, is also a **fagot!!**

Jed Novak!! He sure is a **fagot!!**

And **Mitch Montana** . . . the **Don Juan** of the school? Is he a **fagot?**

The **worst kind!!**

But I thought a **fagot** was . . . I mean . . . What in heck **IS** a **fagot** anyway??



Gee, Dad ... I never knew you could ice skate!

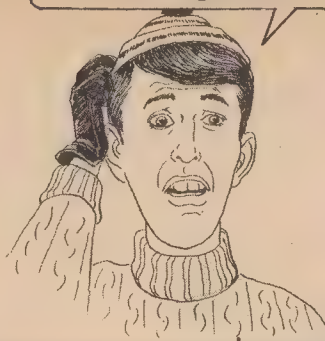
When I was your age, I won a medal for ice skating!

You must be putting me on! I'm absolutely shocked! That's ... that's beyond my wildest imagination!

What?! That I won a medal for ice skating?!

No, not that!

I can't believe that you were ever MY AGE!!



This guy wasn't like my father at all! The minute WE try to talk to each other, it gets all emotional ... with hollering and stuff!

Don't I know it! It's the same in my house, too!

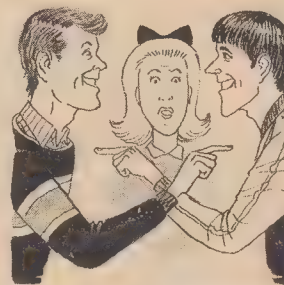
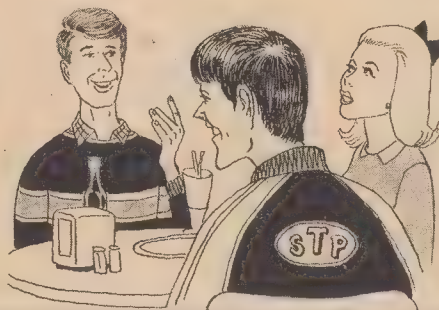
But this guy was different!

Mine, too! Like night and day!

Who were you guys talking to?

HIS FATHER!!

MY FATHER!?!?



When I was young, kids were much tougher than the kids of today! That's because we were locked in a life-and-death struggle with a real tough enemy ... the Nazis!!

They were ruthless, and cruel, and dictatorial, and oppressive, and domineering, and ...

Gee, we kids have the same kind of enemy today!!

They're called "Parents"!!



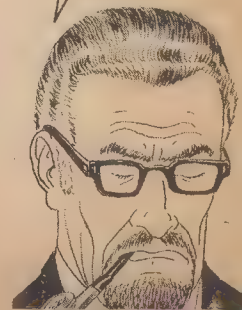
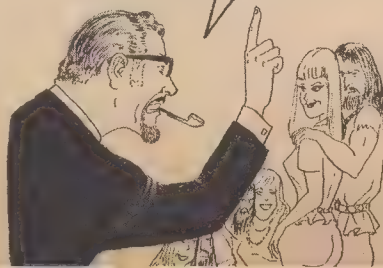
Anyone who can do something I CAN'T DO is a fagot!!

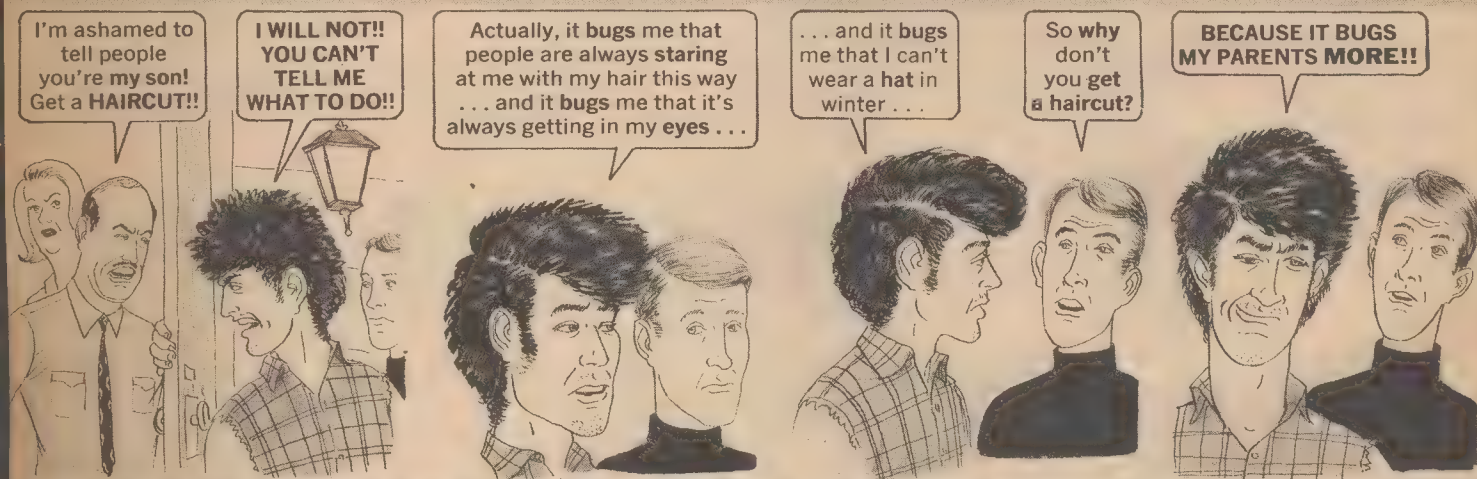
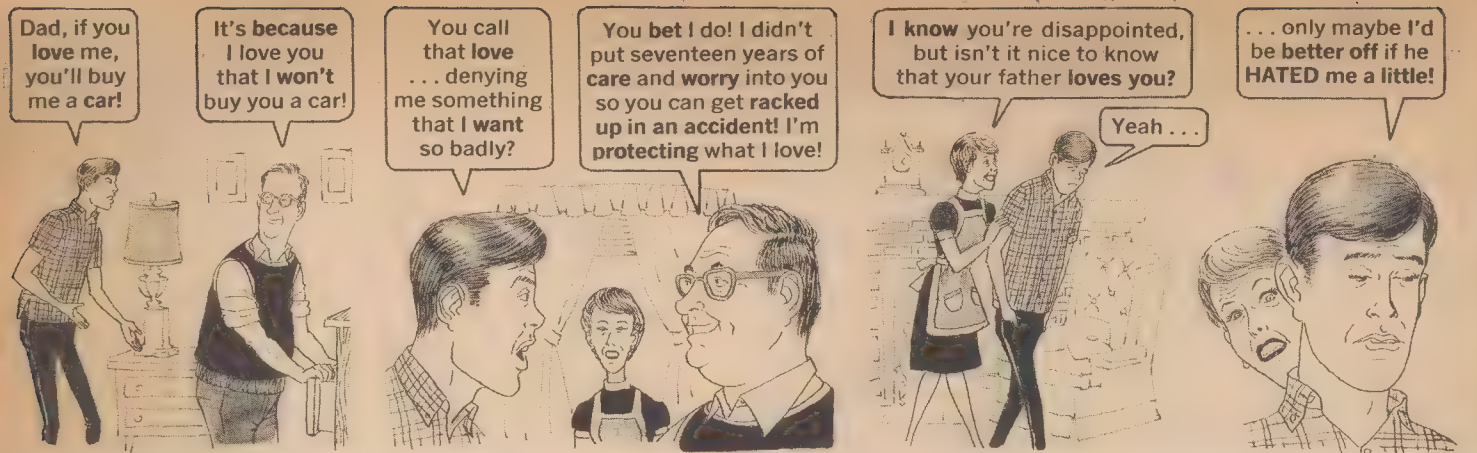
You young people with your wild ideas about Sexual Experience and Free Love!! Let me tell you, it may be FREE, but it's NOT LOVE!! It's just plain FREE LUST!!

What's the world coming to?? Those kids make me so mad I could bust!!

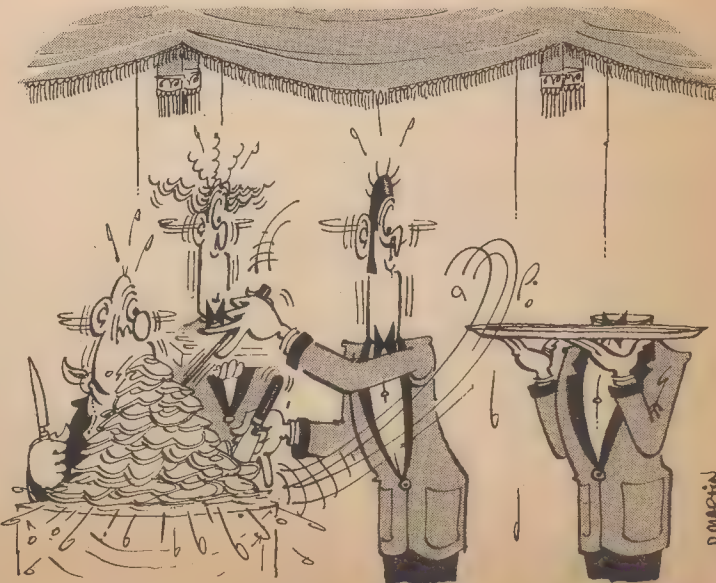
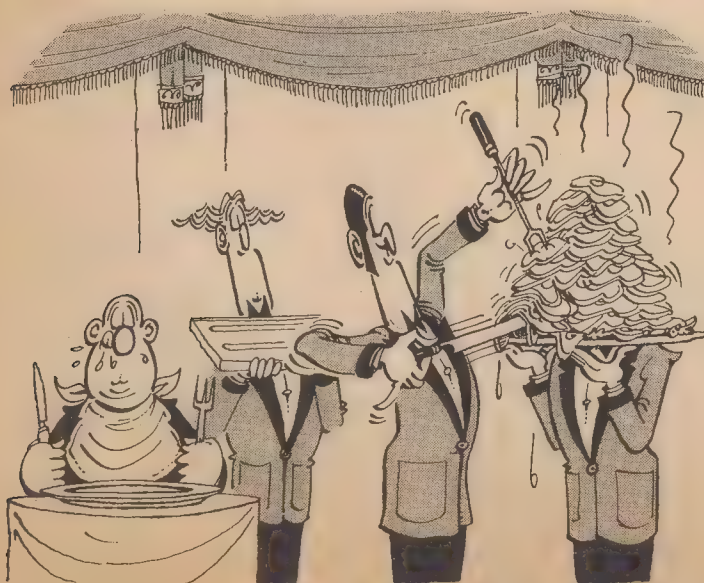
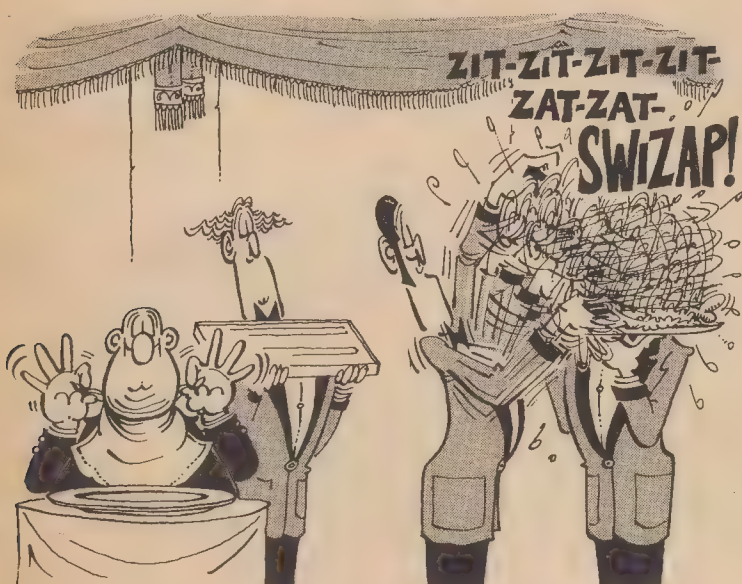
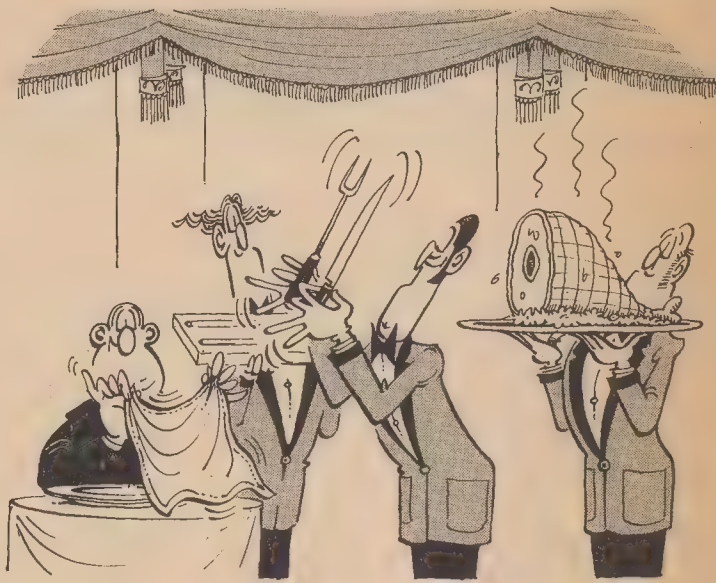
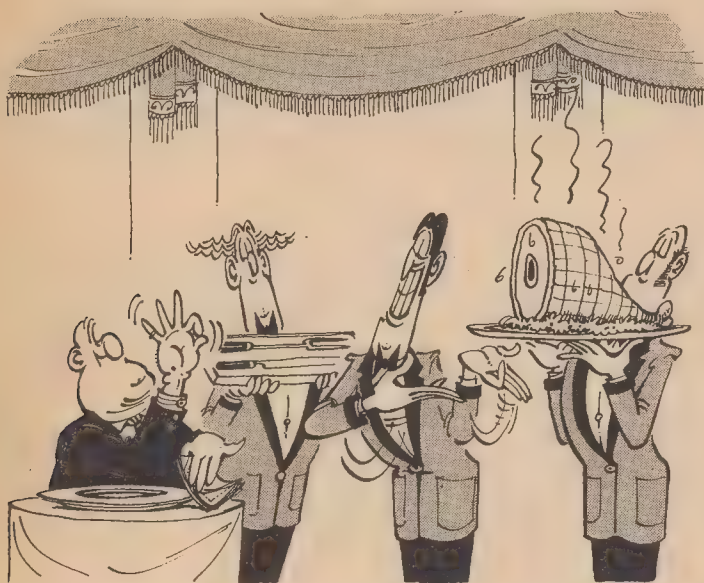
Calm down! You can't change things! What are you so angry about?

Because I'm not part of it!





IN A FANCY RESTAURANT



POLL-TAXED DEPT.

It is impossible to pick up a newspaper these days without reading about some ridiculous new "Opinion Poll." Thanks to Gallup, Neilsen, Harris, Trendex and so on, America has become a "survey-happy" nation. And we at MAD feel this is a dangerous trend. (Well, to be exact, 67.5% feel it's a dangerous trend; 10.5% feel it's okay; and 22% couldn't care

If Polls And Surveys Had

CHRISTIAN RELIGION TO BE ABANDONED

ROME, 97 A.D.—Disciples and followers of the religion known as "Christianity" have decided to drop all plans for further developing their unusual creed. Recent public opinion polls conducted in Rome, Damascus and Alexandria show a heavy "No" response to the new idea.

Of those polled, 73% were opposed to the Christian doctrine; only 9% were in favor; and 18% had "no opinion". In view of the public reaction, leaders of the Christian faith now feel there is no hope that their ideas will ever win wide acceptance.

They polled a Preview Audience, and only 7% liked it. 34% hated it, 41% found it depressing, and 18% fell asleep. Obviously, it was a bomb!

OPENING SOON!

A New Play By

William Shakespeare

"HAMLET"

Starring

Production
Cancelled

advance ticket holders may
apply in box office for refunds

Globe Theatre
Bankside-London

G. WUDEBRIGGS

Mr. President! The Japanese
are bombing Pearl Harbor!
The Pacific Fleet is in
ruins, and thousands of
Americans have been killed!

Mr. Secretary,
give the order
to mobilize
at once!

Yes, sir! We mobilize
the Army, the Navy, the
Air Corps, the Coast
Guard and the Marines?

No,
Stupid!

We mobilize the Public Opinion
Poll-Takers! Nobody's sticking
his neck out around here until
we can spot a National trend!

Washington Post

less!) Why do we feel it's a dangerous trend? Because polls report majority opinions—and majority opinions are usually wrong. Can you imagine where we'd all be today if the world had relied upon polls and surveys since the dawn of time? You can't imagine, you say? Well, for you clods with no imagination, let's take a look at what might have happened . . .



Been Used Through History

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: SY REIT

April 10, 1775

Dear Neighbor—

Tired of tension? Fearful of the future? If so, you may be interested in "Operation Redcoat"—an exciting new Service Organization now being set up to alert Massachusetts residents if and when the British troops should appear in this area.

DO YOU WISH TO BE AMONG THOSE NOTIFIED?

We hope so! Please indicate your preference by filling out the attached card and returning it to us:

tear on dotted line

Yes, I am interested in "Operation Redcoat". Wake me up whenever the British are sighted, even if it is the middle of the night ☐

Yes, I am interested in "Operation Redcoat", but do not wake me up afterP.M., or beforeA.M. ☐

No, I am not interested in "Operation Redcoat" ☐

I am undecided. Please send me additional information about "Operation Redcoat" (I understand that this will cost me in any way.)

NAME..... TO: Paul Revere, Concord, Mass.
ADDRESS..... FROM: The Sons of Liberty, Boston, Mass.

Paul—
No soap! We mailed out hundreds of these cards and only got a 3% return. You'd better sell the horse and forget the whole thing!
Bill Dawes

Sorry, boys, but the results of the poll are in. Of the 500 adults polled here in Liverpool, 72% think your hair is ridiculous, 81% think your music is terrible, and 91% think that any group with an idiotic name like "The Beatles" hasn't got a chance! So if you want my opinion, you'll give up the idea of making it big in Show Biz!

Fourscore and seven years ago, 62% of our forefathers—with 10.4% disagreeing and 27.6% abstaining—brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated by 63.2% of its citizens—with 9.8% against and 27% "don't knows"—to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, 78% of us—with 9% remaining neutral and 13% showing marked Southern sympathies—are engaged in a great civil war . . .



POTRZEBIE POLLS, INC.

Mr. William M. Gaines
E.C. Publications, Inc.
New York City

April 5, 1952

Dear Mr. Gaines:

We have completed the Opinion Poll you requested. As per your instruction, 5,672 people were asked how they felt about your plans to publish a new satire magazine to be called "MAD".

Our sampling included educators, scientists, Congressmen, psychiatrists, business tycoons, advertising agency executives and other members of the so-called "Establishment".

Amazingly, the vote by this distinguished group was 100% SOLIDLY OPPOSED to the magazine you are planning. Never in my years as a pollster have I run into such unanimous nausea and total repugnance to an idea.

Sincerely yours,

Sturdly Twinch

Sturdley Twinch, Pres.

MAD

INTEROFFICE MEMO

TO: THE EDITOR FROM: THE PUBLISHER

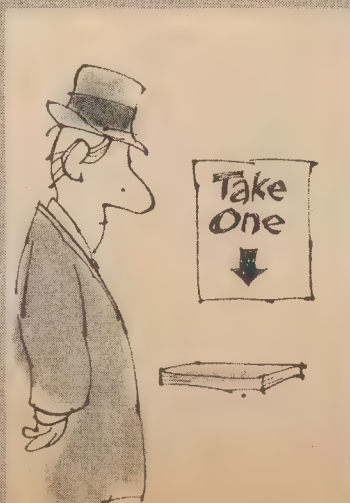
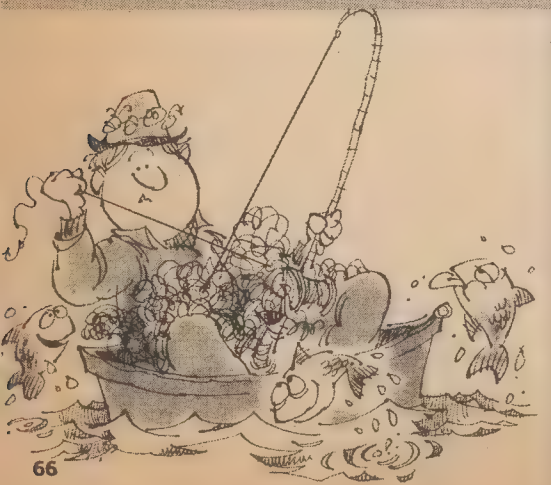
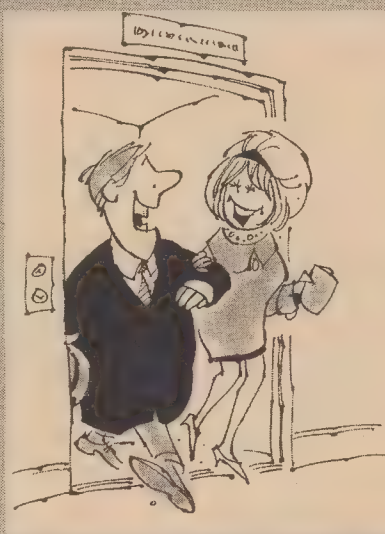
Al--
looks like we're on the right track!
Let's start those presses rolling!

Bill





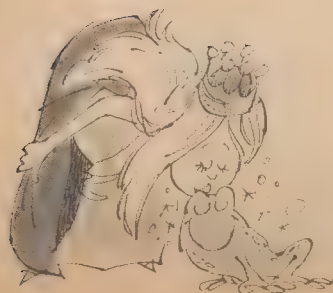
A MAD LOOK AT...

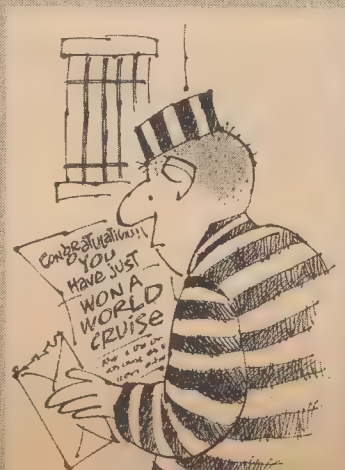
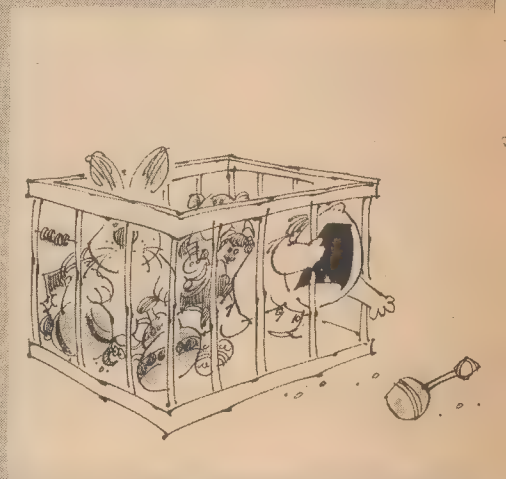
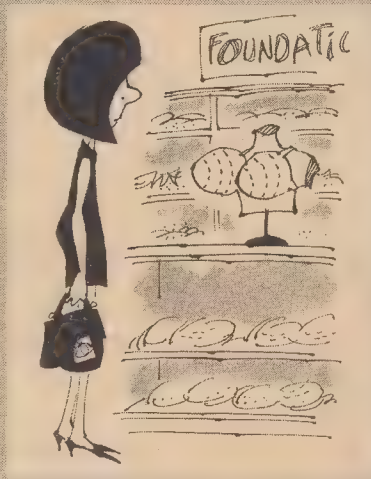
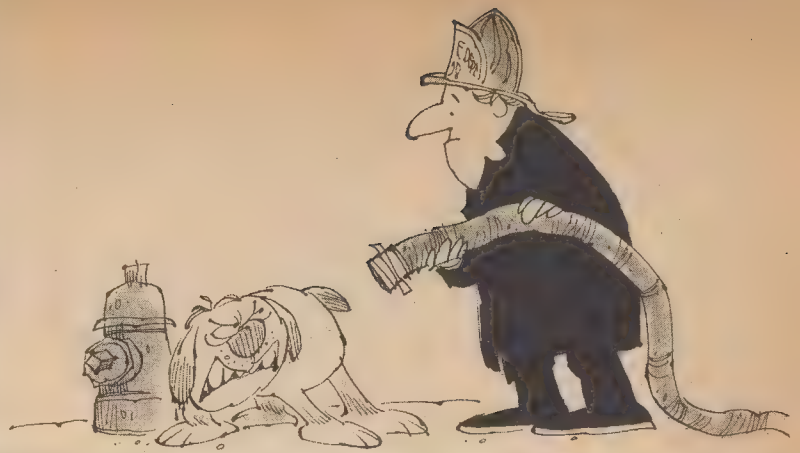


FRUSTRATION

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: JACK KENT

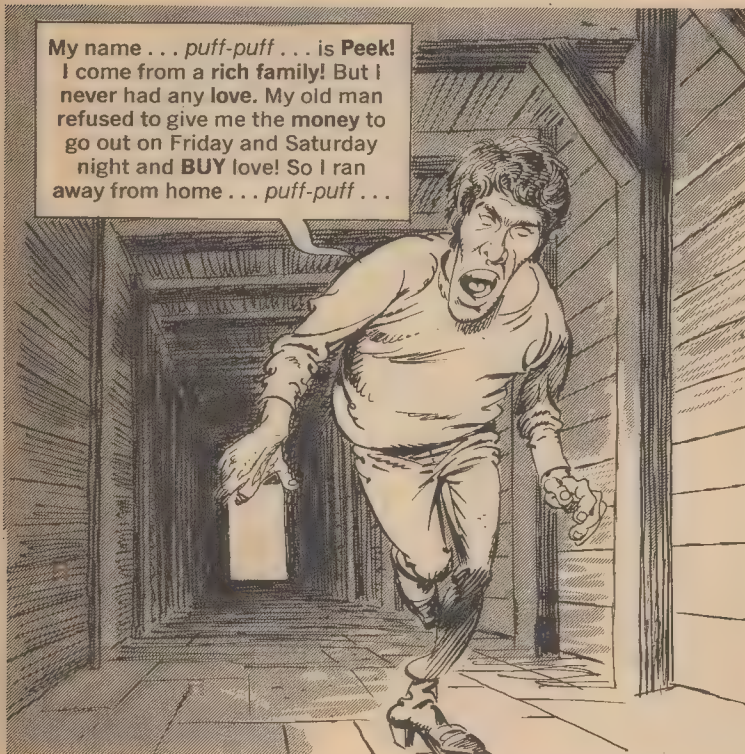




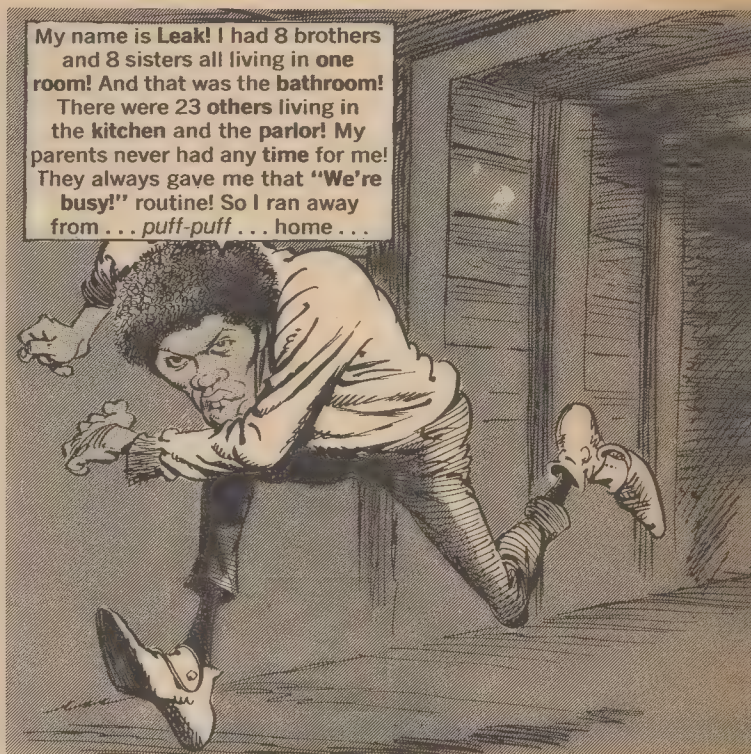


HEY, GANG! LET'S TAKE A MAD LOOK AT THAT GREAT NEW "IN" TV SERIES THAT BEGINS EACH EPISODE LIKE THIS:

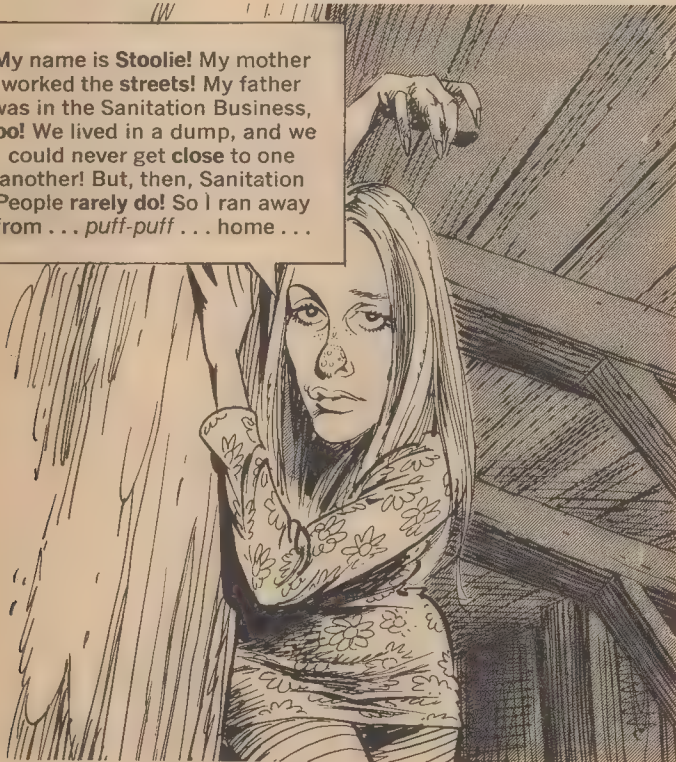
My name . . . puff-puff . . . is Peek!
I come from a rich family! But I never had any love. My old man refused to give me the money to go out on Friday and Saturday night and **BUY** love! So I ran away from home . . . puff-puff . . .



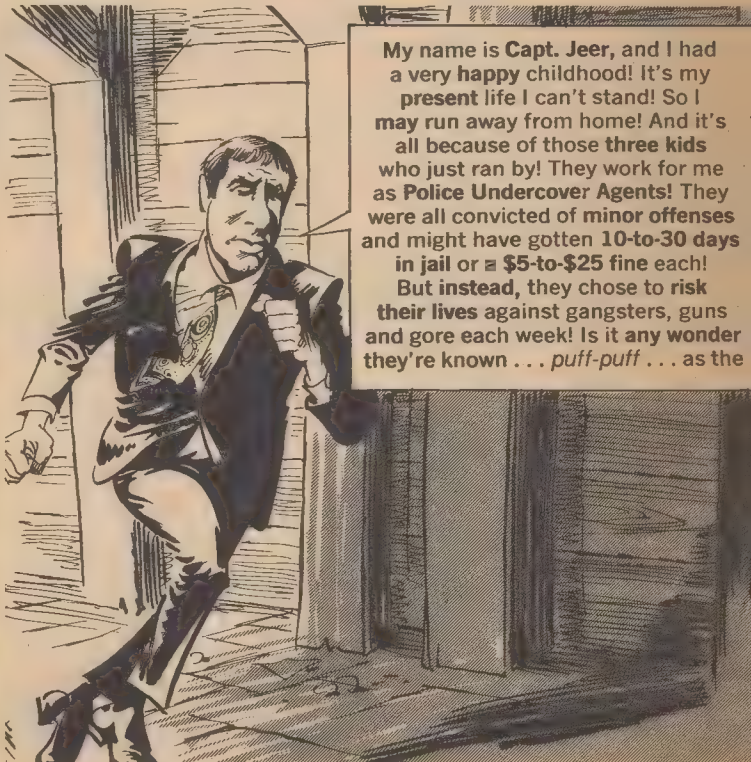
My name is Leak! I had 8 brothers and 8 sisters all living in **one** room! And that was the **bathroom**! There were 23 others living in the kitchen and the parlor! My parents never had any time for me! They always gave me that "We're busy!" routine! So I ran away from . . . puff-puff . . . home . . .



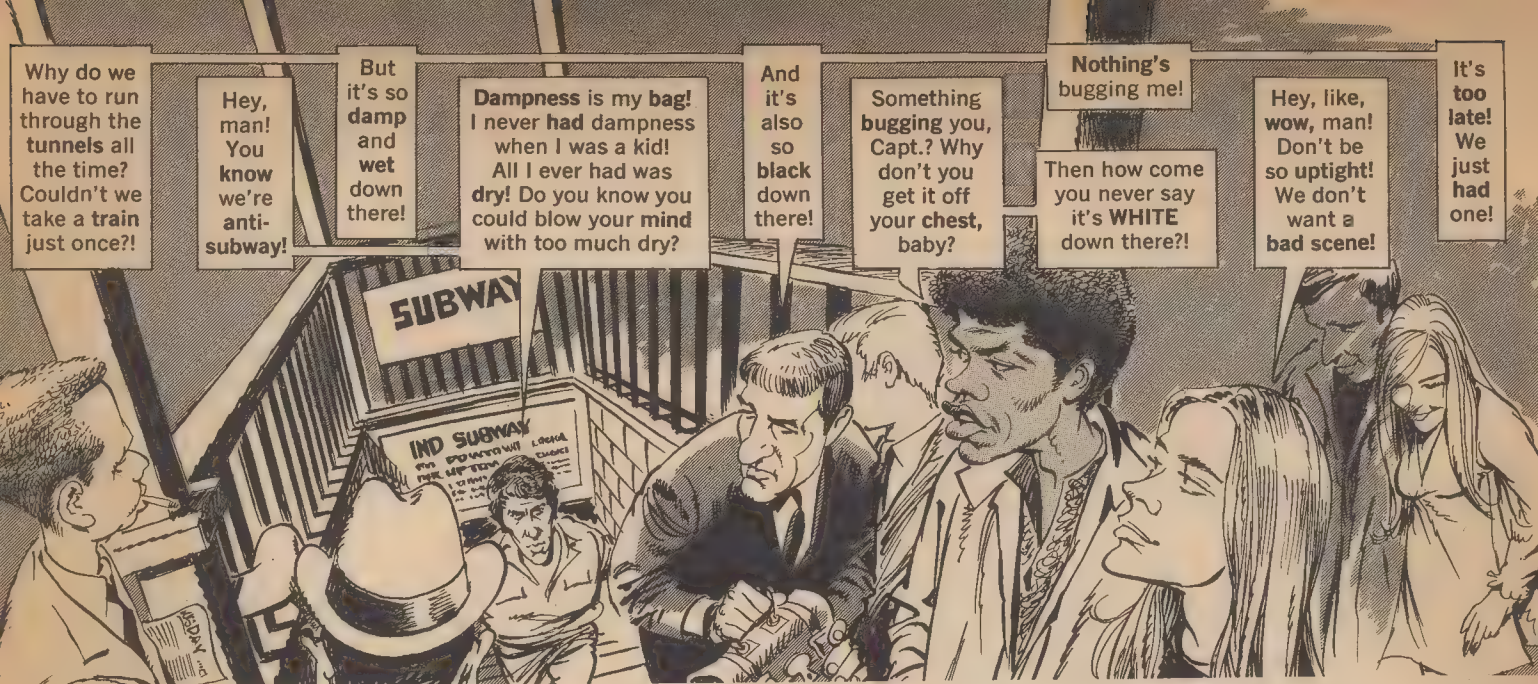
My name is Stoolie! My mother worked the streets! My father was in the Sanitation Business, **too**! We lived in a dump, and we could never get close to one another! But, then, Sanitation People rarely do! So I ran away from . . . puff-puff . . . home . . .



My name is Capt. Jeer, and I had a very happy childhood! It's my present life I can't stand! So I may run away from home! And it's all because of those three kids who just ran by! They work for me as Police Undercover Agents! They were all convicted of minor offenses and might have gotten 10-to-30 days in jail or a \$5-to-\$25 fine each! But instead, they chose to risk their lives against gangsters, guns and gore each week! Is it any wonder they're known . . . puff-puff . . . as the



"ODD SQUAD"



Why do we have to run through the tunnels all the time? Couldn't we take a train just once?!

Hey, man! You know we're anti-subway!

But it's so damp and wet down there!

Dampness is my bag! I never had dampness when I was a kid! All I ever had was dry! Do you know you could blow your mind with too much dry?

And it's also so black down there!

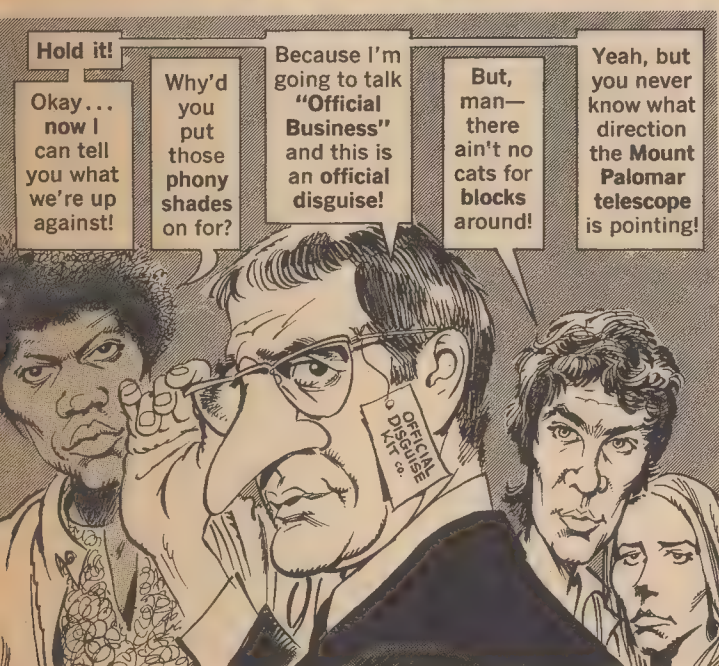
Something bugging you, Capt.? Why don't you get it off your chest, baby?

Nothing's bugging me!

Then how come you never say it's **WHITE** down there?!

Hey, like, wow, man! Don't be so uptight! We don't want a bad scene!

It's too late! We just had one!



Hold it!

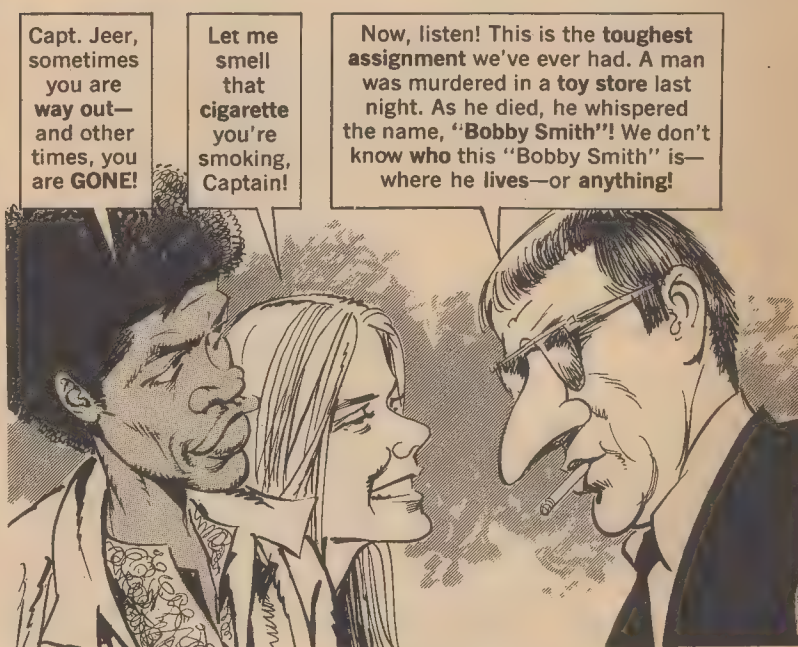
Okay... now I can tell you what we're up against!

Why'd you put those phony shades on for?

Because I'm going to talk "Official Business" and this is an official disguise!

But, man—there ain't no cats for blocks around!

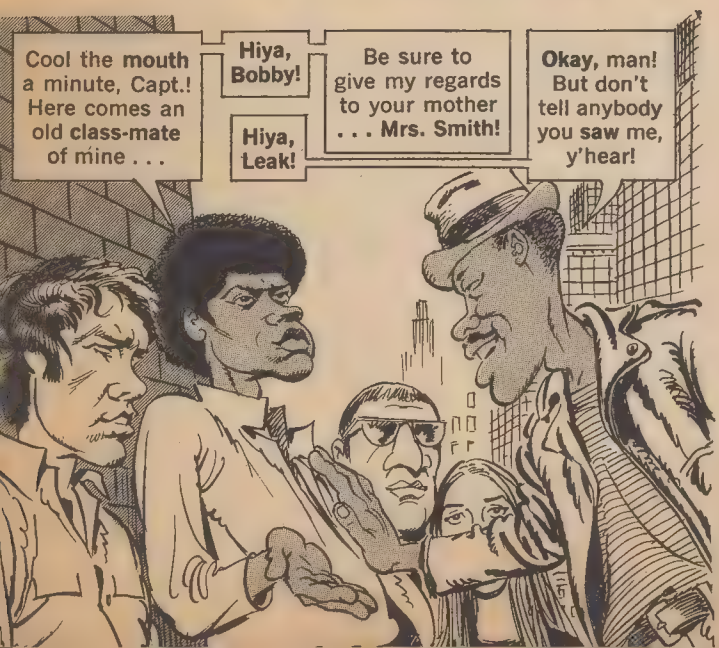
Yeah, but you never know what direction the Mount Palomar telescope is pointing!



Capt. Jeer, sometimes you are way out—and other times, you are **GONE!**

Let me smell that cigarette you're smoking, Captain!

Now, listen! This is the toughest assignment we've ever had. A man was murdered in a toy store last night. As he died, he whispered the name, "Bobby Smith"! We don't know who this "Bobby Smith" is—where he lives—or anything!



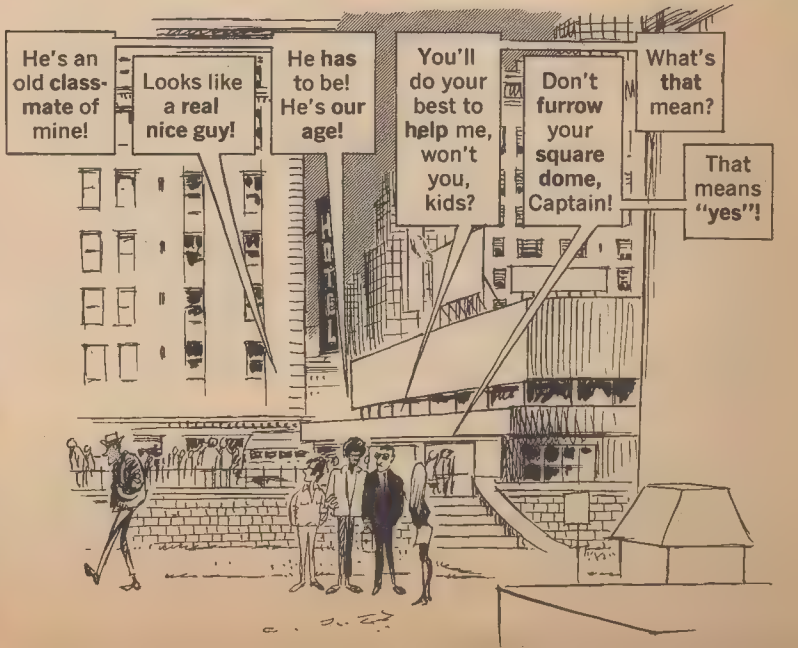
Cool the mouth a minute, Capt.! Here comes an old class-mate of mine...

Hiya, Bobby!

Be sure to give my regards to your mother... Mrs. Smith!

Hiya, Leak!

Okay, man! But don't tell anybody you saw me, y'hear!



He's an old class-mate of mine!

Looks like a real nice guy!

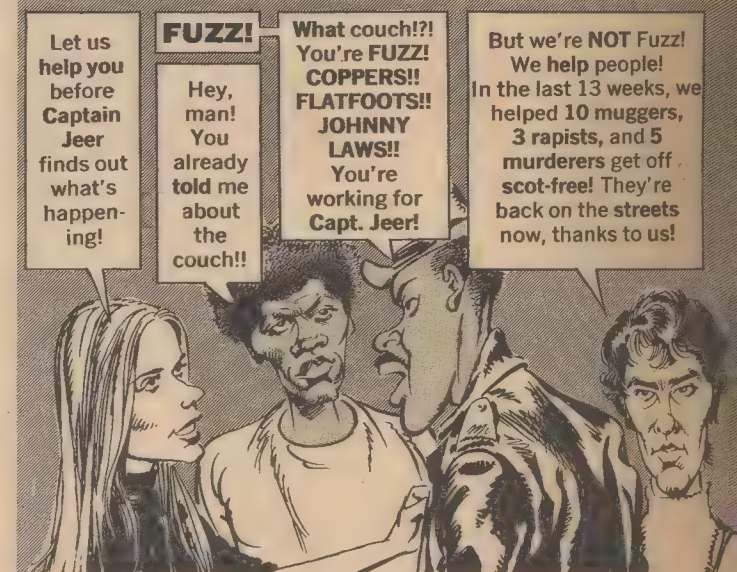
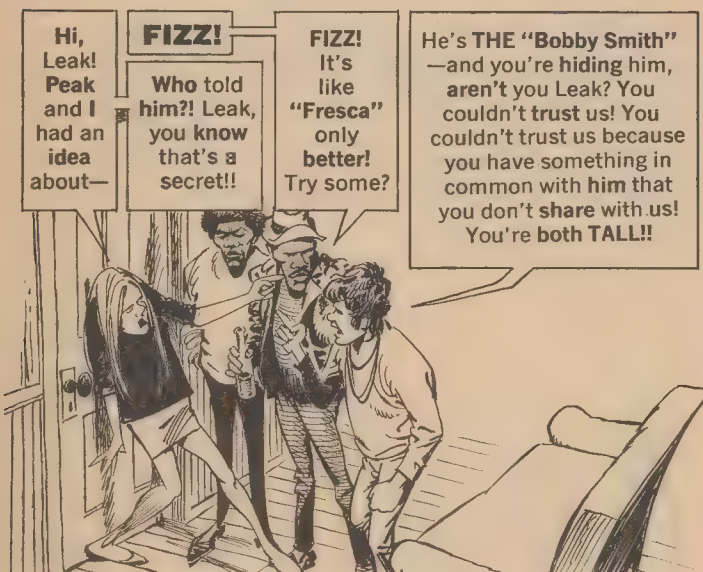
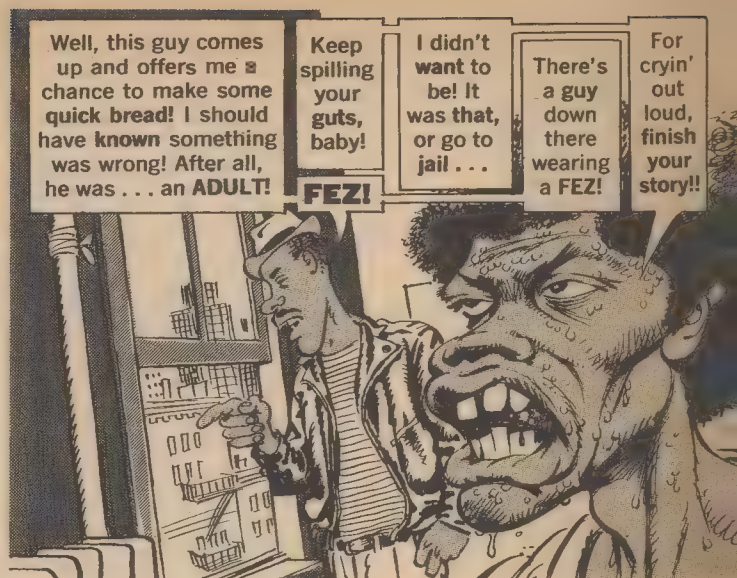
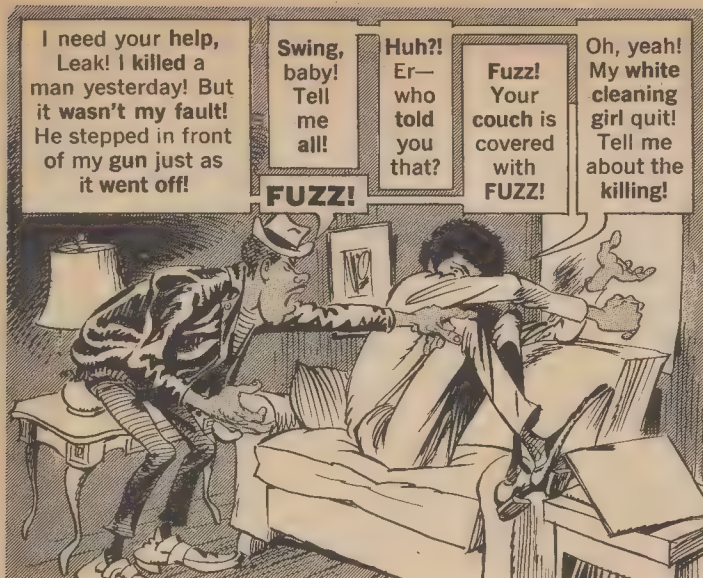
He has to be! He's our age!

You'll do your best to help me, won't you, kids?

Don't furrow your square dome, Captain!

What's that mean?

That means "yes"!



All right, here's what we've found out so far! **Bobby Smith** was employed by a **Toy Manufacturer** named **Wayne Gibson**! We know a few things about Gibson. He likes to swim at the **Y.M.C.A.**! **Stoolie**—you go down to the **"Y"** and poke around the **locker room**! See what you turn up!

And we know that **Gibson Toys** were featured recently in a magazine article! **Peek**, you go to the offices of **"Ebony Magazine"** and scour the back issues! Tell them you're looking for a picture of your brother!

And **Leak**—you find out all you can about this **cancelled check** we found in the murdered man's safe. It's made out to some company with the initials **"K.K.K."**! Visit all the organizations with those initials! Start with the **Ku Klux Klan**!

Well, I never promised this work would be **EASY!!**

But, Captain ...

But, Captain ...

But, Captain ...

THE NEXT DAY

Hi, gang! Any luck?

Hmmm! Okay, let's try another plan! One of you will pose as a camera-girl in a night club!

Leak ... ?

Peek ... ?

Not me, Captain!

Forget it, Captain!

Then I'm afraid it will have to be you, Stoolie!

Here's a photo of Gibson! When he comes into the night club, take his picture with whoever he's with! We want to know his accomplices!

Which night club do I go to?

There are **8000** in the city! Pick any one of 'em!

Peek! You'll pose as a bank guard! When you see Gibson come into the bank, try to learn how much he deposits, and who the checks came from!

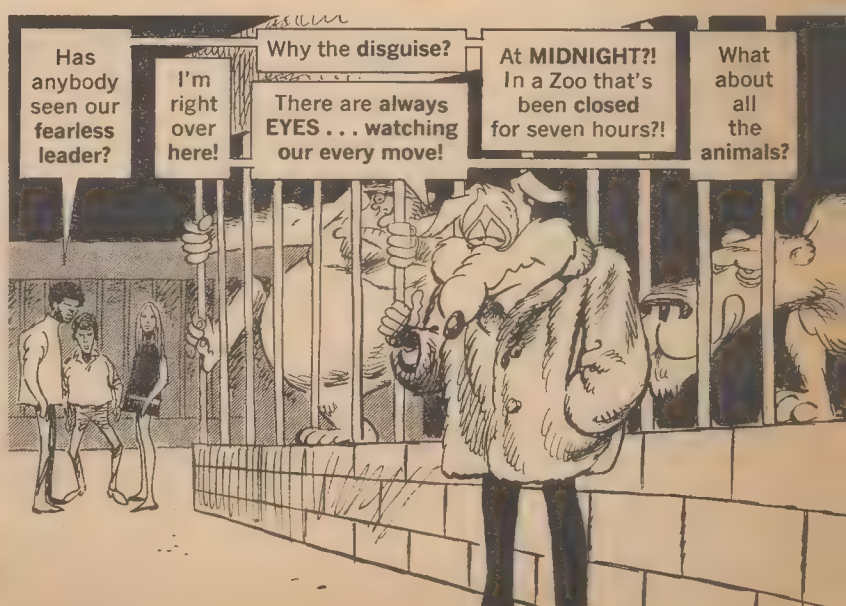
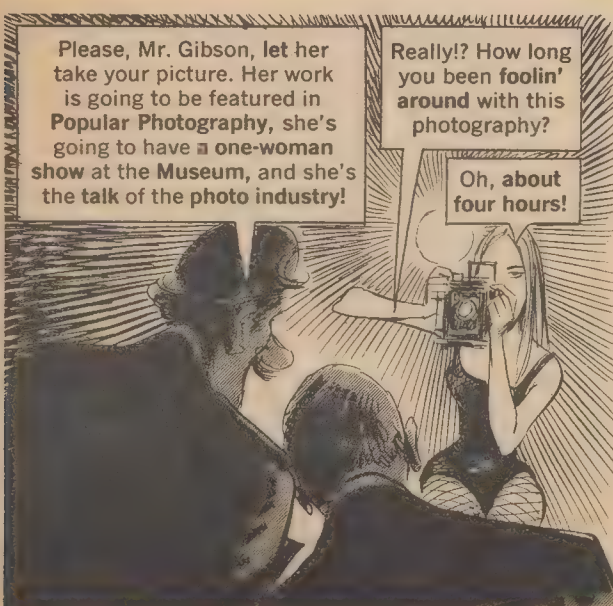
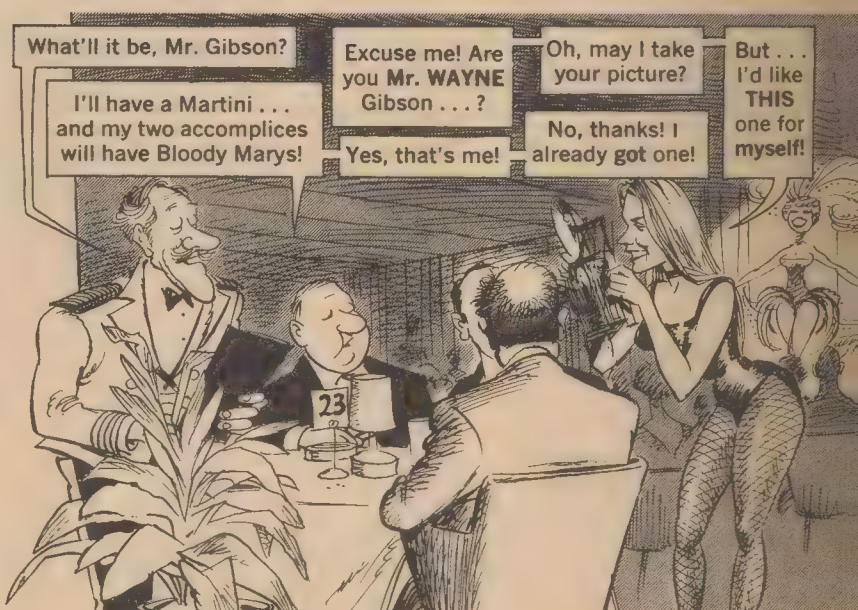
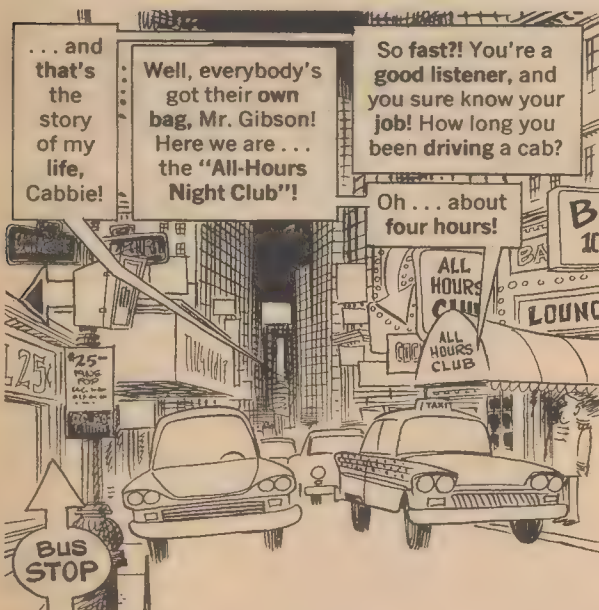
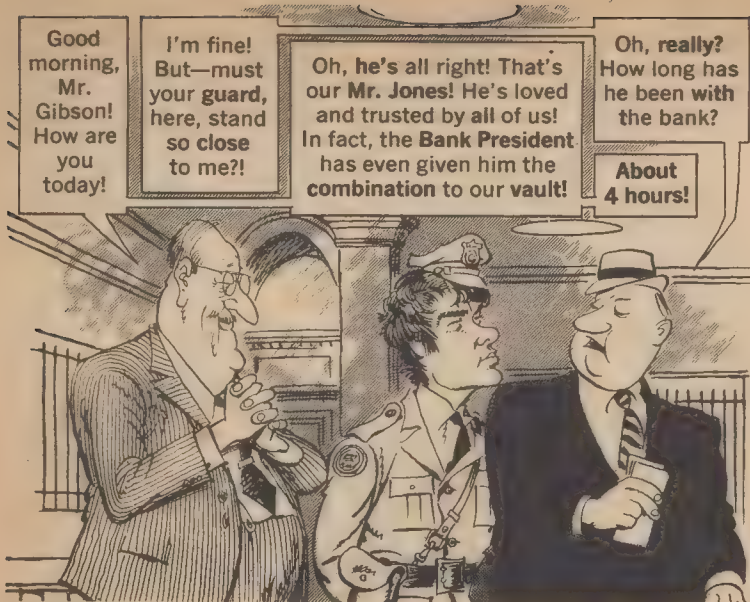
Which bank will I guard?

There are **4,580** in the city! Pick any one of 'em!

Leak! You'll pose as a cab driver and pick up Gibson as a fare! When you do, try to listen to his conversation if he's with someone, or make conversation if he's alone!

Where's the best place to pick him up as a fare?

Where else?! Mid-town! The way this show goes, you'll **ALL** score!!



Before you give me your reports, let me tell you what I've come up with myself!

I've arrested thirteen kids on drunken driving charges, twelve kids for passing bum checks, ten for pushing pot, and six—

Cool it! They're all innocent! Let 'em go!



Gibson gave me the whole story while I drove him cross-town in my cab! He's running a racket! He hires kids as Toy Salesmen for his phony company, and just before they go into stores to demonstrate his products, he switches the toy guns in the sample cases with real ones so they kill the store owners unintentionally!

Then, in the confusion that follows, he runs into the store and empties the cash register!

So you can let all them kids you arrested go free!



WHY?? Gibson's racket may explain Bobby Smith's story, but it doesn't explain drunken driving, passing bum checks, pushing pot—

Man, he was, like, a **BAD INFLUENCE** on those kids! He **DID** live in the **SAME CITY**!!

Y'know! A rotten apple spoiling the others in the barrel and all that jazz!



In other words, a kid who kills isn't a murderer... and a kid who steals isn't a thief! It's all the fault of the adults around him!

Oh, you're so groovy, Captain! You're beginning to understand!

If I'm beginning to understand a crazy theory like THAT, I'm not groovy... I'm out of my mind!



But I would like to understand **ONE** thing, Stoolie! It's this weird triangle of yours!

You three are always together! I never see you date! So it's hard to tell!

Clue me in! Where is the **ROMANTIC INTEREST** in this show?

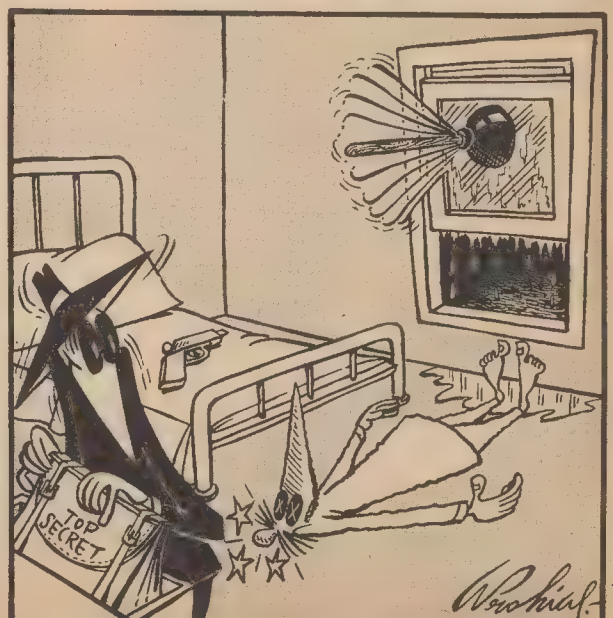
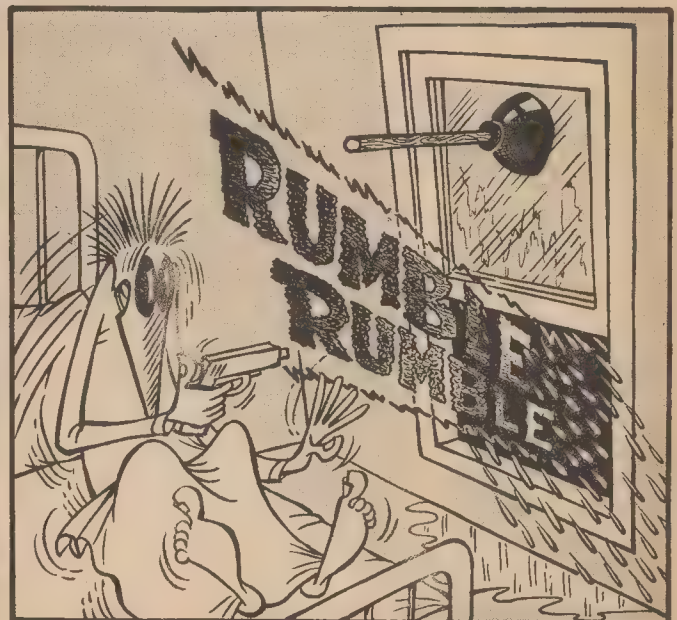
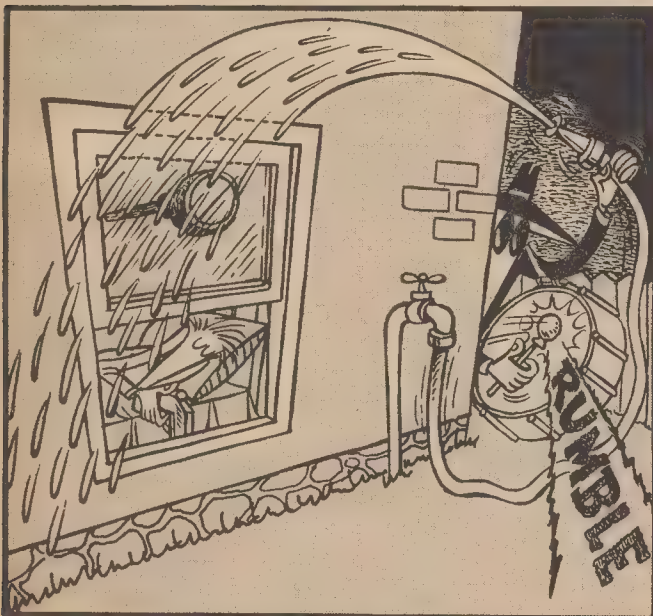
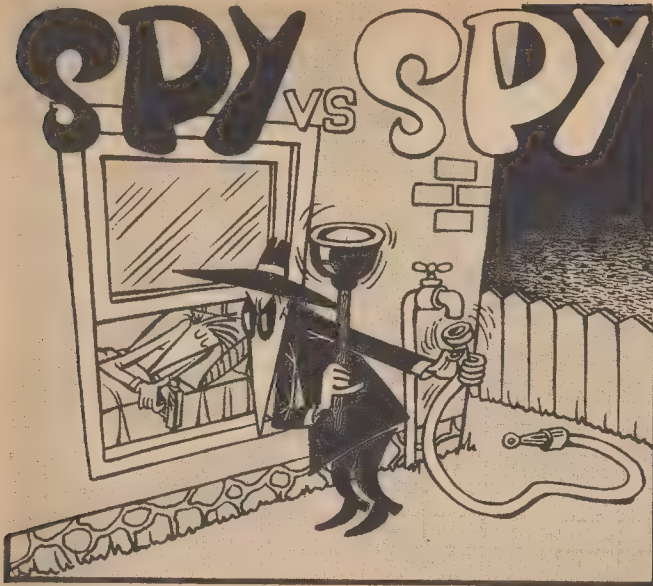
Well, if you must know, Captain, it's between those two guys!



I **KNOW** that! I guess it's too controversial for television to tell me **WHICH** guy, huh?

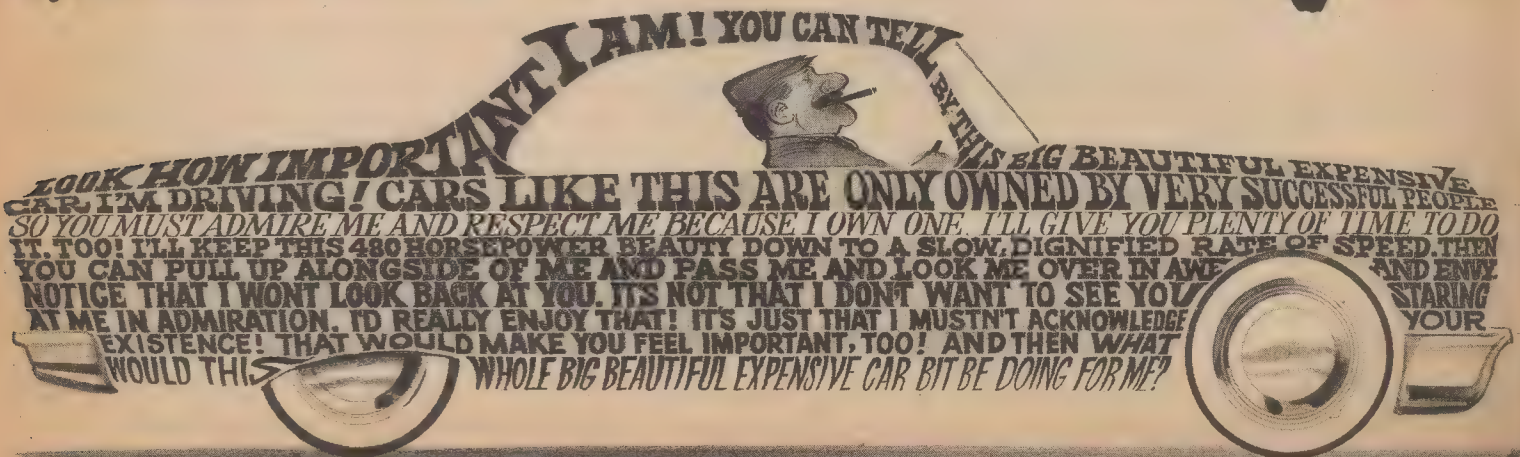
It may be too controversial for television, but I just **TOLD** you! The **ROMANTIC INTEREST** in this show is between **THOSE TWO GUYS**!!





Nowadays, nearly everyone is involved in our Society's sick sad scramble to acquire "things". For the most part, these "things" are acquired to impress other people, and they actually carry this message rather clearly, as though they were printed signs. In fact, here is what we almost see when we look at these . . .

SIGN





S OF STANIS

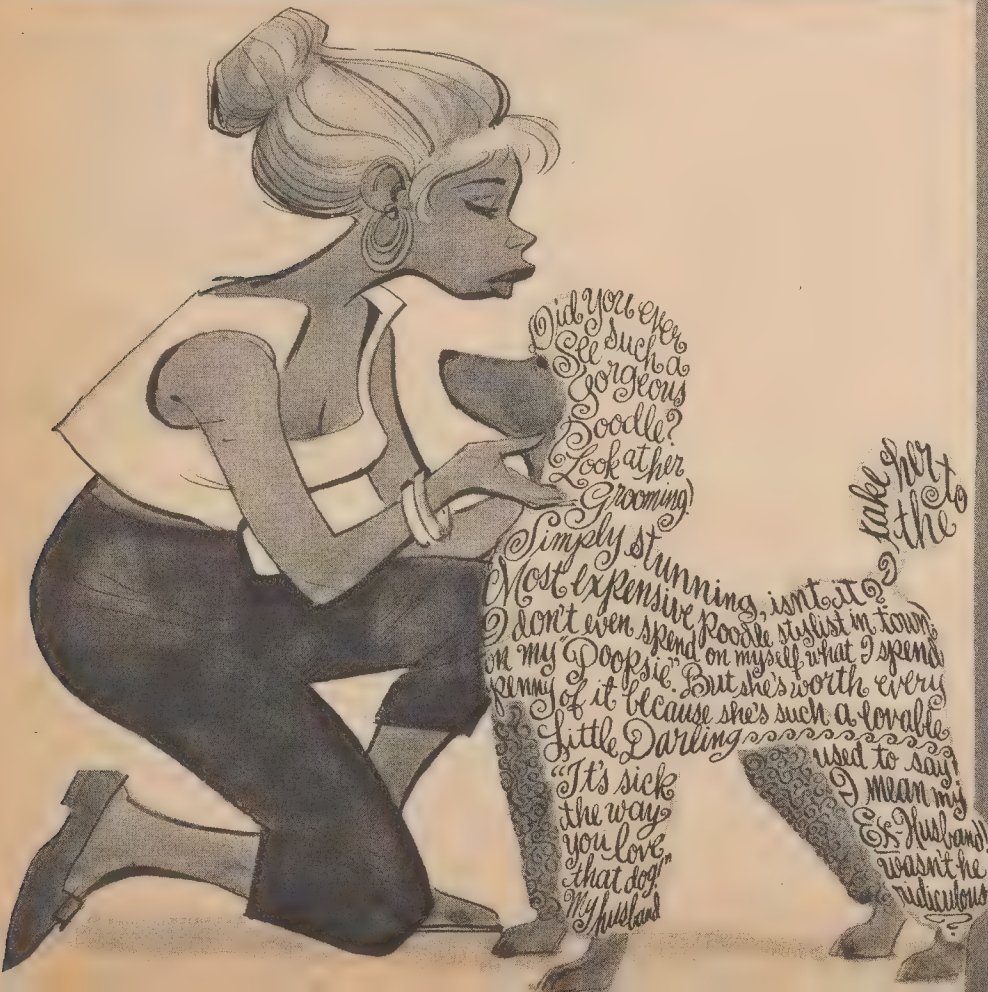
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

LOOK AT THIS MAGNIFICENT CASKET! ITS EXTERIOR IS SOLID BRONZE AND ITS INTERIOR IS PURE SILK! THE INSULATED CONSTRUCTION INSURES PERFECT TEMPERATURE CONTROL FOR ETERNAL COMFORT. A CASKET LIKE THIS COSTS A FORTUNE, BUT AS THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR POINTED OUT, "WHAT IS MONEY AT A TIME LIKE THIS?" THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO SHOW EVERYONE HOW LOVED AND RESPECTED THE DEAR DEPARTED WAS. SO NEVER MIND THAT HE LIVED A LIFE OF LONELINESS AND ABJECT POVERTY WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A PENNY'S HELP! THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE RELATIVES WHO CARED ABOUT HIM AND LOVED HIM AND RESPECTED HIM AS THIS EXPENSIVE FUNERAL CLEARLY SHOWS!

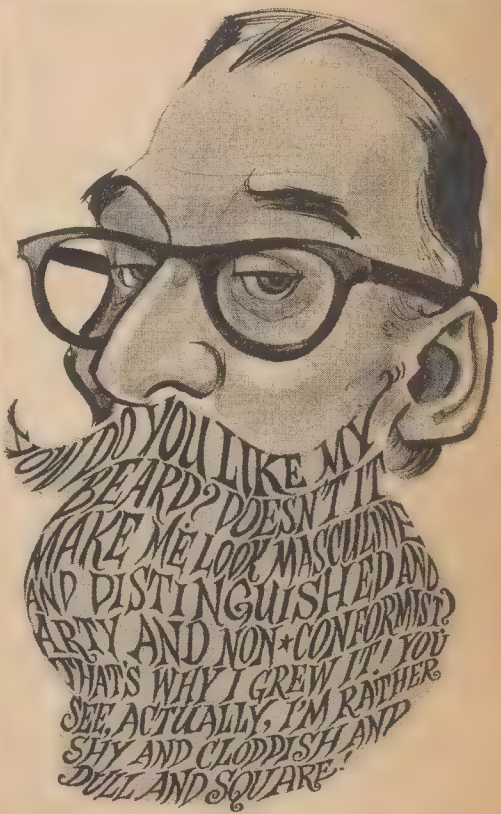
Bon Voyage

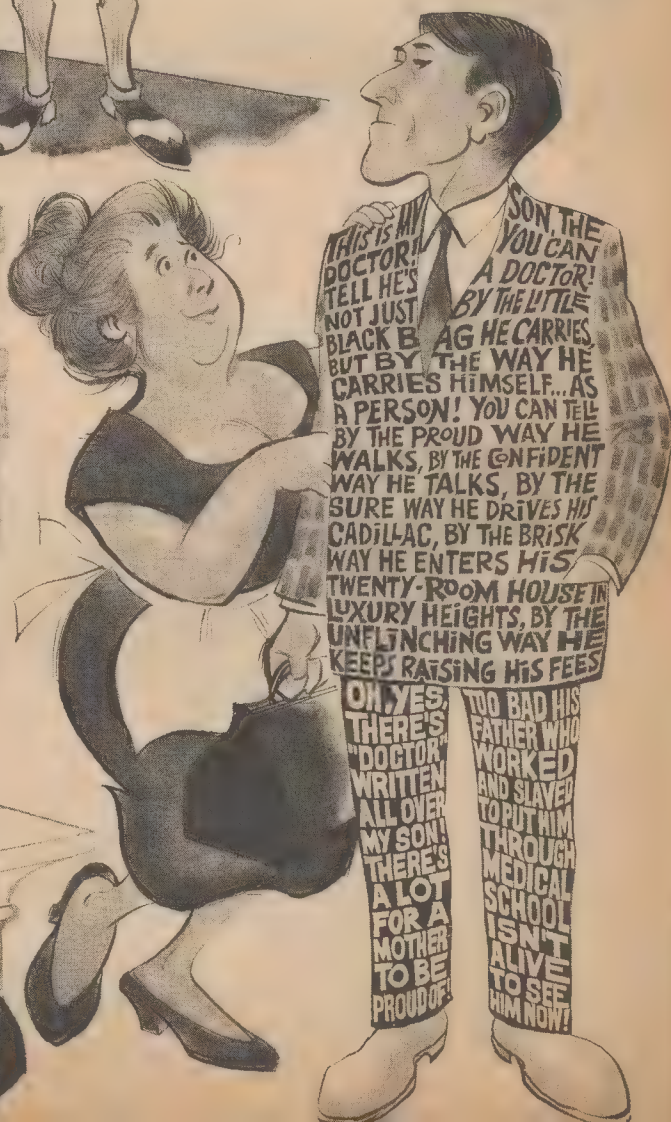
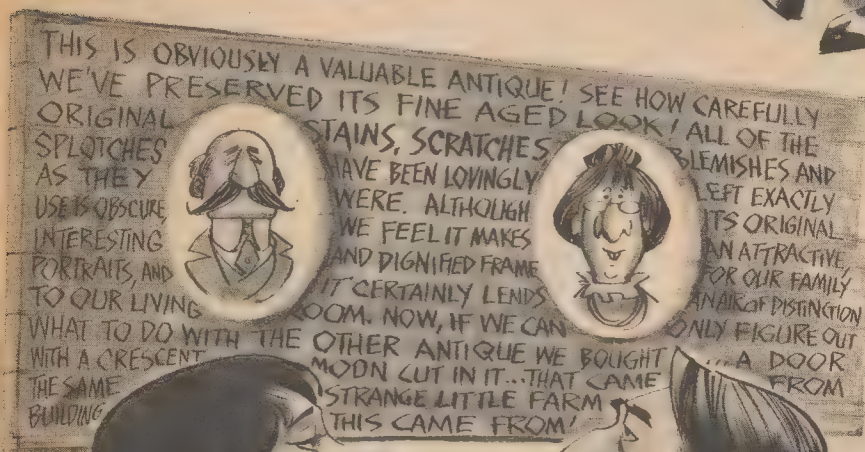
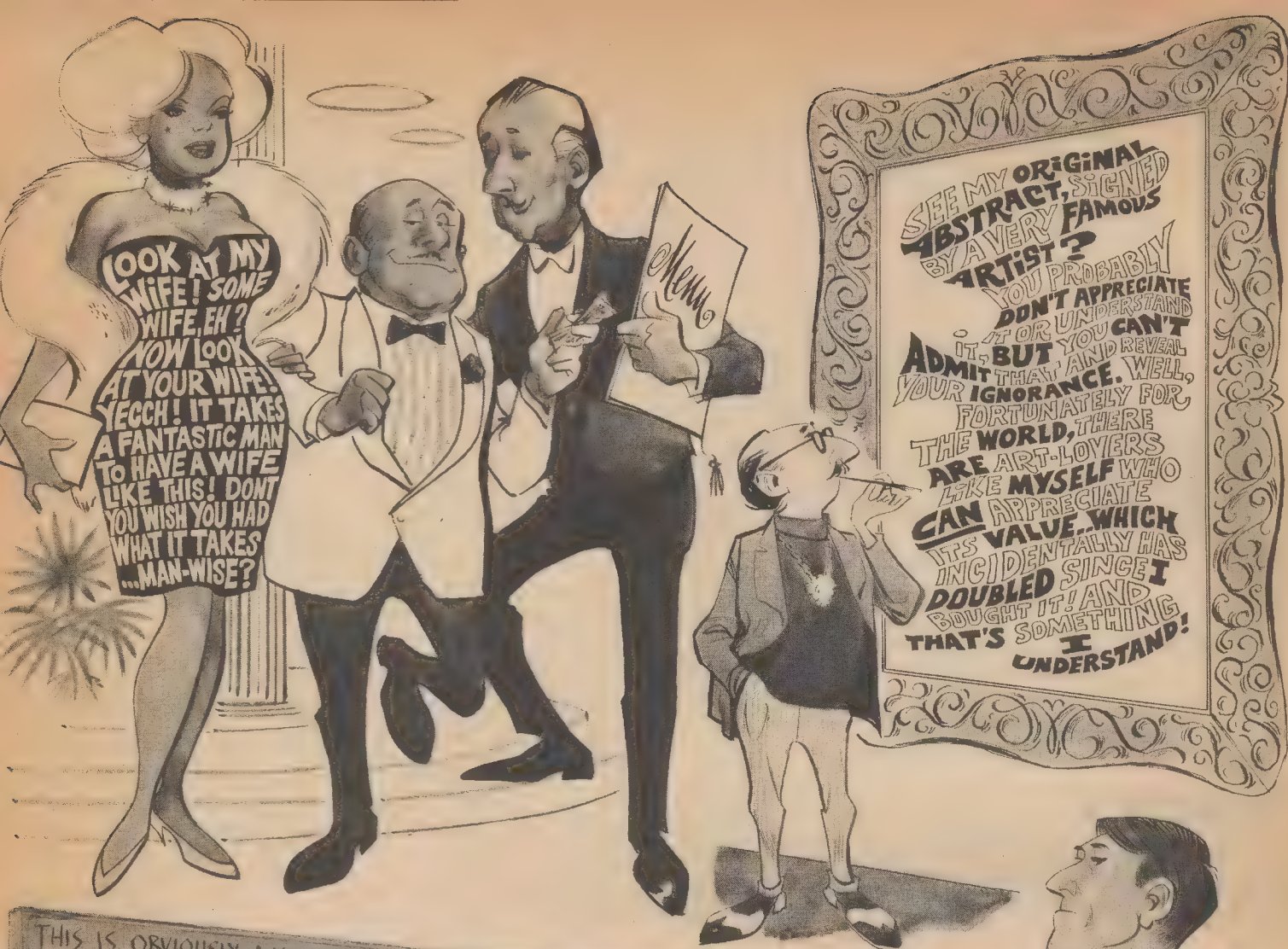
R.I.P.



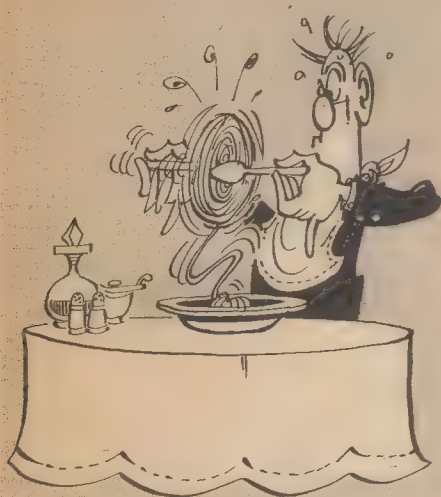
take her to the

I mean my ex-husband! wasn't he ridiculous

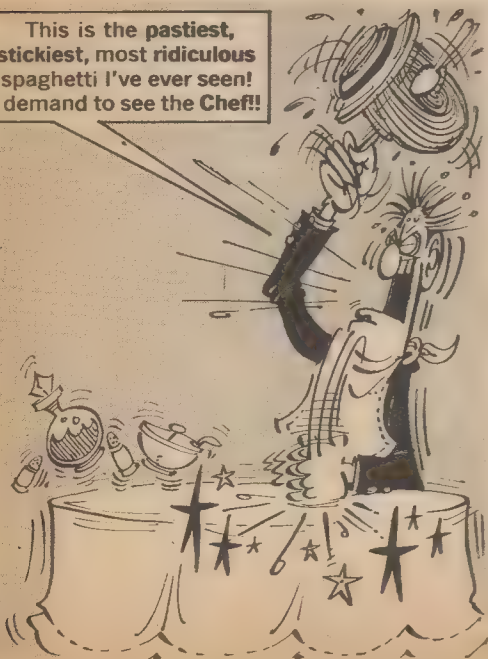




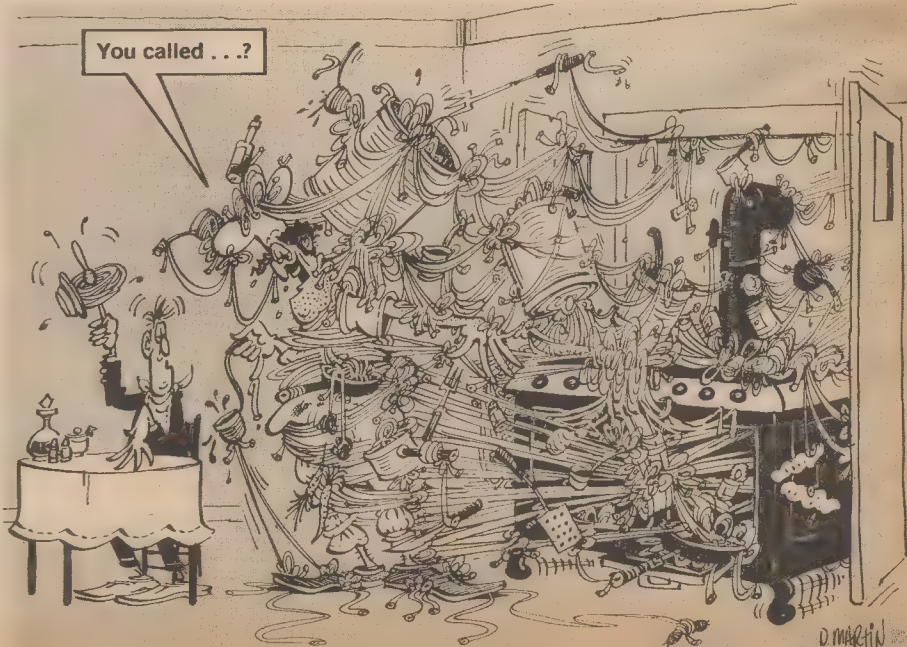
IN AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT



This is the **pastiest**,
stickiest, most ridiculous
spaghetti I've ever seen!
I demand to see the Chef!!



You called . . . ?



**WHAT GIFT
WILL MANY
HOLIDAY
PARTY
REVELERS
PICK UP ON
THE DRIVE
HOME?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

The Holiday Season brings gay rounds of partying and good fellowship. And it also brings a special problem: that "Surprise Gift" many party revelers usually pick up on the drive home. To find out what this last-minute gift is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE**

**AFTER THE TYPICAL, WILD OFFICE CHRISTMAS
PARTY, REVELERS HEADING FOR CARS FILL THE AIR
OF WINTER WITH CAREFREE LAUGHTER AND JOYOUS SONGS**

A ▶

◀ B

**WHAT GIFT
WILL MANY
HOLIDAY
PARTY
REVELERS
PICK UP ON
THE DRIVE
HOME?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

A ♦♦ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE**

**A
PAIR
OF WINGS
A ♦♦ B**

A MAD NATIONAL MONUMENT WE'D LIKE TO SEE

"THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SMOKER"



HUMOR IN A WEATHERED DRESS

THE NOSTALGIC



No. 1
OCT.-NOV.

LN



~~10¢~~
FREE

MAD

THAT THING!
THAT SLITHERING
BLOB COMING
TOWARD US!

WHAT
IS IT?

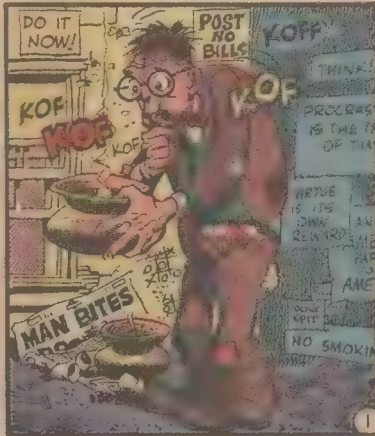
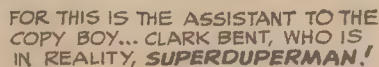
IT'S
MELVIN!



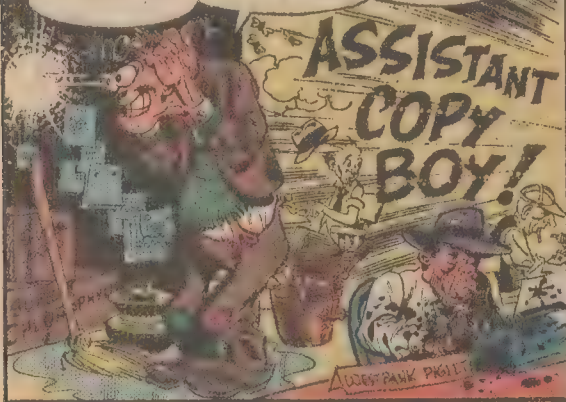
ORDERS UNDER \$1.00

ORDERS UNDER \$1.00

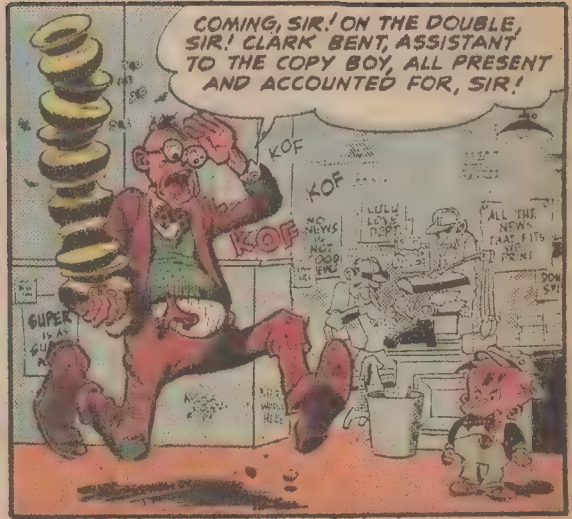
SUPERDUPERMAN!



LITTLE DO THOSE LADIES IN THE POWDER ROOM
ACROSS THE HALL KNOW THAT I AM IN REALITY
SUPERDUPERMAN, FASTER THAN A SPEEDING
BULLET... KAPWEENG... WITH LI'L OL' X-RAY
VISION!



COMING, SIR! ON THE DOUBLE,
SIR! CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT
TO THE COPY BOY, ALL PRESENT
AND ACCOUNTED FOR, SIR!



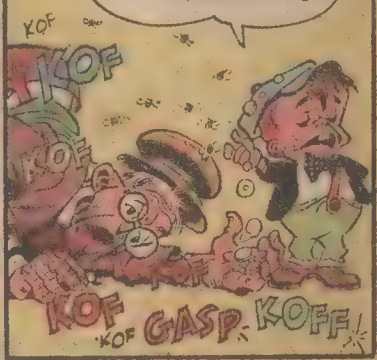
BLAST IT ALL, MAN! HOW
MANY TIMES HAVE I
TOLD YOU TO SALUTE
WITH YOUR RIGHT
HAND!



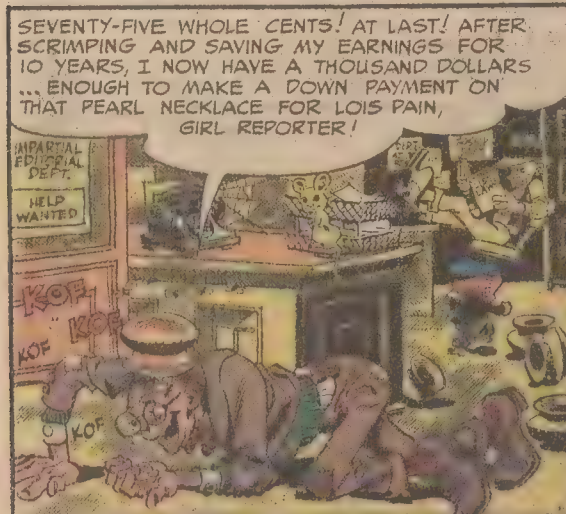
SODDY, YOU MISERABLE OL'
WRETCH! LOST MY TEMPER!
COPY BOY WORK DOES THINGS
TO A MAN!... COME ON!
SNAP TO! COME ON, BOY!



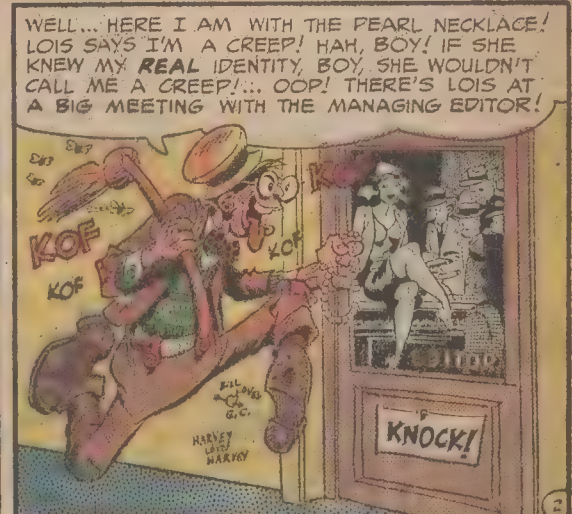
I'LL TELL YOU WHY I CALLED
YOU, OLD MAN! IT'S PAYROLL
TIME! HERE ARE YOUR WEEK'S
WAGES! SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS,
AND A GOOD BUS TOKEN!
SPEND IT WISELY!
... DISMISSED!



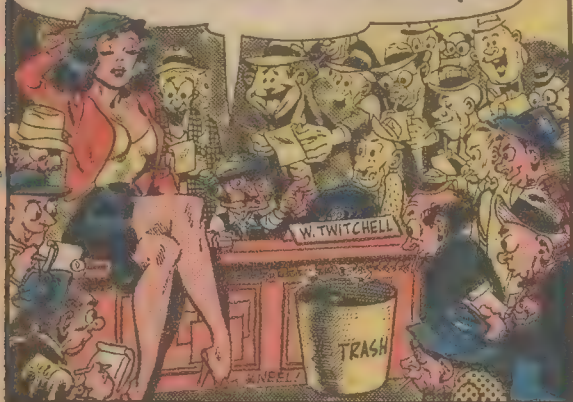
SEVENTY-FIVE WHOLE CENTS! AT LAST! AFTER
SCRIMPING AND SAVING MY EARNINGS FOR
10 YEARS, I NOW HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS
... ENOUGH TO MAKE A DOWN PAYMENT ON
THAT PEARL NECKLACE FOR LOIS PAIN,
GIRL REPORTER!



WELL... HERE I AM WITH THE PEARL NECKLACE!
LOIS SAYS I'M A CREEP! HAH, BOY! IF SHE
KNEW MY REAL IDENTITY, BOY, SHE WOULDN'T
CALL ME A CREEP!... OOP! THERE'S LOIS AT
A BIG MEETING WITH THE MANAGING EDITOR!



LISTEN, GANG! A BIG STORY IS ABOUT TO BREAK! THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' HAS BEEN TERRORIZING COSMOPOLIS FOR MONTHS, AND THE POLICE ARE HELPLESS! THIS MORNING THE D.A. GOT A LETTER FROM THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER'!



THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' HAS ANNOUNCED WHEN AND WHERE HE WILL STRIKE! THIS STORY IS HOT, BOY... HOT... HOT! I WANT YOU TO GO OUT THERE, GANG! I WANT YOU TO FIGHT, I WANT YOU TO DIE, FOR GOOD OL' DAILY DIRT, GANG! NOW GET THAT STORY, GANG!



WHATAYA WANT, YOU INCREDIBLY WRETCHED OL' CREEP!

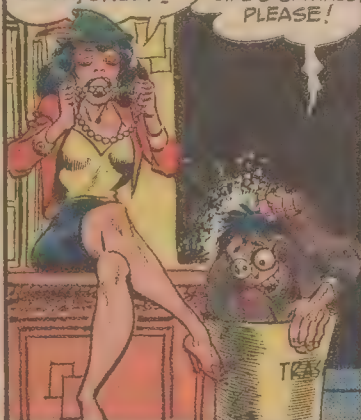
PLEASE! PLEASE! DON'T CHASE ME, PLEASE! I GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU! PLEASE!

PLEASE... HUH? AWWW...



YAWN! ANOTHER PEARL NECKLACE! WAD DIT SET YOU BACK, CREEP?

PLEASE! PLEASE! I SPENT MY LIFE'S SAVINGS! PLEASE!



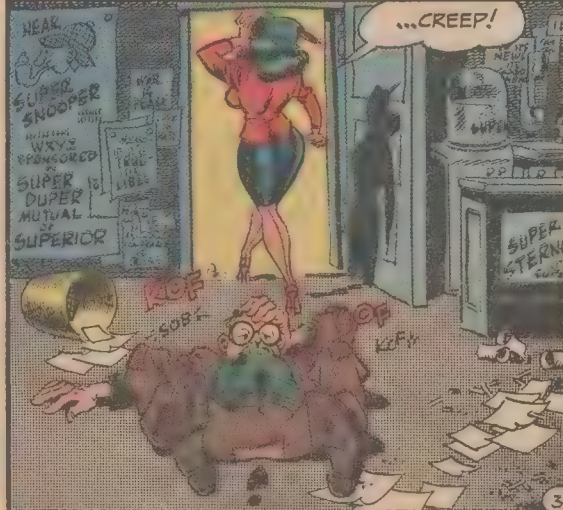
THANKS, CREEP! NOW GO AWAY, BOY! YOU BOTHER ME!

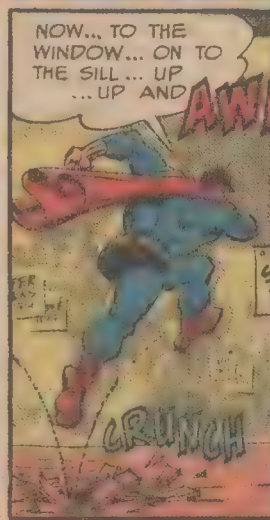
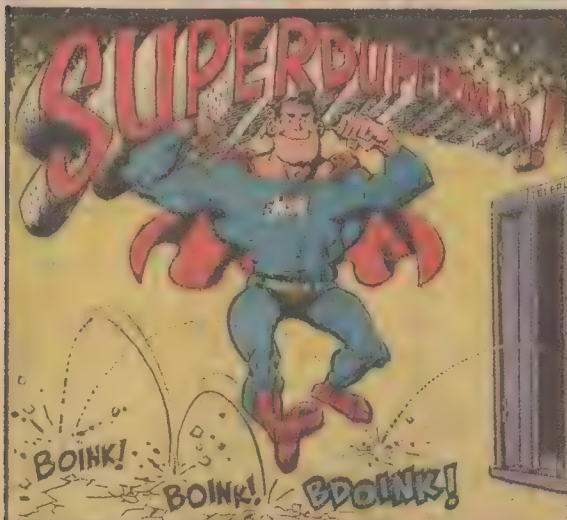
PLEASE! CAN I STAND HERE AND SMELL YOUR PERFUME FOR A MINUTE? PLEASE! PLEASE!

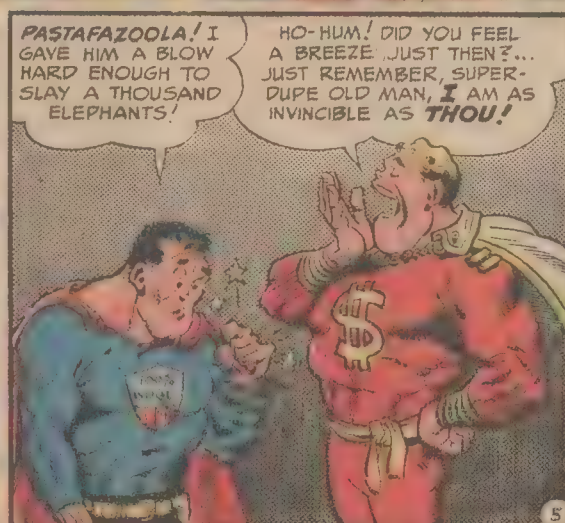
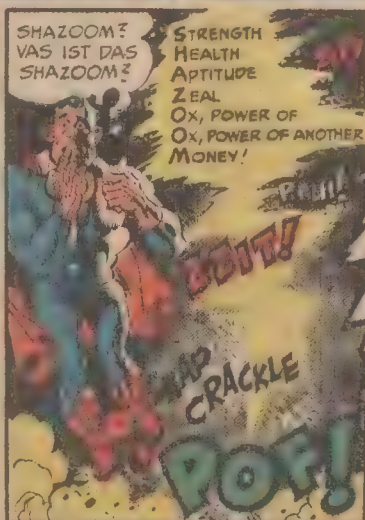
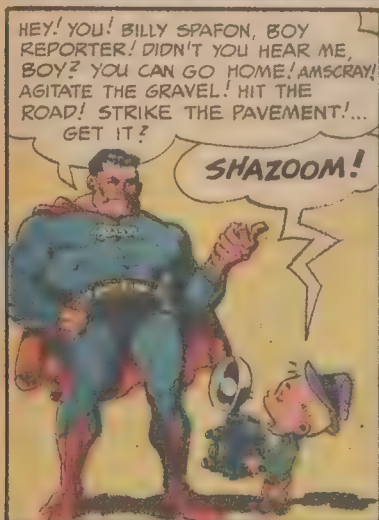
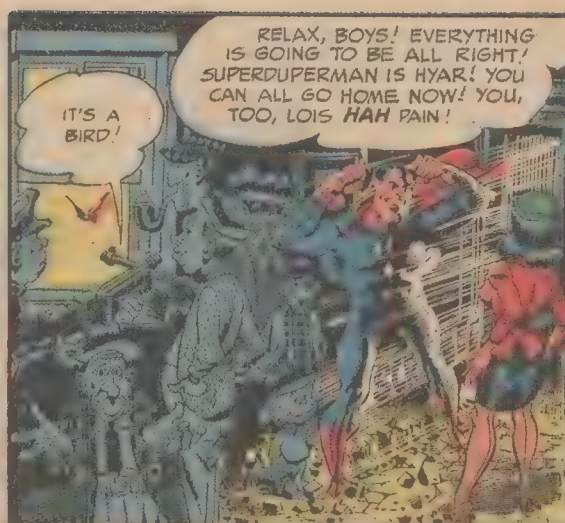
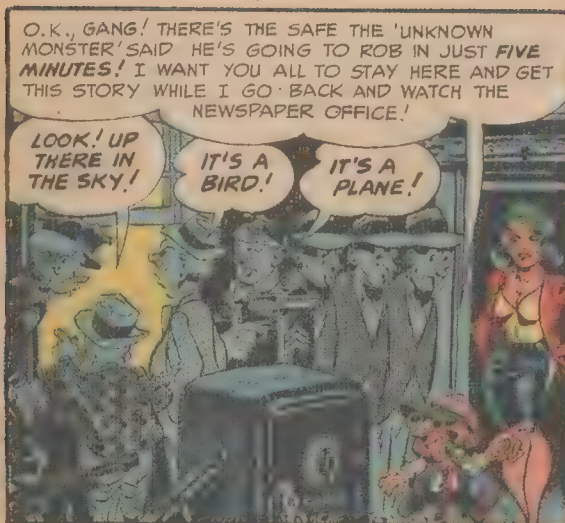


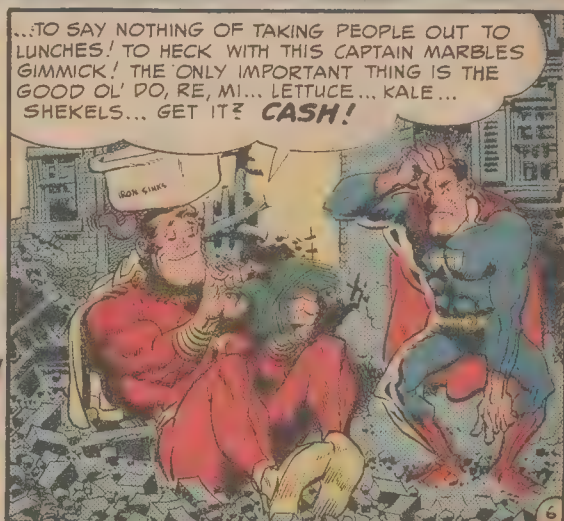
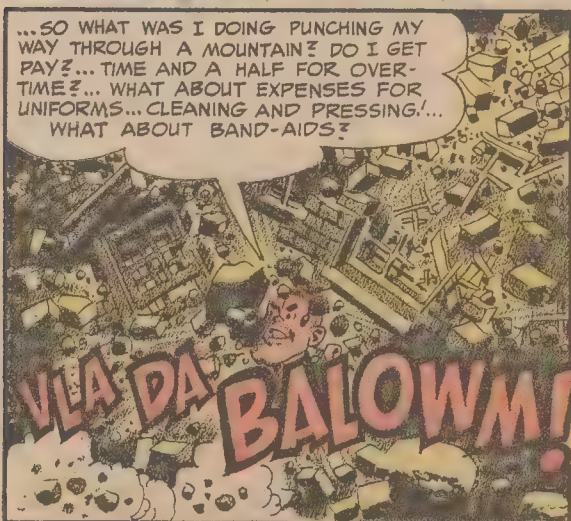
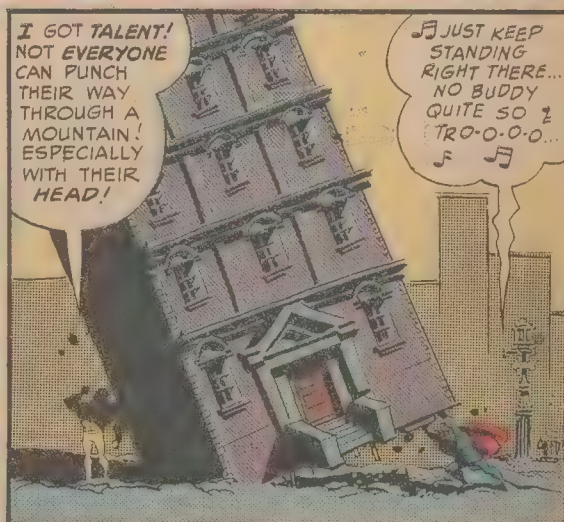
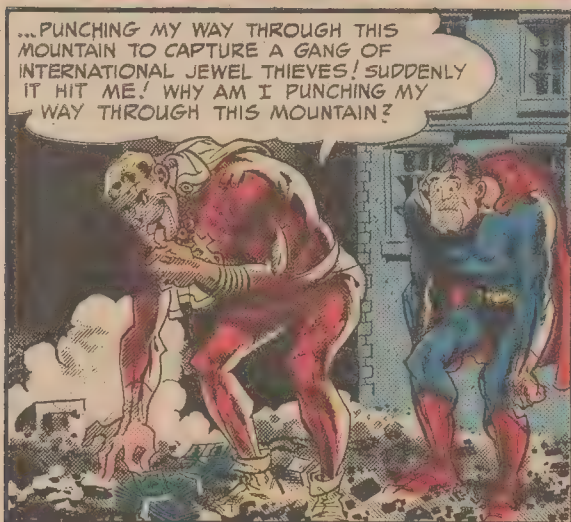
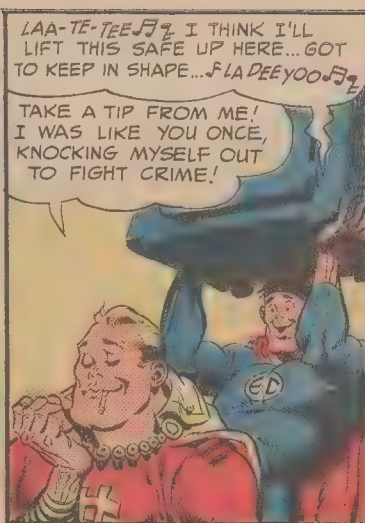
TWO SNIFFS IS ENOUGH! NOW GET OUT THE WAY, BOY! I'VE GOT TO GO AND GET A STORY ON THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' FOR GOOD OL' 'DAILY DIRT'!

PLEASE! PLEASE!

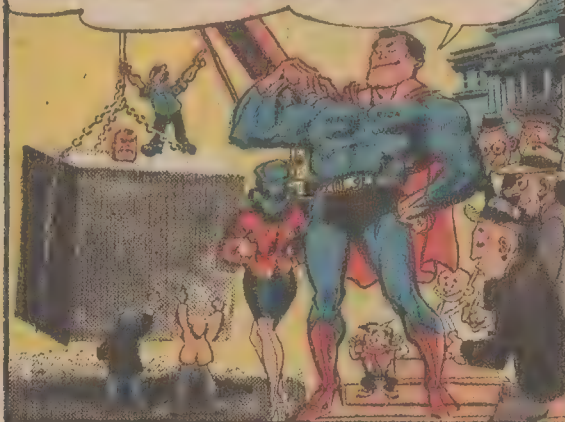




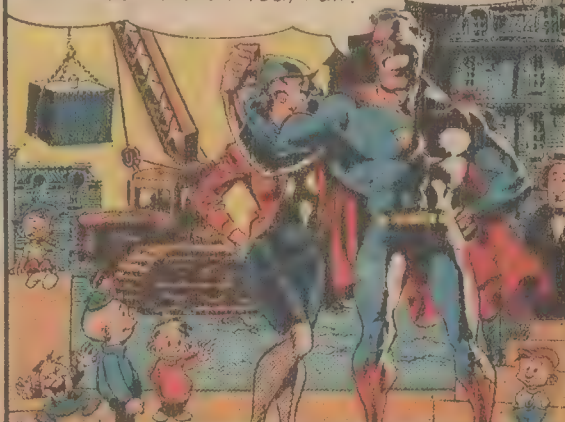




HOKAY, BOYS! THAT CARBON STEEL BLOCK WE'VE CAST CAPTAIN MARBLES IN OUGHT TO HOLD 'IM! NOW GET OUT THE WAY 'CAUSE I THINK I MIGHT LEAP A TALL BUILDING AT A SINGLE BOUND!



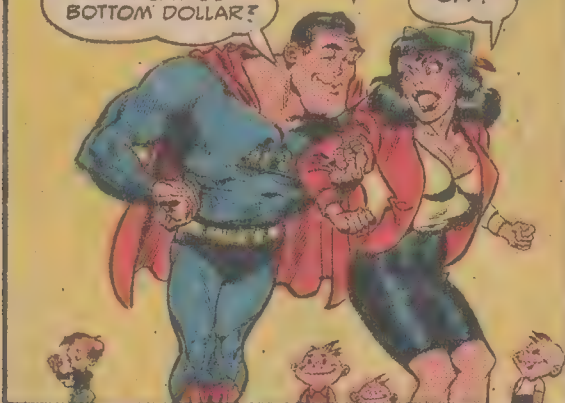
AND AS FOR YOU, HAH, LOIS, PAIN' GIRL REPORTER... I JUST SO HAPPENS **MY** TRUE IDENTITY IS **CLARK BENT...** MAN ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY! WHATA BURNER ON YOU, HUH?



HAH! AND I SUPPOSEN'T NOW YOU'D GIVE YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR FOR ME TO SNIFF YOUR PERFUME I SUPPOSEN'T!

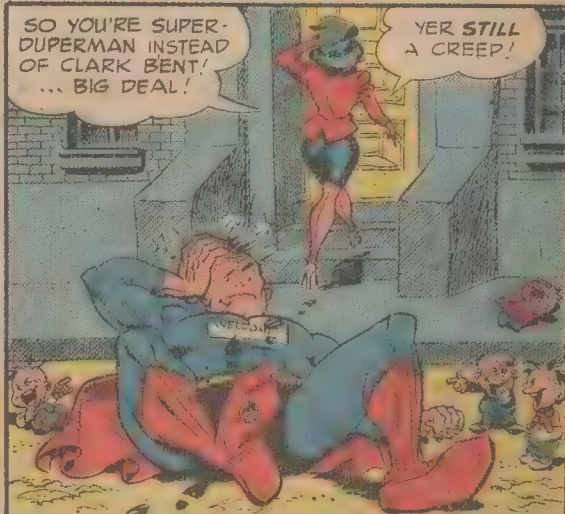
WHERE'ZAT OL' BOTTOM DOLLAR?

HANDS OFF!



SO YOU'RE SUPER-DUPERMAN INSTEAD OF CLARK BENT! ... BIG DEAL!

YER STILL A CREEP!



UP IN THE FIGHTING NEWSPAPER OFFICE OF THE 'DAILY DIRT'... GOING FROM SPITTOON TO SPITTOON...

...SHUFFLES AN INCREDIBLY WRETCHED AND MISERABLE LOOKING CREEP... CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT COPY BOY...

WHO IS IN REALITY, SUPERDUPERMAN! SO WHAT DOES IT ALL PROVE? IT PROVES **ONCE A CREEP, ALWAYS A CREEP!**



JUNGLE DEPT.: HERE IS AFRICA...ITS TANGLED BANYAN TREES AND ITS CREEPING GOOMBAH VINES! BUT HARK...SOMETHING IS MISSING! WHERE IS THE ROAR OF N'GANI, THE LION? WHERE IS THE SHRIEK OF N'GAWA, THE CHEETAH? THE JUNGLE IS STRANGELY SILENT... BUT FOR THE CLIMSY CRASHING THROUGH THE TREETOPS OF...

MELVIN OF THE APES!

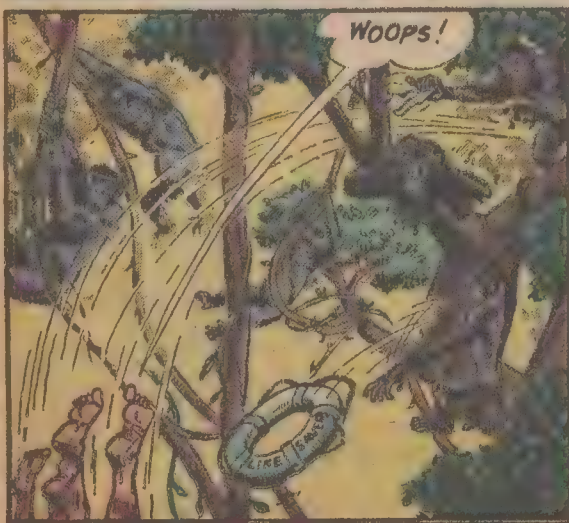
by BOB DUFFIN and BURROWS

HEY, JANE! LOOKA DIS! ME JUMP TO NEXT VINE...USE ONLY ONE HAND! WATCH!



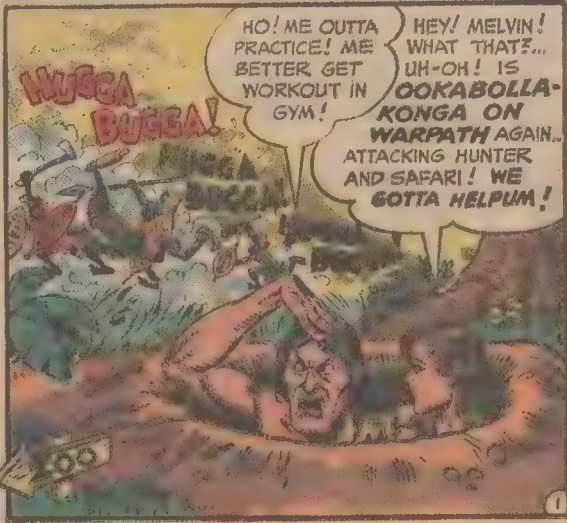
MELVIN SEVERIN

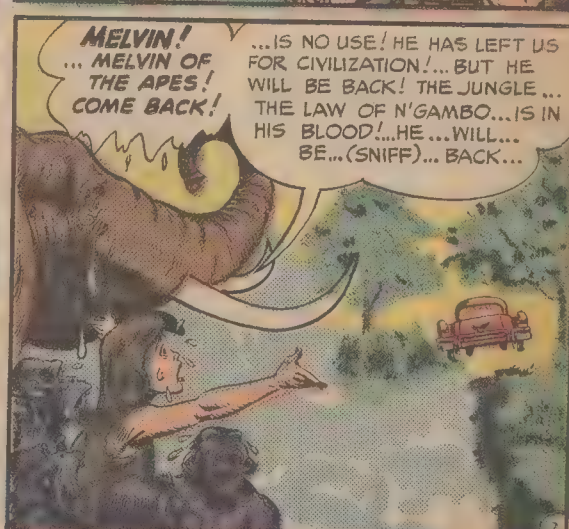
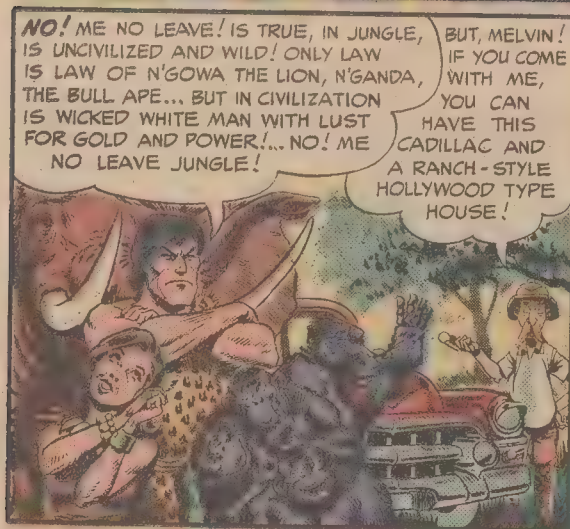
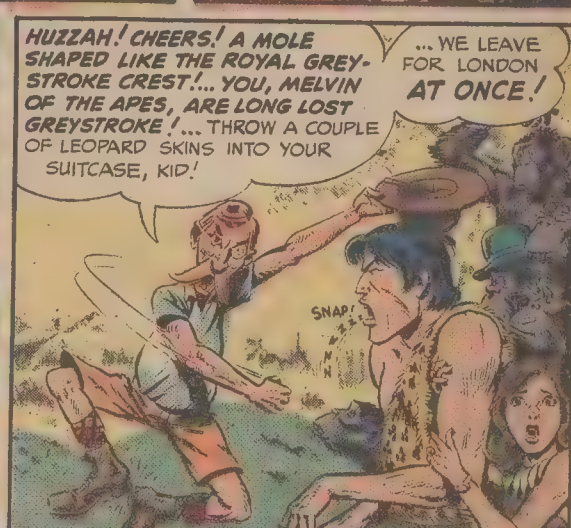
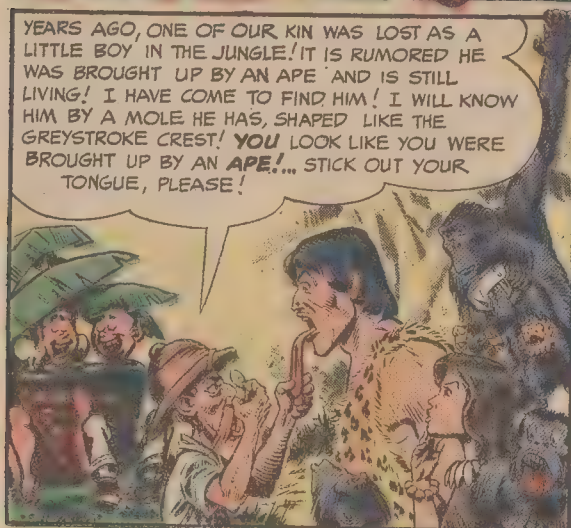
WOOPS!

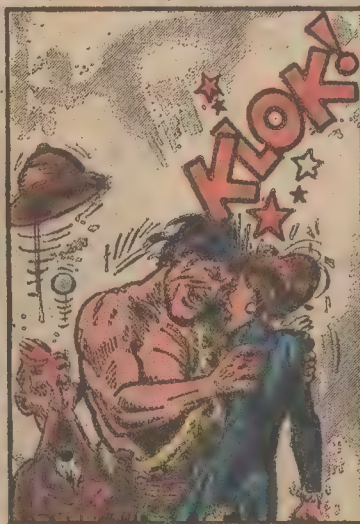
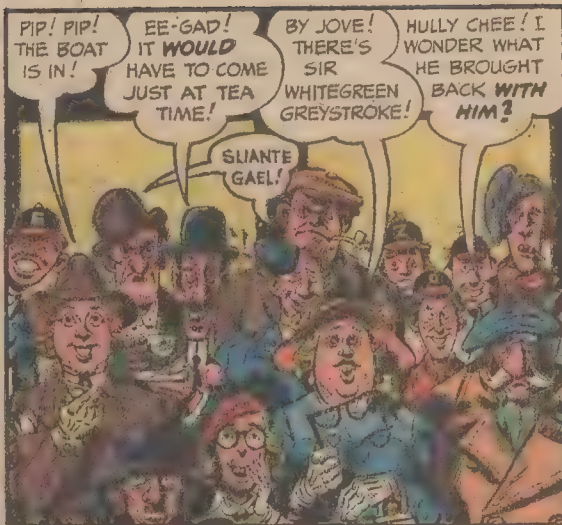
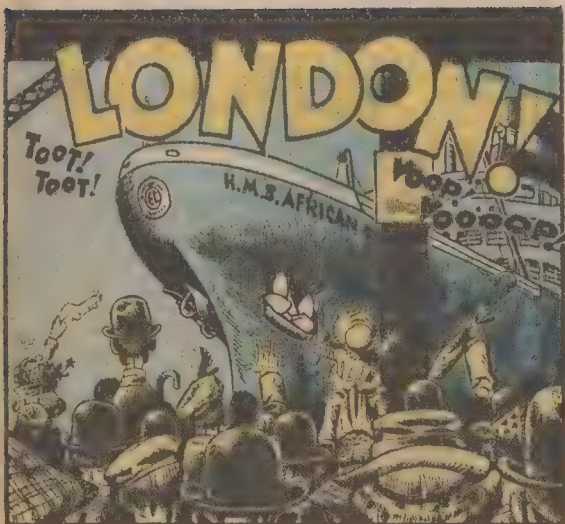


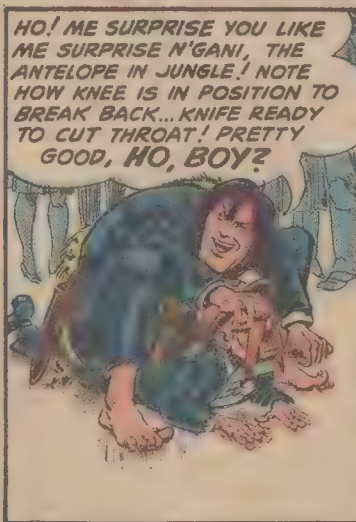
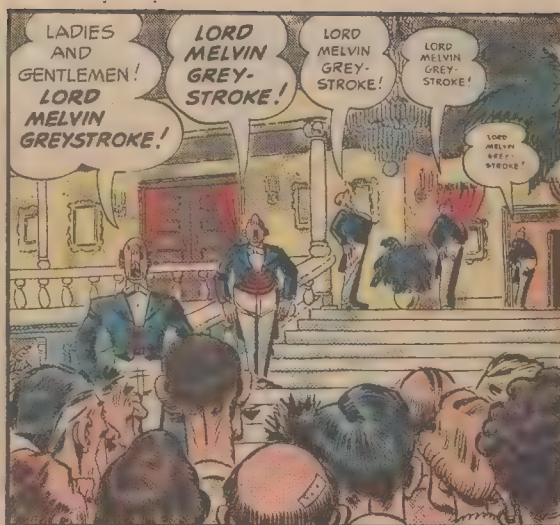
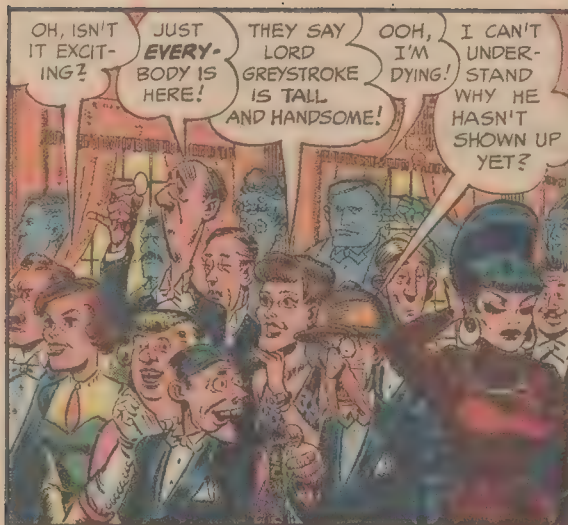
HO! ME OUTTA PRACTICE! ME BETTER GET WORKOUT IN GYM!

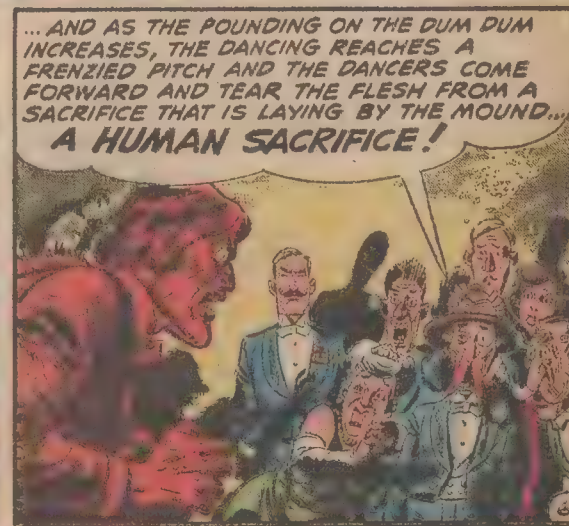
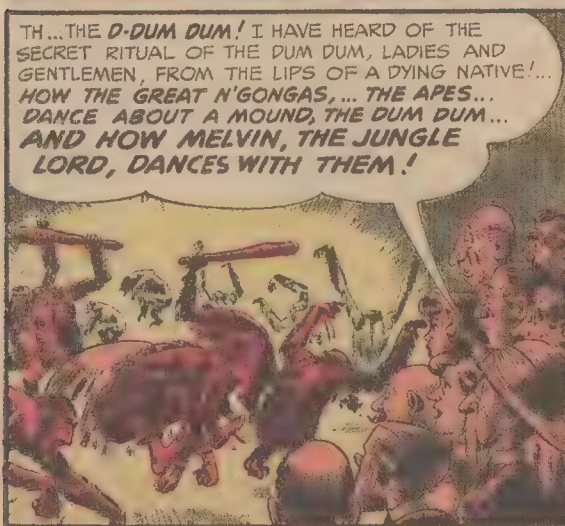
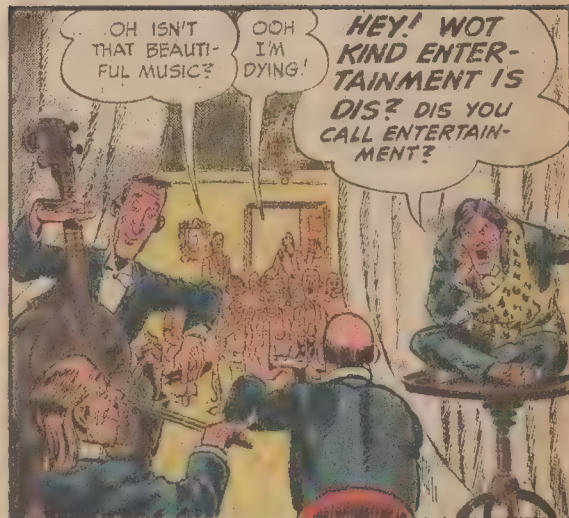
HEY! MELVIN! WHAT THAT?... UH-OH! IS OOKABOLLA-KONGA ON WARPATH AGAIN.. ATTACKING HUNTER AND SAFARI! WE GOTTA HELPUM!





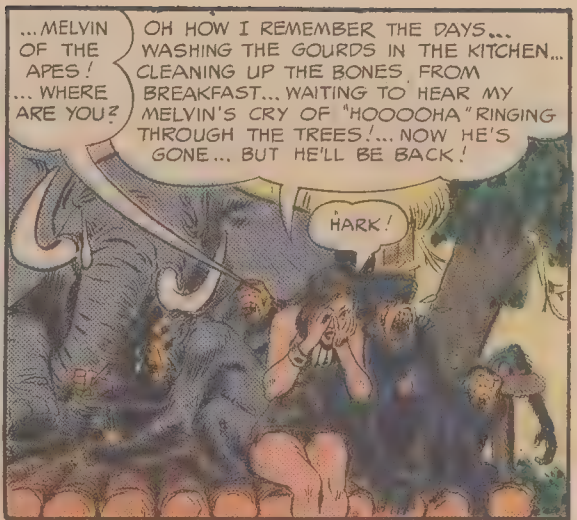








MELVIN!

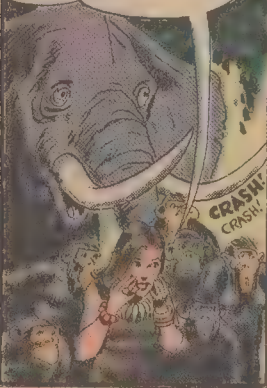


...MELVIN OF THE APES! ... WHERE ARE YOU?

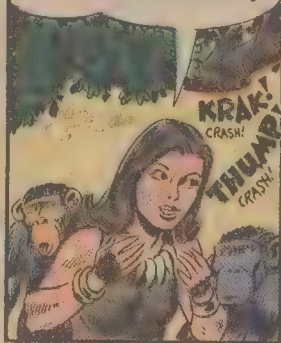
OH HOW I REMEMBER THE DAYS... WASHING THE GOURDS IN THE KITCHEN... CLEANING UP THE BONES FROM BREAKFAST... WAITING TO HEAR MY MELVIN'S CRY OF "HOOOOHA" RINGING THROUGH THE TREES!... NOW HE'S GONE... BUT HE'LL BE BACK!

HARK!

CLUMSY CRASHING AND VOICES IN THE TREE-TOPS!... I **KNEW IT!** I **KNEW** MY MELVIN WOULD BE BACK!



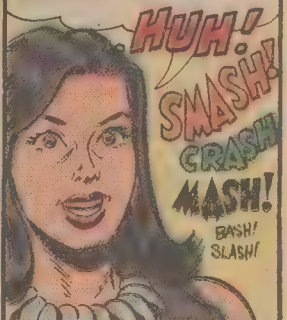
... SILENCE AND THEN THE CRASH OF MY MELVIN AS HE MISSES ANOTHER VINE! I **KNEW THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE WAS HIS BLOOD!**



... THE THUD OF A BODY CHARGING INTO A TREE TRUNK... COMING CLOSER! I **KNEW THE LAW OF N'KLUNKA, THE BULL APE WOULD CALL HIM BACK!**



... **CLOSER! CLOSER! I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! BONGO! BONGO! BONGO... HE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THE CONGO!**



IS EVERYBODY HERE?

YES!... THE WHOLE BLOOMING GREYSTROKE CLAN IS HERE!

ALL EXCEPT ONE!

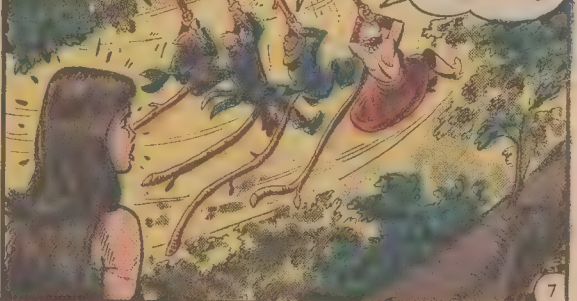
... BUT LET'S NOT STOP! KEEP MOVING DEEPER! DEEPER!... INTO THE HEART OF AFRICA!

WE WANT TO GET AS FAR FROM THAT ONE AS POSSIBLE!

LET HIM KEEP THE ESTATE! ... THE MANSION!

KEEP GOING INTO THE DEEPEST PART OF THE JUNGLE!

MELVIN OF THE APES WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND US THERE!



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

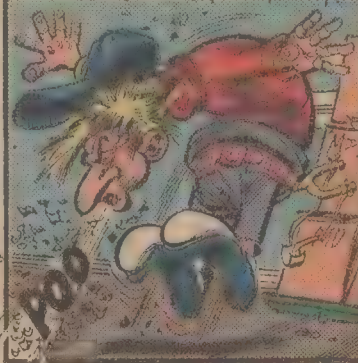


BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!... THERE ARE MANY IMITATORS OF **MAD** WHO WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE THAT THEIR PRODUCT IS SUPERIOR TO **MAD**!... HOWEVER, ONLY **MAD** USES YOUNG, TENDER PAGES THAT ARE SEASONED IN OUR WAREHOUSE!... DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT!... MAKE THIS SIMPLE TASTE-TEST!

First...shred up an issue of **MAD** magazine! Put it in your mouth! Chew it a while and then swallow it...Notice how fresh the ink tastes...how it tickles your tummy?



...Then...take any other magazine and eat it!...Horrible, isn't it! Notice how sick you feel! Notice how your heart is slowing up...and soon it will stop completely!

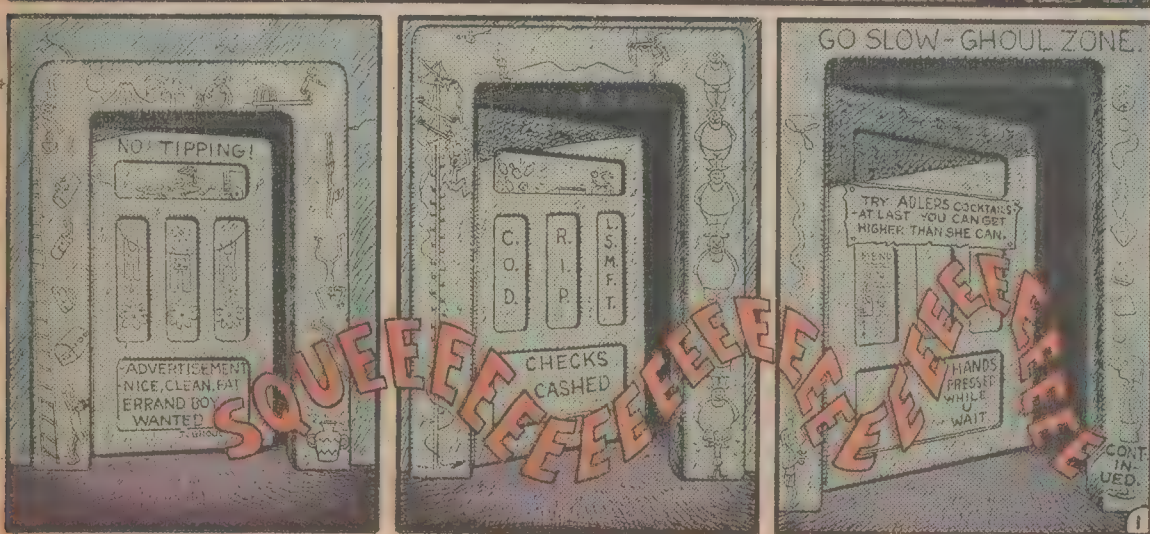


Make the taste-test yourself! Make the taste-test and you will see why leading doctors say that more people eat **MAD** than any other comic magazines!



REMEMBER!... MAD IS Milder... MUCH Milder!

OUTER SANCTUM!

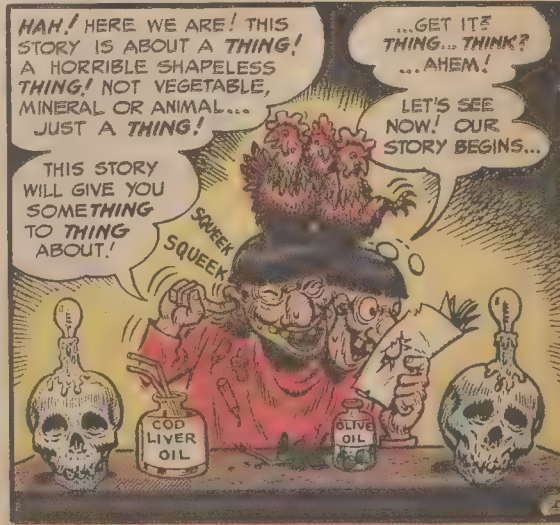
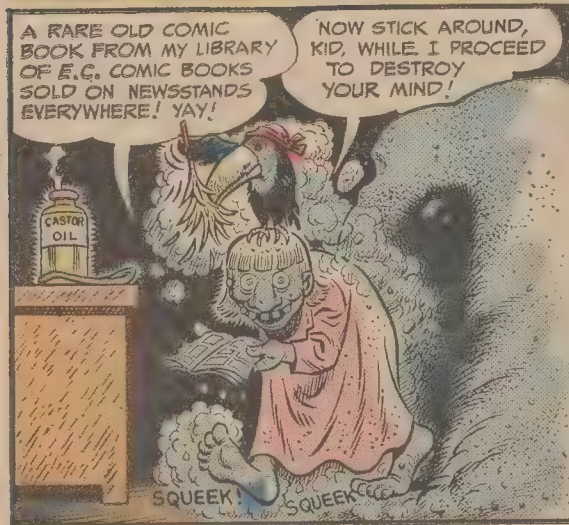
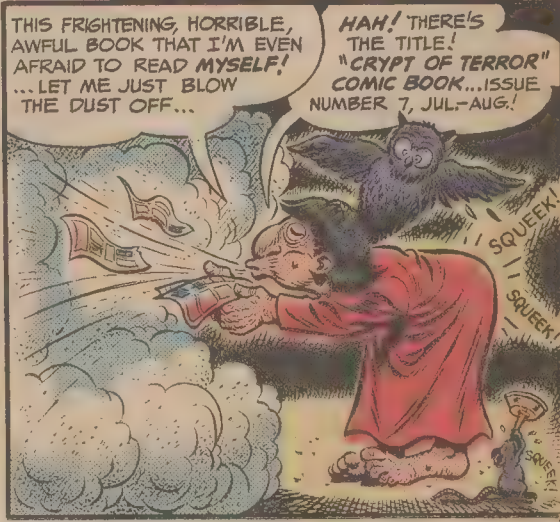
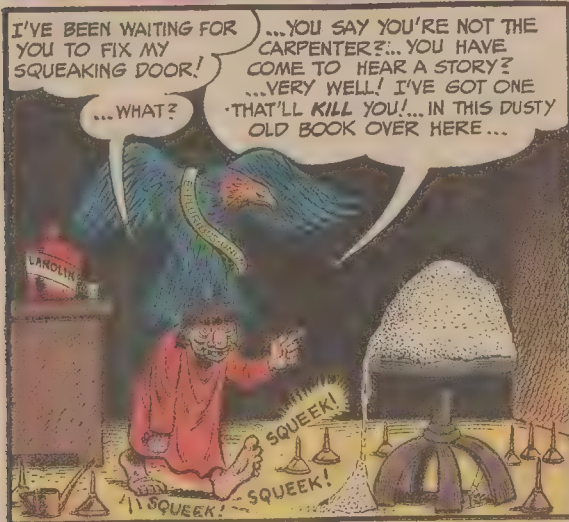


ADVERTISEMENT
NICE, CLEAN, FAT
ERRAND BOY
WANTED

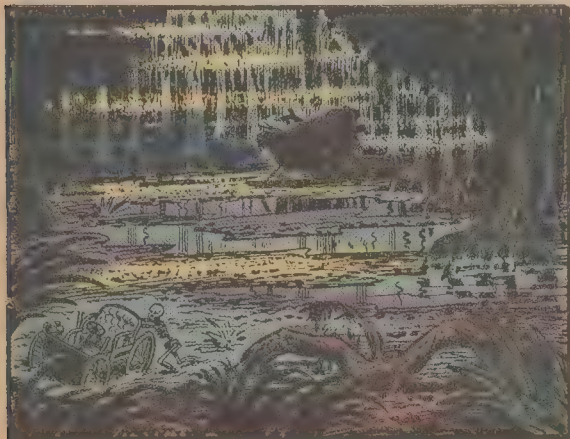
CHECKS
CASHED

HANDS
PRESSED
WHILE
U
WAIT

CONT
IN-
UED



...JUST BEYOND THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS IN THE DEPTHS OF MYSTERIOUS, UNEXPLORED, UNPENETRABLE, STEAMING, SWEATY, DISGUSTING OKEEFENOKEE SWAMP!



OKEEFENOKEEFENOKEE SWAMP, WHERE THE WORLD STOOD STILL! NOT A SIGN OF LIFE... LOOK, PIC OR QUICK! ONLY A TUMBLE DOWN SHACK PROPPED UP WITH A SINGLE BROOMSTICK!

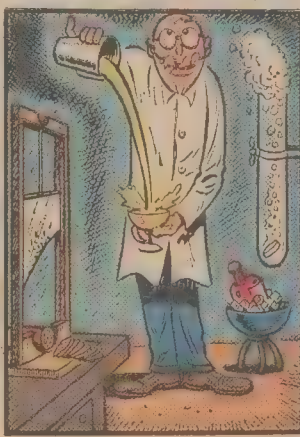
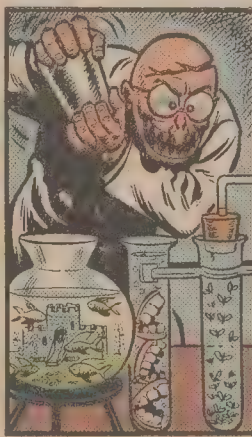
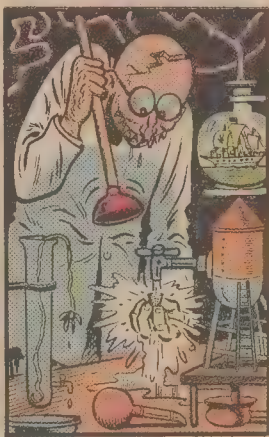
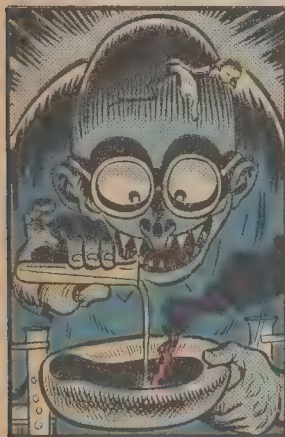


INSIDE THE SHACK, ALSO PROPPED UP BY A BROOMSTICK, WORKED THE 'PROFESSOR'!

YES... A MAN WITH A BRILLIANT MIND WORKED, ALONE IN THE SWAMP!

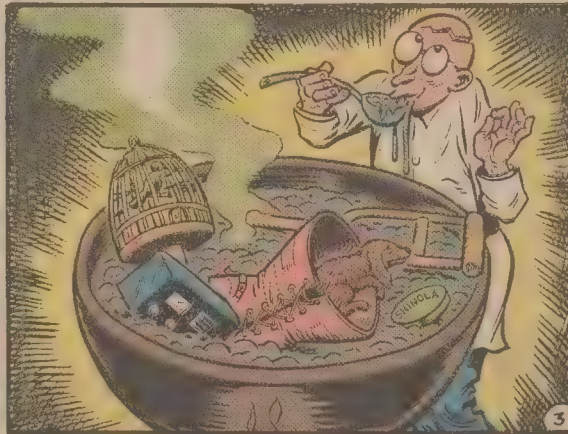
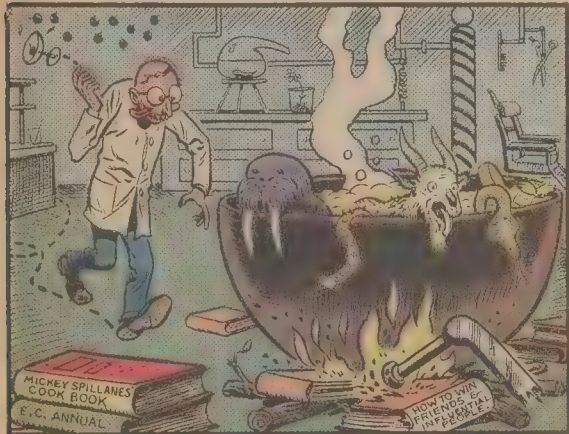
...WORKED FRANTICALLY AMIDST HIS BUBBLING RETORTS AND TEST TUBES!

WORKED AGAINST TIME... NOW THE WHOLE WORK WAS DONE! THE MIXTURE WAS READY!



DOWNING THE DRY MARTINI COCKTAIL AT ONE GULP, THE 'PROFESSOR' TURNED TO THE HUGE VAT THAT HELD THE CONTENTS OF A LIFETIME OF RESEARCH, BOILING AND BUBBLING...

...A RECIPE HE'D BEEN GIVEN BY THE OLD CAJUN WITCH WOMAN! CROCODILES' WARTS, CHOPPED UP ZOMBIE HEARTS, SHRIMPS CREOLE... A MIXTURE OF THIS SWAMP!



AND THIS WAS WHY THE 'PROFESSOR' HAD HIDDEN HIMSELF FROM THE SCOFFING WORLD! "SKOFF SKOFF!" THEY HAD SKOFFED! 'NO MAN CAN CREATE LIFE!'



SUDDENLY THE SCENT OF MANY MASHED POLECATS DRIFTED FROM THE MIXTURE!... IN A FLASH, A LIFETIME OF RE-SEARCH WAS SPILLING OUT THE WINDOW!



...SPILLED OUT THE WINDOW WHERE IT LAY...COMBINING WITH THE SWAMP WATERS IN A FESTERING MISH-MOSH!

NIGHT FELL!... NIGHT ON THE OKEEFENO-KEEKEE SWAMP! SOUNDS OF THINGS... MOVING THROUGH THE BACKWATERS!

...HIDDEN THINGS WITH STRANGE CRIES SHATTERING THE SLEEPING CALM OF OLD OKEEFENOKEEKENOFEE!



...AND...BENEATH THE PROFESSOR'S WINDOW... THE MIXTURE CONTINUED TO PULSATE AND QUIVER WHERE IT HAD LAIN...PULSATED...QUIVERED...AND GREW!

GREW! STOOD UP! ERECT! A HORRIBLE STANDING GLOB OF SWAMP THING! THERE WAS NOTHING TO CALL IT BUT... HEAP!



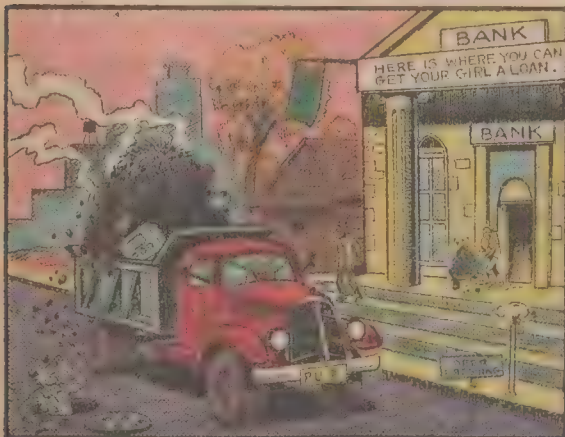
WHEN THE 'PROFESSOR' WOKE UP, HE FOUND **IT!**...**'HEAP'** STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND FROM SOMEWHERE INSIDE THIS '**HEAP**' CAME A CROAK...THAT SOUNDED LIKE...'**PAPA!**'



...FOR THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS TRULY THIS '**HEAP**'S' FATHER! AND AS '**HEAP**' EMBRACED HIM IN ITS SLIMEY BANANA PEEL AND TIN CAN ENCRUSTED ARMS, THE EVIL PROFESSOR GOT A HORRID IDEA!



THE NEXT DAY SAW A TRUCK, CARRYING WHAT APPEARED TO BE A CRUMBLING PILE OF GARBAGE, ROLL UP TO THE DOORS OF THE FIRST CAJUN NATIONAL BANK!



...AND THEN **IT** HAPPENED! THIS FESTERING, PALPITATING HEAP OF GARBAGE SUDDENLY CRAWLED OVER THE TRUCKS SIDEBOARDS, INTO THE STREET, AND UP THE BANK STEPS!

THEN...LIKE A HUGE AMOEBA, THIS '**HEAP**' SLATHERED INTO THE TELLER'S CAGE AND SCOOPED UP THE CASH!... PHEW!



ITS WORK WAS DONE! **IT** POURED OUT THE ENTRANCE, UNMINDFUL OF THE HAIL OF BULLETS FROM THE GUARDS!



LEAVING A TRAIL OF ORANGE PEELS AND DEAD CATS, IT GOT BACK IN THE TRUCK, AND WAS GONE! **HEAP HAD STRUCK!**



BACK IN THE STEAMING MESSY OL' OKEEFENKEEDOOKEE SWAMP, THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS SOON ROLLING IN DOUGH! HIS 'HEAP' WAS FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WELL!



IT WAS EASY TO KEEP 'HEAP' HAPPY! AN OLD DECAYED FISH ...COLD, WET COFFEE GROUNDS...A BIT OF DRIPPING NEWS- PAPER THAT WAS USED TO LINE THE GARBAGE PAIL...



THEN...A CHANGE CAME OVER 'HEAP'! ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND HIM COMBING HIS SLIME IN THE MIRROR!



AND THEN, ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND 'HEAP' SPRINKLING HIMSELF WITH AFTER-SHAVE LOTION AND FLIT!



AND THEN ONE DAY, THE HEAP CAME BACK FROM TOWN DRESSED IN A ZOOT-SUIT WITH A BELT IN THE BACK!



ALL THIS COULD ONLY HAVE ONE AWFUL MONSTROUS, HORRIBLE CONCLUSION...**'HEAP' WAS IN LOVE!** THAT EVENING, THE 'PROFESSOR' FOLLOWED 'HEAP' WHO LOOKED HEP!



IN BACK OF THE PROFESSOR'S SHACK LAY A PIECE OF THE PROFESSOR'S GARBAGE, ACCUMULATED THROUGH THE YEARS! BY **GEORGE...THIS WAS A FEMALE GARBAGE HEAP!**



THE PROFESSOR KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE! WHEN 'HEAP' CAME TO LOOK AT HIS BELOVED GARBAGE PILE THE NEXT EVENING... IT WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND!



AN ODD CRY LIKE A STEPPED-ON CAT CAME FROM THE TIN CANNED DEPTHS OF 'HEAP', AND IN A MAD LOVER'S FRENZY KICKED AWAY THE SINGLE BROOMSTICK...



...THAT SUPPORTED THE SHACK, BRINGING THE LABORATORY TUMBLING DOWN ON THE WICKED PROFESSOR!

THEN IT RAN AMUCK IN THE VILLAGE... FREEING GARBAGE FROM ITS CANS, UNMINDFUL OF POLICEMAN'S BULLETS!

...FINALLY, PURSUED BY A DRAGNET OF GARBAGE CLEANERS, 'HEAP' DISAPPEARED BACK INTO THE SWAMP...



...NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!...SOME SAY WHEN THE MOON IS FULL YOU CAN SEE IT WANDERING OVER THE CITY DUMP, SEARCHING FOR A CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE!

SOME SAY IT FOUND THAT CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE... AND WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, YOU CAN SEE THEM BEING FOLLOWED BY TINY LITTLE GARBAGE PILES!



MAD

HUMOR IN A
JUGULAR VEIN—10¢



**BEAUTIFUL GIRL
OF THE MONTH**
READS 'MAD'



TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU...



(LN)

NUMBER 11...MAY